"The Sege off Melayne,"

"The Romance of Duke Rowland and Sir Otuell of Spayne,"

"The Song of Roland."

edited by

Sidney J. Herrtage

EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY

Extra Series, 35

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THE

ENGLISH CHARLEMAGNE ROMANCES.

PART II.

"The Sege off Melayne"

AND

"The Romance of Duke Rowland and Sir Otuell of Spayne,"

NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME PRINTED FROM THE UNIQUE MS. OF R. THORNTON, IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM, MS. ADDIT. 31,042,

TOGETHER WITH A FRAGMENT OF

"The Song of Roland,"

FROM THE UNIQUE MS. LANSD. 388.

EDITED BY

SIDNEY J. HERRTAGE, B.A.,

EDITOR OF "GESTA ROMANORUM," "SIR FERUMBRAS," ETC.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	vii
"THE SEGE OFF MELAYNE"	1
"THE ROMANCE OF DUKE ROWLAND AND OTUELL"	53
FRAGMENT OF "THE SONG OF ROLAND"	105
NOTES TO "THE SEGE OFF MELAYNE"	137
NOTES TO "ROWLAND AND OTTUELL"	147
NOTES TO "THE SONG OF ROLAND"	160
GLOSSARIAL INDEX	167

INTRODUCTION.

§ 1. *Discovery of the New MS.*, p. vii.
§ 2. *Description of the Addit. MS.* 31,042, p. viii.
§ 3. *The* Sege of Melayne, *source, &c., of*, p. ix.
§ 4. Roland and Otuel, *source, &c., of*, p. x.
§ 5. *Date and Dialect of the* Sege of Melayne *and* Roland and Otuel, p. xii.
§ 6. *Probable date of the events narrated*, p. xiii.
§ 7. *The name "Otuel,"* p. xiv.
§ 8. *Metre and rimes of the* Sege of Melayne *and* Roland and Otuel, p. xv.
§ 9. *Corrections suggested in* Sege of Melayne *and* Roland and Otuel, p. xvi.
§ 10. *On the apparent use of singulars for plurals in* Roland and Otuel, p. xvii.
§ 11. *The* Song of Roland, *its source, &c.*, p. xviii.
§ 12. *Was the* Chanson de Roland *sung at the battle of Hastings?* p. xix.
§ 13. *MSS. of the French poem*, p. xx.
§ 14. *The* Pseudo-Turpin's *Life of Charles the Great*, p. xxi.
§ 15. *Works consulted and referred to*, p. xxi.
§ 16. *Description of MS. Lansdowne*, 388, p. xxii.
§ 17. *Metre of the* Song of Roland, p. xxii.
§ 18. *Rimes of the* Song of Roland, p. xxiii.
§ 19. *Corrections suggested in the* Song of Roland, p. xxiv.
§ 20. *Dialect grammatical peculiarities, and metre of the poem*, p. xxv.
§ 21. *Date of the poem*, p. xxx.
Appendix.—Turpin's account of the death of Roland, p. xxxii.
Sketches of the stories, p. xxxiv.

§ 1. In my introduction to *Sir Ferumbras*, p. xiii., I remarked on the singular fact that all the English Charlemagne Romances known to be in existence at that time were unique. As stated in the additional note, p. xxxi, after my introduction had been printed, a paper MS. of the early part of the 15th century was purchased for the British Museum, containing amongst many other pieces two Charlemagne Romances, which are now here printed for the first time, and which, strange to say, may also be considered unique.

The first poem, the *Sege of Melayne*, is absolutely unique, while the second, *Roland and Otuel*, although a translation of the same French original as the *Sir Otuel* of the Auchinleck MS., as little agrees with it as *Sir Ferumbras* agrees with the *Sowdone of Babyloyne*, and is also practically an unique poem.

§ 2. The Addit. MS. 31,042 is a quarto volume, in paper, containing 179 folios, in addition to four leaves[1] of parchment, part of the original binding. It is marked, "Poems and Romances collected by R. Thornton, 15th century," and was purchased July 12th, 1879, by the Museum, from Mr. J. Pearson, to whom it had been sent over for sale from America. Of its previous history nothing is known. That it originally belonged to Robert Thornton, the compiler of the celebrated Thornton MS., is evident from his signature, which appears at the end of two of the poems. In the first case the signature has been partially erased, and in the second a later hand has written another name over it.

The MS. contains a large number of English poems, together with a few short Latin prayers, &c. Some of the pieces are in Thornton's own handwriting, as for example the *Segge of Jerusalem*, fol. 50—66, but the *Sege of Melayne* and *Roland and Otuel* are believed to be in a different hand. To enable the reader to judge for himself on this point, an autotype of a half page of Thornton's writing, signed by him, is given, and also an autotype of the back of the same leaf, showing the beginning of the *Sege of Melayne*.

The first piece in the volume is a long religious poem, imperfect at beginning, divided into two parts, part I. ending on lf. 32, bk. and pt. II. on lf. 50. Of the first part 19 sections remain, headed, "Why that oure lady was spowsed;" "Of the Concepcyon of Iohn̄ þe Baptiste;" "þe Concepcyon of Saynt Johñ of Baptiste;" "How Ihesus was offrede to the temple;" "How the angel warnned þe thre kynges to ga noghte by heraude," &c. At the end of the second part, lf. 50, is the colophon, "Explicit Passio Domini nostri Ihesu Christi." On the same leaf follows the "Segge of Ierusalem off Tytus & Vespasyane," which ends on lf. 66. The *Sege of Melayne* begins on lf. 66, bk., and ends imperfectly on leaf 79, bk., after which

[1] These four leaves, of which there are two at the beginning and two at the end, are now included in the numbering of the folios. This was not so when the copy from which our text is printed was made, and it will consequently be found that all the references to the folios in the sidenotes in the present volume, so far as the *Sege off Melayne* and *Roland and Otuel* are concerned, are 2 short of the true number. Thus, according to our text, the *Sege of Melayne* begins on lf. 64, bk., whereas, according to the new numbering of the folios, it should be 66, bk.

come a Latin prayer and hymn. On lf. 82 follows "þe Romance of Duke Rowlande," and on lf. 94, "Passionis Christi Cantus," followed on lf. 96 by memorial verses on the kings of England, beginning with "Wille*l*m*us* Conquestor Dux Normann*orum*," and ending imperfectly in the middle of a verse on Edward I.

On lf. 97 is a morality without title, beginning, "Be noghte hasty nore so daynly vengeable," and on lf. 98 an alliterative poem, also without a title, beginning, "On a morwenynge of Maye." On lf. 102 follows a prayer in verse, most of the verses beginning with a Latin line; on lf. 103 it is called a "psalme;" "Take this psalme," &c.; and on lf. 104 begins a morality, entitled *Moralisacio Sacerdotis tocius apparatus in missa*, to which the "psalme" forms a kind of introduction. At the end the morality is called a "latill tretise." Leaf 110, bk. contains three verses of "A Carolle for Crystmasse: The Rose of Ryse." Next in order is lf. 111 a religious poem, imperfect and without title, followed, on lf. 120, by "a louely Song of Wysdome." Two songs come next, "A Song How þat Mercy Passeth Rightwisnes," lf. 122, bk., and "A Songe How þat Mercy passeth alle thynge," lf. 123, bk. On lf. 125 begins a long poem, without title, but called in the colophon, lf. 163, "The Romance of kyng Richard þe Conquer*ere*." Following this comes "the Romance of the childhode of Ihes*u* Criste, þat clerkys callys Ipokrepha," and on lf. 169 an alliterative poem, entitled "The parlement of the thre Ages." The last piece in the volume is "A god Schorte refreyte By-twene Wynnere and Wastoure," an alliterative poem, which ends imperfectly on lf. 181, bk.

§ 3. The *Sege of Melayne* is evidently a translation of a French poem, but no copy of the original is known to exist, nor is there in the other romances even the slightest reference to the events here narrated. The author (or at least the translator) several times refers to "the buke," the "Cronekill" or the "Cronecle," as his authority (see ll. 7, 9, 502 and 522), either meaning some legendary history of Charlemagne, or else hoping by so doing to strengthen the connection of his poem with the other romances. In the hope of gaining some clue to the origin of the poem, or at least discovering some connection between it and the other Carlovingian romances, I con-

sulted M. Gaston Paris, whose elaborate *Histoire Poétique* has practically exhausted the subject. M. Paris very kindly read through the proofs, and informed me that it was the first time he had ever heard of the siege of Milan, and assured me that nothing at all resembling it exists in French. In his opinion, the romance here printed forms a kind of introduction to *Otuel*, in the same way as the *Destruction of Rome* is introductory to *Fierabras*.[1] M. Paris is inclined to think that the *Sege of Melayne* was originally written in Anglo-Norman French, basing this opinion on the popularity of *Otuel* in England. This view, that the *Sege of Melayne* was intended to form an introduction to *Otuel*, is supported by the facts that the scene of action of each poem is laid in Italy, and that in each the same name, Garsie, is given to the Soudan. The connection would, very probably, have been shown much more clearly had not the end of the poem been unluckily lost.

Although we cannot class the *Sege of Melayne* or *Roland and Otuel* amongst first-class romances, and although the absurdness of some of the episodes remind us strongly of *Sir Thopas*, and amply justify Chaucer's ridicule, still neither of the poems can be set down as bad. The lines as a rule run well, the rimes are very correct, and the interest is very fairly kept up.

The episode of the angel delivering the sword to Charles, and enjoining on him the task of avenging the sufferings of his Christian subjects is probably founded on 2 Maccabees xv. 15, 16.

§ 4. The second poem here printed is an English version of the French romance of "Otinel," edited in 1859 for the series of *Les Anciens Poètes de la France*, by MM. Guessard and Michelant, from the same MS. in the Vatican Library, which contains the romance of *Fierabras*. Only one other MS. of the poem is known to be in existence, and is preserved in the library of Sir T. Phillipps, No. 8345. These two versions differ in several minor points, one for instance as to the time of year when Otuel arrives on his message to Charles. The Vatican MS. says, l. 21 :

> "Ce fu *a Pasques*, si comme oï avon,
> Tint sa cour kalles à Paris, sa meson."

[1] See Introduction to *Sir Ferumbras*, p. xii.

while the Middlehill MS. has,

> "Seignors, ço fu *le jor dunt li Innocent sunt ;*
> A Paris est, en France, Charles de Cleremunt,
> U tint sa curt plenere."

That the latter is correct is evident from the English version ; see l. 686 below. The Auchinleck *Otuel* was clearly translated from a French MS. of this type, and it is most probable that the version here printed was also taken from a similar MS.

Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*, I. 80, ed. 1840, says that in the library of Peterborough Abbey was a volume with the title *Gesta Otuelis*, which may possibly have been a version of our poem.[1]

Warton also mentions that amongst the Sagas in the royal library at Stockholm is one with the title : "Karlamagnus-Saga ok Kappa Hans," containing the following : (1) Of Charlemagne's birth and coronation ; and the combat of Carvetus king of Babylon with Addegir the Dane. (2) Of Aglandus king of Africa, and of his son Jatmund, and their wars in Spain with Charlemagne. (3) Of Roland, and his combat with Villaline king of Spain. (4) *Of Ottuel's conversion to Christianity*, and his marriage with Charlemagne's daughter. (5) Of Hugh king of Constantinople, and the memorable exploits of his champions. (6) Of the wars of Ferracute, king of Spain. (7) Of Charlemagne's achievements in Rouncevalles, and of his death.[2]

M. Gaston Paris recognizes in *Otuel* a portion of a cyclic poem to which he gives the title of "Charlemagne and Roland." This cyclic poem he divides into four parts : (1) the journey of Charlemagne to the Holy Land, according to the Latin legend ; (2) the beginning of the wars in Spain, according to the early chapters of Turpin's Chronicle, and including the episode of the duel between Roland and Ferragus ; (3) *Otuel*, according to the Auchinleck version as continued in Mr. Fillingham's MS. ;[3] (4) the conclusion of Turpin's

[1] The same library also possessed a MS. with the title *Bellum contra Runcivallum*. Gunton's *Peterborough*, p. 108.

[2] *Hist. English Poetry*, I. xlvi. ed. 1840.

[3] I have been entirely unsuccessful in my efforts to ascertain the whereabouts of this MS., of which we know nothing beyond what Ellis tells us in his *Metrical Romances*, II. 313 ; that it is in 6-lined stanzas, and that its style

Chronicle.[1] Of these we have the first two and part of the third. The first and second together make up the poem in the Auchinleck MS. analyzed by Ellis under the title of *Roland and Ferragus*, and printed for the Abbotsford Club, in 1836, under the title of *Rouland and Vernagu*. The poem here printed and the Auchinleck *Otuel* represent the first half of part 3; the second half, as already said, being now unfortunately lost sight of. No English poem corresponding to part 4 is known to exist except the fragmentary *Song of Roland*.

The connection between the so-called *Rouland and Vernagu*—an unfortunate misnomer, by the way, inasmuch as it applies really only to a single episode in the poem—and *Otuel* is clearly shown by the concluding lines of the former:

" And al the folk of the lond,
For onour of roulond,
Thonked god old & ȝong.
& ȝede a procesioun,
With croice & gomfaynoun,
& salue miri song,
Bothe widowe & wiif in place,
Thus thonked godes grace
Alle tho that speke with tong,
To *Otuel* also ȝern,
That was a sarrazin stern,
Ful sone this word sprong."

The *Sege off Melayne* which also forms a kind of introduction to *Otuel*, must be looked upon as an after-thought of the author, and not as one of the original parts of this cyclic poem. It comes in, as a sort of interlude between *Roland and Vernagu* and *Otuel*.

§ 5. That the *Sege off Melayne* and *Roland and Otuel* were originally written in a northern dialect, and that the copies which have come down to us were made by a southern scribe, is evident,

"is much more languid and feeble [than that of the Auchinleck MS.], resembling pretty nearly the diction of [*Roland and Ferragus*]. It has, however, the merit of completing the story, and of furnishing a paraphrase of Turpin's Chronicle, from the period of the death of Ferragus to the battle of Roncesvalles." Ellis gives an analysis of a portion of the poem, beginning at the point where *Otuel* leaves off. The romance describes the victory of Charles over Ibrahim king of Seville, the treachery of Ganelon, the battle of Roncesvaux with the death of Roland, the subsequent defeat of the Saracens by Charles, and the punishment of the traitor Ganelon. The poem must have treated the subjects very slightly, as altogether it extended to only 1100 lines.

[1] *Histoire Poétique*, p. 156.

not only from the rimes, but also from the large number of northern words and forms still to be found in them. Thus we have such distinctively northern words as *mase*, *tase*, *tane*, *bus*, *thethyn*, *thusgates*, *imelle*, *nefe*, *nife*, *thire*, *till*, *slade*, *slak*, *whills*, *childire*, *at*, *that*, *of*, *to*, as well as northern imperatives in *slees*, *assembles*, &c., and participles in *sittande*, *doande*, *rynnande*, *lukande*, &c. The 3rd pl. of verbs generally ends in *es*, but very frequently the form has been altered by the scribe. The similarity between the *Sege off Melayne* and *Sir Perceval*, both in the language and style generally, and especially in the manner in which the text has been altered by the scribe, is remarkable. In both we find him at times altering half a stanza, and at other times leaving whole stanzas untouched.[1] So great is the similarity, that, coupling with it the fact of both MSS. having been compiled for Robert Thornton, I am inclined to believe that the two poems here printed are by the same hand as *Sir Perceval*.

As to the dates of these two poems it is impossible to decide with any degree of certainty. The loss of the final *e* does not help us. It had long ceased to be of any value either as a number or a case ending in northern and even in some midland dialects, and we cannot therefore base any theory on its omission. The copies which we have, were, in all probability, written about 1430—40, that is to say about the same time as the Thornton MS., but the poems themselves I believe to have been written in the end of the previous century.

§ 6. If we were to assume that the incidents related in the *Sege of Melayne* had any foundation in fact, and that the events were correctly described, we must fix on the years 776 or 777 as the time when they took place. This is clear from the fact that Richard of Normandy, who plays an important part in *Sir Ferumbras*, is killed in it (see l. 329). The date of the latter romance we have already seen is fixed at A.D. 775,[2] while the treachery of Ganelon and the death of Roland took place in 778. It is true that from l. 138, compared with the French original, l. 92 (see note to l. 137), that the

[1] Compare stanzas 50, 58, 62, 63 of *Perceval* with stanzas 45, 46, 81 and 89 of *Melayne*.

[2] See Introduction to *Sir Ferumbras*, p. xvi.

events narrated are supposed to take place nine months after the destruction of Rome, which in *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 2832, is said to have occurred "twelmonth and more apaste," *i.e.* in 773 or 774.

To *Roland and Otuel*, on the other hand, it is not so easy to assign any certain date. The names of the *douzeperes* do not help us.

According to the *Chanson de Roland*, Charles passed "set anz tuz pleins" in Spain, fighting against the Saracens, while in *Gui de Bourgogne* this period is extended to "xxvii. anz tous plains accomplis et passez."[1]

The Vatican MS. of our poem opens by saying that Otuel arrived at Easter-tide at Paris, where Charles was holding his court, but curiously enough it directly afterwards states that the French delayed their expedition against the Soudan during December, January, February, and March, and make their start on the 1st April.[2]

It is evident, therefore, that our author supposes the French king to have returned to Paris after the capture of Pampeluna.[3] This idea of a temporary return to France does not occur in any other of the romances, and we can only explain it by supposing that the author of *Roland and Otuel*, while wishing to associate his poem with those already well-known romances connected with the conquest of Spain, found the ground so fully occupied that he was obliged to shift the scene of his poem elsewhere. But, while doing so, in order to preserve the connection, he supposes Charles to have returned to Paris, temporarily at least. At the same time, with a view of strengthening the connection further, he has introduced into his poem characters already familiar to us, and represents Otuel himself as the nephew of Ferragus, whose duel with Roland is told in *Roland and Vernagu*. Besides this he has given a few slight references to events already past, as in ll. 137-8; see also the French version as quoted in note to l. 798.

§ 7. The name Otuel appears to be simply a diminutive of Otes, in which form it occurs twice in our poem, see ll. 67 and 1127, in the first of which instances it seems to have confused the translator. The Middlehill MS. of the French poem reads plainly "Otuel,"

[1] See note to *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 2832.

[2] The Middlehill MS. corrects the blunder; see note to l. 686. [3] See l. 798.

while the Vatican MS. has "Otinel," which is the form adopted by the French editors. The Auchinleck MS. reads throughout "Otuwel," so that there can be little doubt as to the form which the name took in England. MM. Guessard and Michelant in their Introduction to "Otinel," p. viii, state that they have in English charters of the 13th century come across such names as "Otuel de Bovill," "Otwel de Needham," as well as "Odenell de Unframoill," "Odinellus," "Otynellis," "Otenellus," &c.

§ 8. The *Sege off Melayne* is written in 12-lined stanzas, the rimes of which run as follows:—*aab, ccb, ddb, eeb.* Every third line contains only three feet, the others four each.

Roland and Otuel is also written in 12-lined stanzas, but the scheme of the rimes is rather different, running thus:—*aab, aab, ccb, ccb.* The scheme, however, occasionally breaks down; see, for instance, sts. 59, 83, 125 and 126.

Allowing for the wholesale change of the northern *a* to the southern *o* which the scribe has made in both poems, and a further frequent use of *o* for *u* in *Roland and Otuel*, the rimes are, as a rule, very correct.

The scribe has not been at all consistent in his substitution of southern for northern forms. Thus, for instance, in the *Sege off Melayne*, st. 61, p. 24, we have the original forms *taa, gaa, slaa, þay*, while in the very next stanza we find *soo, foo, goo, woo.* Sometimes, as in st. 81, he alters half a stanza; see also *Roland and Otuel*, sts. 24, 82, 105, 129, &c.[1]

Assonances occasionally occur; thus, we find such rimes as, *swerde—erthe*, M. 118, 1087; *went—blenke*, M. 570; *chide—smyte*, O. 198; *avenante—semblande*, O. 790; *fame—tane*, O. 967; *dame—slane*, O. 971; *come—tone* (for *came—tane*), O. 1423. Frequently the vowels in the riming syllables are not alike; as in *frusche—dosche*, M. 470; *Sarazene—pyne*, M. 605 (cf. l. 694); *stirtt—hertt*, M. 1027: *þan—men*, M. 1597; *nyghte—streyhte*, M. 1185; *aboffe—luffe*, M. 1384; *Roland—fende*, O. 1015; *hade—nede*, O. 909; *grenne—rynne*, O. 1423; *rynn—wonn*, O. 801; *childe—helde*, O. 486, &c.

Were (pt. t.) generally rimes with *-are*, but occasionally with *-ere*

[1] The same thing occurs in the Thornton Romances throughout.

and *-erre*. Probably it was originally *ware*, see O. 1468. *Were* (war) rimes with *there* in M. 527.

Slayne rimes with *tane* in M. 283 and 340 and O. 1531, and with *-ayne* in M. 355 and 538.

Dy and *dye* were pronounced *dee;* see M. 368, 489, 1155, 1194, 1355, and 1439.

Dry rimes with *I* in M. 755, but was evidently pronounced *dree* in M. 1485, where the scribe has added *-ee*.

Heghe rimes with *-ee* in M. 360, 404, 1012, and 1575, and similarly *eghe* in M. 319. Compare *ne* in M. 1592.

Was rimes with *gase* in M. 1599, with *chase* in M. 1146, *place* in M. 844, O. 314, 439, &c.

Paresche, *Paresshe*, *Pariche* or *Pareyche* has either been altered by the scribe, or was pronounced *Paris*, for we find it riming with *pryce* in M. 208 and O. 1467, with *Denys* in M. 505, and with *wyce* in O. 39 and 1579. Compare the rime *barres—fresche*, in M. 1159.

For *wite* we find the forms *weite* M. 120, *wiete* in M. 749, and *wytt* in M. 369. In the first and last cases it rimes with *ete*.

Face and *hase* rime in O. 1072.

The rime *dryvede—hede* in M. 328 (compare O. 555 and 1201) is noticed in my note. But it is further interesting and important as bearing on the date of the composition of the poem. Although written *hede* the word was evidently pronounced *heued*, and is, in fact, so written in O. 544. I can find no later instance of the full form so pronounced than in *Pierce the Ploughman's Crede*, the date of which is 1394. In fact in the north the word had ceased to be a dissyllable 40 or 50 years before.

§ 9. The general correctness of the rimes enables us with some certainty to detect a few errors of the scribe. Thus, omitting those cases in which *a* has been altered to *o*, of which I have already spoken, we may safely say that in M. 421, 435, 455, and 457, the author of the poem originally wrote *brym* or *brinne* (compare O. 95); so in M. 576 the original word was no doubt *brynt* or *brent* (for the rime with *blenke* cf. l. 570).

Again, M. 1229 should doubtless read: "þat es with-In alle heythynesse" (for the rime cf. ll. 142 and 1171).

In M. 985-6, the author probably wrote *fule—spuile*, and in M. 378 *nere* is plainly a mistake for *nee* (cf. ll. 449 and 486).

Drawen in M. 711 is no doubt a mistake for *drayne*[1] (cf. *Sir Degrevant*, l. 1614), and for *tythinges* in M. 773 we must read *tythinge*.

In M. 408 and O. 1155, *lawe* is a mistake for *laye* (cf. O. 219).

In *Roland and Otuel*, l. 1515, we should read *clene* for *clere*; in st. 102, *stane*, *euerichane* and *tane* for *tone*, *stone* and *euerichone* to rime with *Browan*. In M. 500 for *steryn* we should perhaps read *sterne*.

Drew in O. 471 should probably be *droughe* or *droug*.

In O. 455 *ryde* is probably a mistake for *ryue* or *ryfe* (cf. ll. 905, 1361 and 1388).

On the rimes in O. 567, 570-3-6, I have spoken in my note to l. 570.

Bristes in O. 666 is evidently wrong, but I don't see how to correct it.

In O. ll. 1252-3 the author probably wrote *elde* and *welde*.

In O. 1034 *brightes* should undoubtedly be *brighte*: on the word *knyghtis* in the preceding line, and the rime, see next section.

In st. 132, l. 1581 does not rime: I would suggest that this and the preceding line should read:

> "Home on þaire waye to Pariche,
> Full wightly þan þay wente."

§ 10. There is one most remarkable point in *Roland and Otuel* for which it is difficult to account. If we look at ll. 628, 728, 1028, 1033,[2] 1383, 1386, 1430, and 1491,[3] we find plural forms in *-s* riming with words ending in *-e*. Whether the *-s* is an addition of the copier it is impossible to say. The author, if the forms are his, may not have intended the *-s* to be sounded, though this is at least improbable. More probably the *-s* is an addition of the copier, and the author in each case used the singular, treating the words as nouns of multitude after the analogy of *horse*, &c. It will be noticed that

[1] See a similar case in *Sir Perceval* 800, where *drawene* rimes with *slayne* and *agayne*, and again in *Sir Degrevant*, 143.

[2] For the rime with *brightes* see above.

[3] In this case I have wrongly altered the word to *Sqwyere*.

with the exception of ll. 1383 and 1386, the words are in every case joined to a number: "thies *seuen hundrethe* knyghtis," "*seuen hundrethe* bolde Bacheleres," &c. The modern use of foot, pound, ton, score, &c., follows the O. English use, and in the present case the author seems to have extended the rule that nouns of weight, measure, &c., did not take a plural form. Compare "an hundred pund," Havelok, 163; "nif hondred pond of gold," Ayenbite, 190; "tene thowsand pounde," Eglamour, 295; "an hundurd pownd or two," *ibid.* 173, &c. The two cases in which no numbers occur, ll. 1383-6, seem even to strengthen this conjecture, for *stede* and *wede* are good plural forms. Compare *Sir Perceval*, l. 1252: "blody are his *wede*." *Knyghte*, too, would be a true plural.

Apparently, therefore, there can be little doubt that our author intended *bachelere*, *knyghte*, *stede*, *wede*, &c., to represent plurals.

§ 11. The third poem in the present volume is a fragment of the only known English version of the celebrated *Chanson de Roland*, the story of the death of the mighty Christian warrior which was translated into perhaps more European languages than any other similar poem,[1] and whose name has been immortalized by Ariosto and Boiardo. The *Chanson de Roland* is in reality the culminating point of a cycle of romances, of which there still survive a large number in French, but of which only a few exist in English.

It is a singular fact that, notwithstanding its exceeding popularity as evidenced by the numerous versions in other languages, there should be so few MSS. of the original French poem, and that it should have remained so long unknown and in MS. Warton evidently was ignorant of its existence. The first to draw attention to the poem was Tyrwhitt in his note to Chaucer, *Tale of Sir Thopas*, C. T. 13,741, where he suggests that probably the Oxford MS. was an older copy of that referred to by Ducange under the title of *Le Roman de Roncevaux*.

The French poem contains nearly 6000, and the fragment here printed 1049 lines. The fragment is now for the first time given in its entirety, but extracts from it with a short description of the poem

[1] See the numerous versions printed in M. Michel's edition, pp. 225—310, and M. Gaston Paris' exhaustive *Histoire Poétique*.

were contributed by the late Mr. T. Wright to M. Michel's edition of the *Chanson*.[1]

M. Gaston Paris came to the conclusion from these extracts that the loss of the greater portion of the poem was not a matter greatly to be regretted, and it must be admitted that the principal merit of the piece as it has come down to us lies in its shortness. As I give a succinct sketch of the whole story, as told in the French original,[2] I will not here refer to it further.

§ 12. To us Englishmen the most interesting point about the *Chanson de Roland* is that it is believed by some to have been the war-chant sung by the Norman Taillefer in the battle of Hastings.[3] On this point the authorities are pretty evenly divided. William of Malmesbury in his account of the battle says: "*Tunc cantilena Rollandi inchoata, ut Martium viri exemplum pugnaturos accenderet, inclamatoque Dei auxilio, prœlium confertum, bellatumque acriter.*"

Wace in the *Roman de Rose* is more precise:

> "Taillefer qui moult bien chantoit,
> Sus un cheval qui tost alloit,
> Devant eus alloit chantant
> De l'Allemaigne, et de *Rollant*,
> Et d'Olivier, et de Vassaux,
> Qui morurent en Rainschevaux."

Modern authorities, on the other hand, incline to the opinion that the war-chant referred to was not that known to us as the *Chanson de Roland*, but one composed by Rollo, first duke of Normandy. In favour of this view M. Michel cites the following passage from MS. Harl. 116, fo. 142; written in the reign of Henry VI:

"In the ȝere of our lord god viij^{c} lx. xvj. And at that tyme Allurred being the king^{e} of Englond^{e} a famouse knyght born̄ in Denmarche, called *Rouland*, And he at that time beynge a paynem vncristend, with his host entred^{e} in to Fraunce, and^{e} conquered^{e} Roone, and^{e} al the grownde that now is called Normandie. And be exortaccion̄ of Frankis the Archiebisshoppe of Rone, the said^{e} *Rouland*^{e} was

[1] Pp. 279—284.

[2] See p. xxxvi, below.

[3] "A Norman called Talliefer spurred his horse in front, and began the song of the exploits of Charlemagne and Rolland, famous throughout Gaul. As he sung, he played with his sword, throwing it up with force in the air, and receiving it again in his right hand. The Normans joined in chorus, or cried, God be our help! God be our help!"—Thierry, *Hist. Conquest of Eng.* I. 295.

cristened and named Robert, and than Charles the kynge of Fraunce for to haue pease with him graunted hym for to wedde his doughter Gilla, and pesibley for to haue vn-to hym and his heires al the grounde of Normandye that he hadde wonne, and so named Normandie.

"This said Robert *Roulandt*, Primus Dux, his Duchie of Normandie kepte .xxij. yere, and died in the cristen faith."[1]

The late Mr. T. Wright[2] at first thought it not unlikely that "the circumstance of Taillefer singing in the battle was an invention of the chroniclers, after the battle of Roncevaux had become itself a popular subject of song, and that the ground of the story was his fame as a poet." The purpose of the anecdote he thought was "to show the bold recklessness of the warrior, who could amuse himself with his song-craft in the very face of the enemy."[3]

Admitting that the point is one not to be easily decided, yet it seems difficult, in the face of the precise words of Wace, to doubt that in the *Chanson de Roland* we have at least a version of the war-chant sung by Taillefer.

§ 13. The best and oldest MS. of the French original is in the Bodleian Library, and is known as Digby MS. 23. It is an octavo volume, on vellum, and is believed to have been written in the 12th century. Another copy is in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, and numbered R. 3. 32. This is a paper MS. in quarto, and was written in the sixteenth century.

The poem was first edited by M. Francisque Michel[4] in 1837 from the Digby MS. This edition, which was limited to 200 copies, contains, besides the original text, poems in Latin, Spanish, German, Italian, Icelandic, &c., on the same subject, together with notes and a valuable and very full glossary. From this edition I have quoted the few extracts which appear in the notes.

[1] *Chanson de Roland*, p. 312.

[2] *Foreign Quarterly Review*, No. xxxi. Octr. 1833, on the French and English "*Chansons de Geste*," p. 128.

[3] Mr. Wright afterwards changed his opinion: See the *Gentleman's Magazine*, May 1836, p. 479.

[4] "La Chanson de Roland, ou de Roncevaux, du xii^e^ siècle. Publiée pour la première fois d'après le manuscrit de la bibliothèque Bodléienne à Oxford, par Francisque Michel."

§ 14. But the *Chanson de Roland*, at least in the form in which it has come down to us, was not the only source to which the author of the English version was indebted. The incidents mentioned in ll. 28—31, and 68—76, do not occur in any of the French MSS., but are founded on the account given by the Pseudo-Turpin. I have reprinted the passage in the Appendix (see p. xxxi, below). Evidently, therefore, the English translator either was acquainted with Turpin's *Vita Caroli Magni*, as well as with the *Chanson de Roland*, or, as is quite possible, he used a version of the French poem in which incidents from Turpin were incorporated with the original poem.[1]

§ 15. To enumerate all the editions of the French poem and the treatises upon it which have appeared since would fill many pages. I have already referred to my great indebtedness to M. Gaston Paris' *Histoire Poétique*, and M. Michel's edition of the *Chanson de Roland*. Beside these there is only one work on the subject to which I need refer. This is a Dissertation by Dr. G. Schleich on taking his degree in the University of Berlin, on May 17th, 1879, and is, so far as I am aware, the only work which deals fully with the English version. In this work, which extends to 46 pages, Dr. Schleich has examined the English poem with great critical acumen, and although on some points I cannot agree with him, it is at the same time impossible not to acknowledge the soundness of the reasoning, and to admire the thoroughness with which he has done his work. As each point will be dealt with in detail, I will not now refer to his book more particularly, but will proceed to give a short description of the MS. from which this poem is printed.[2]

§ 16. The Lansdowne MS. 388 is a thick quarto volume, of paper, containing 419 folios. The greater part of the MS., which

[1] Such was the opinion of Grimm, *Ruolandes Liet*, Göttingen, 1838, p. xcix.

[2] One point I must refer to here, and that is that occasionally I find our transcripts do not agree. The differences certainly are slight, but the fact remains. The present edition is printed from a copy made by Mr. Brock, whose name alone would go a long way as a guarantee of its correctness. This copy has since been re-read with the MS. twice, once by myself, and afterwards by Miss Smith. The proofs were read over *twice* with the MS. by Mr. Furnivall, so that it can hardly be said that care enough has not been taken to ensure correctness.

formerly belonged to the antiquarian Strype, is occupied with a life of John Fox, the Martyrologist, by his son, extending to lf. 368.

At lf. 369 is a short poem with the title "Here suythe the vij. ȝeftes of the Holy Gost," and on lf. 371, a "Boke by Ypocras to knowe all maner evill in manys body," said to have been "sent to Cesare that was Emperour of Rome." This is followed on lf. 372, bk. by "Danyelles Dremys," a short treatise on the interpretation of dreams, omens, &c. A "Ditty on the Resurrection" begins on lf. 373, and ends imperfectly on lf. 380, bk. The fragment of the *Song of Roland* here reprinted follows, and after it, on lf. 396, begins a "Life of William of Wickham." The last English piece in the volume is the "Forme and ceremony of consecrating virgines and nuns," lf. 404. Some of the pieces in the MS. are in rather bad condition. The *Song of Roland* is in a small hand and carelessly written, and in some places the ink has so faded as to make it difficult, if not almost impossible to decipher the words.

§ 17. The metre of the poem is alliterative, but the rules are far from being strictly observed. Thus we find many lines in which there are but two alliterating letters. Of these the following examples will suffice:

"*w*ent to his *w*epon and a sond braid," l. 86.
"the kinge *p*raid his *p*rincis euerychon," l. 169.
"I haue gone for thi sak *w*onderfull *w*ais," l. 14.
"hon they *w*ickidly *w*rought then be-dene," l. 439, &c.

Many lines again have no alliteration at all, while in a few we find a sort of double alliteration, as in the following:

"Here *r*idithe *R*ouland, *g*od be his *g*id," l. 253.
"we be *f*ellos and *f*rendis, *g*od be our *g*id," l. 304.
"as all the *f*eld wer *f*yer, yt *s*emyd by the *s*on," l. 711.

Occasionally we find the alliteration running on *v, w; f, v: f, w; c*, or *k; g*, as,

v, w:

"That I *w*er on them *v*engid, god it *w*old," l. 363.
"dala*b*ern of *v*alern then cum *w*old," l. 953.

f. v:

"many on *f*olowed, yet it *v*ailid nought," l. 348.

f, w:

"And thou *w*isly *w*irche, thou *f*ailid nought," l. 31.
"they *w*end to a-*f*eld the *f*renche bedene," l. 739.

c, or *k*, *g* :

"then lightid *g*wynylon and *c*om In in fer," l. 2.
"*G*wynylon *k*est his *g*loue bi-for hem all," l. 407.

In one instance we find in the one line *f*, *v*, and *w* :

"as I *w*ent with-out *f*olkis *v*alis to seche," l. 360.

Sometimes again the alliteration is on vowels :

"he *a*rmyd hym surly in *I*rne wed," l. 285.
"*I*ngler and *A*ubry, and *e*k all þe oþer," l. 516.

§ 18. I now come to the consideration of the rimes in the poem. In this respect the author does not show up at all well ; in fact, we might almost go to the extent of saying that a good and true rime is the exception, not the rule. Several lines occur in which, whether from the fault of the author or his copier, no rime at all is apparent, while in others it is only by shifting the accent that we can obtain even the appearance of a rime.

Assonances abound : such as *sone—gome*, ll. 35-6, 57-8 ; *myn—hym*, ll. 481-2 ; *shyn—tym*, ll. 861-2 ; *bank—stant*, ll. 326-7, &c. ; besides such rimes as *toun—sone*, ll. 459-60 ; *hond—found*, ll. 328-9 ; *barons* (= *baronis*)*—sondis*, ll. 179-80 ; *dyntis—seintis*, ll. 763-4 ; *on-loft—sought*, ll. 503-4 ; *found—throng*, ll. 713-14 ; *with—sight*, ll. 7, 8, &c.

Very frequently in order to get a rime we have to alter the accent of the words : as in *slepithe—thinkithe*, ll. 77-8 ; *oþer—myster*, ll. 320-1 ; *soulis—dyntis*, ll. 829-30 ; *many—on hie*, ll. 813-4 ; *eye—many*, ll. 403-4, &c.[1]

With so many inconsistencies, and so little regard to the rules, it is plainly dangerous to venture on any correction of the text founded on the absence of a rime, but in a few cases the rime does enable us to ascertain what was in all probability the original reading. Thus for instance in l. 37, no doubt the author wrote *bryngis ;* in l. 176, *find* ; in l. 233, *thaire ;* in l. 462, *ill ;* in l. 318, *wa ;* in l. 997, *brest ;*[2] in l. 69, *hap ;* in l. 834, *vois ;* and in l. 881, *þor.*

[1] This enables us to correct l. 116, by reading *aspedid* = a spedid = have sped for *aspendid.*

[2] I should be inclined to make the same correction in l. 566, for the improvement of the alliteration.

In ll. 181-2, 388-9, 602-3, 669-70, and probably originally in 775-6, the riming words are alike.

As I have already said, several instances occur in which there is no apparent rime. The following is a list of these: ll. 95-6, 97-8, 344-5, 555-6, 565-6, 692-3, 700-1, 711-2, 815-6, 831-2.

In most, if not in all of these, the fault in all probability lies with the copier. In some we can with some degree of certainty suggest the original reading; thus in ll. 95-6 it seems probable that the author wrote:

> "And Fought sore with hym, and hym fendithe,
> he tok him by the right arm and hent it of swithe."

In ll. 700-1 we might read the last line:

> "And to the erthe at the last fell doun" (for the rime cf. ll. 459-60).

In ll. 831-2, the syllable *-is* has evidently been omitted by the copier from *wodis*.

In many cases the absence of a rime enables us to detect the omission or loss of one or more lines, as ll. 219, 222, 227, &c. In two instances after ll. 620 and 960 a line appears to be missing, but as the sense is not interrupted, I have hesitated to state as much in the text.

§ 19. In a few cases the swing of the line can be improved by a slight alteration in the order of the words: thus, l. 385,

> "Hou A bore bet me and my brond bright"

would read better if we read *me bet*. And in l. 114,

> "And the lebard had tak the bore and slayn hym."

I should feel inclined to read *hym slayn*, which would not make the rime any worse than many others in the poem.

Again in l. 94: the rhythm requires us to read,

> "A Bore from A bank com wondirly boistous."

and similarly in l. 312,

> "And to the soudan vs sold, as it semyd best."

And l. 610,

> "or I go of this ground, and the gost yeld."

In l. 462 I would read:

"lord mahoun the saue, and kep the from ille."

And in l. 371:

"lordis leuith this sorow; help it ne shall."

Again in l. 495

"but euery pece of his harnes Asonder be rent."

§ 20. The following are the chief grammatical peculiarities of the poem.

NOUNS.

The genitive singular is written with *-is*. In l. 592 we find the vowel omitted.

The plural termination is also *-is*. But here, too, the vowel is frequently omitted: *-os* occurs in ll. 306, 352, 362 and 516. *Cristyn* and *hethyn*, as adjectival nouns, do not take any plural affix, but we find both *Sairsyn* and *Sairsins*. *-es* occurs very rarely: see ll. 308, 420, 79, 307, &c. Only one instance of a plural in *-n* occurs; *eyne*, l. 630.

As the question of the syllabic pronunciation of the final syllables in the genitive singular and plural is intimately connected with the metre of the poem, I here proceed to consider the latter.

The metre of the poem is tolerably regular, being the same as that of William of Palerne, that is, anapæstic in its character, the scheme being

⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ‖ ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ —

As in Latin, a spondee frequently takes the place of the anapæst, especially in the third foot. The following lines will show the varieties of the metre:

"with a schy/nyng scheld // on his shul/der stout."
"of Sara / gos the ce//te he sent / the þ° key."
"to go in / to the for//ward to rest / vs awhile."
"It is good / to be wise // in ded / and in thought."
"he that saithe / I am tre//tour, And tok / of þe hethyn."
"ther had bene / folk to few // to fight/hem agay/nes."
"and hathe brew/id bale // in this il/kay stound."
"then he stin/tid his sted // & stod / still sone."

It is not unusual to find a foot consisting of a single long syllable, as in—

l. 49. "knygh/tes ther her//nes hom/ward they kest."
l. 87. "that the splintis / of the sper // sprong / into heuyn /"
l. 270. "lord / he said // to you / will I tell."
l. 47. "Yet is frend/chipe and faithe // fair/iste at end."
l. 56. "the kinge / lep to horse // stint / he ne wold"

See also l. 196. Occasionally a line is a syllable short, as—

l. 368. "ther was we/ping and wail//ling of knygh/tis."
l. 688. "galy dres/sid in gold // and in sto/nys,"

Or a whole foot short, as—

l. 480. "And yf en/y man lese // let me lout."
l. 542. "Or we flee / from this feld // I wene."
l. 439. "Hou they wic/kidly wrought // then be-dene."
l. 323. "And his sheld / and his brond // he had."
l. 328. "with bright shel/dis and schaf//tis in hond."

See also ll. 316, 824, 854, 877, &c.

A few lines are pure iambics, as—

l. 860. "as red / as blod // with-out/on rest."

See also ll. 499, 500-1-2.

The metre being such, it is impossible to say decisively whether the syllabic pronunciation of the terminations of nouns in the genitive singular and the plurals still survived. In many cases the swing of the line seems to require that we should treat these terminations as a separate syllable: see for instance—

l. 304. "we be fel/los and fren//dis god / be our gid."
l. 279. "ouer hil/lis and hol//tis he has/tid full sone."
l. 420. "Your knygh/tis be-hind // haue som bo/res fond."
l. 199. "and din/tis to dele // with good / durmîdalle."

On the other hand in many cases it is tolerably clear that the affix did not constitute a syllable: as—

l. 87. "that the splintis / of the sper // sprong / into heuyn."
l. 443. "men myght se / ther ostis // in the fel/dis þer."
l. 350. "cristis will/is ne wer // in þat il/key stond."
l. 918. "and trum/petis and ta//berers sothe / to say."
l. 738. "ther com / other folkis // full mygh/ty of mayn."

The balance of evidence, however, is in favour of the *-is* having been pronounced as a separate syllable. At all events it is evident

that, at the time the *Song of Roland* was written, a poet was allowed the licence of treating it as such or not as he pleased, just as was the case in Scotch in the beginning of the sixteenth century,[1] and as it is even now to a great extent in German. As the point has a bearing on the question of the date of the poem, I refer to it again in § 21.

VERBS.

In the present indicative, the termination of the second person singular is sometimes *-is*, as in ll. 31, 155, 637, &c., and sometimes *-ist*, as in ll. 37, 148, 156, 497, &c.

The termination of the third person singular is generally *-is*, occasionally *-ithe*. Thus we have *ridis*, l. 89; *wytis*, l. 90; *leseis*, l. 258; *sais*, l. 255; *leuys*, l. 257; *shakis*, l. 324; *tellis*, ll. 397, 789; *ryves*, l. 755; and also *delithe*, l. 249; *defithe*, l. 165; *biddithe*, l. 483; *slepithe*, l. 77; *thinkithe*, l. 78; *takithe*, l. 283; *gothe*, l. 470, &c.

In the plural we find both *-ithe* and *-en:* as *delithe*, l. 132; *seithe*, l. 630; *hathe*, ll. 256, 565, 1041, &c.; *abiden*, l. 383; *pressen*, l. 635; *crossen*, l. 835; *gone*, l. 58; *han*, l. 196; *criene*, l. 825, &c. Not infrequently the termination is altogether omitted, as in *won*, l. 15; *beteche*, l. 228; *lest*, l. 313; *nylle*, l. 437; *stond*, *hove*, l. 817, &c.

In the past tenses we find that the *-e* in weak verbs had become mute, and that the *-n* in strong verbs had fallen away: ll. 336 and 788 being the only cases where it remains.

The imperative plural has sometimes the termination in—*ithe*, as *listynythe*, l. 806; *herkenyt*, l. 1038. Generally, however, the termination is wanting as in *rid*, l. 543; *mak*, l. 519; *abid*, l. 534; *shon*, l. 560; *hew*, l. 575; *rusche*, l. 589, &c. In l. 187 we have *let we*, and in l. 647, *let vs*. In l. 826, *ledes* is the only instance of a northern imperative.

In the infinitive there are only a few instances in which a final *-n* is found: *sayn*, ll. 99, 737, 802, 886, 971 (but *say* in ll. 391 and 890); *done*, ll. 26, 411, 522; *bene*, l. 42. All these instances occur at the ends of the lines.

The present participle ends in *-ing;* as *suyng*, l. 44; *riding*, l.

[1] See Dr. Murray's *Dialect of the Southern Counties of Scotland*, pp 150—157.

235; *gletering*, l. 295; *saueng*, l. 408; *schynyng*, ll. 297, 445; *stonding*, l. 415.

In the past participle three instances occur of the prefix *i-*, *y-*, in ll. 421, 772. Generally, however, the termination is *-en*, as *holdene*, l. 215; *broken*, ll. 10, 561, 924; *to-breston*, l. 773; *spoken*, *doluyn*, l. 390, &c. Very frequently, however, the termination is omitted, as in *for-lore*, l. 554; *won*, l. 379; *y-brok*, l. 772, &c. *Tak*, in l. 114; and *vntak*, l. 89, are curious and noticeable forms.

The form a = have occurs three times, *aspendid* = *a spedid*, l. 116; *arestid*, l. 72; *a had*, l. 920.

In the verb to Be the following forms occur:

Present, 1st pers. sing. *am*, ll. 130, 409, &c., *be*, l. 943.
2nd „ „ *art*, ll. 37, 535, &c.
3rd „ „ *is*, *ys*, *es*.
1st „ plural *ar*, ll. 1041; *be*, ll. 304-5, &c.
2nd „ „ *ar*, l. 395, &c.
3rd „ „ *be*, ll. 123, 126, &c.[1]

Past, 3rd pers. sing. *was*.
1st „ plural *wer*, ll. 227, 361, &c.
3rd „ „ *wer*, ll. 72, 73, 208, &c.

Was also occurs in the 3rd pers. pl. when the verb precedes the subject (see ll. 642, 792, 842, 1001, &c.), as in Shakspere, &c.

In the pronouns we find *my* and *thy* except in ll. 271, *my noun*; 481, one of *myn*; 638, *thy nown*. In the 3rd pers. plural we find *ther*, *them*, *hem*.

ADVERBS.

The termination is generally *-y*: only once do we find *-iche*, in *truliche*, l. 967. Many have dropped the termination altogether; thus we have *wondirly* in ll. 94 and 335, and *wondur* in l. 331; *sadly* in l. 121, and *sad* in l. 293; *fair*, l. 138; *fully* in l. 521, and *full* in l. 124, &c.

The use of the palatal *ch* for the guttural *k* is very common; see, for instance, *seche*, l. 5; *speche*, ll. 6, 19, 229, 360; *feche*, l. 361; *be-teche*, l. 189; *reche*, l. 190; *riche*, l. 966; *myche*, l. 263; *euery-*

[1] Perhaps *is* in l. 168.

chon, l. 171; *eueryche*, *rechar*, l. 447, &c. At the same time we find also *sek*, l. 803; *work*, l. 416, as well as *wyrche*, ll. 31, 165; *awrek*, ll. 725, 942; *wrek*, l. 628.

We nearly always find the O.E. *ā* replaced by *o*: as *atonys*, *bothe*, *hole*, *stonys*, *bone*, &c., and frequently *ă* is also replaced by the same letter, as *strong*, *long*, *thoussond*, *hond*, *from*, &c., though in a few cases the *a* is retained, as in *many*, *bank*, *stant*, *gan*, *hand* (only once, in l. 947), *car*, &c.

Dr. Schleich points out that *-aught* and *-ought* are kept quite distinct, the former being restricted to words where it represents the A.S. *æht*, while the latter is only used to represent A.S. *oht*. Thus we have *raught*, l. 796 = A.S. *gerǽhte*; *taught*, l. 17 = A.S. *tǽhte*; but *brought*, l. 3 = A.S. *brohte*; *sought*, l. 504 = A.S. *sohte*; *doughtur*, l. 29 = A.S. *dohtor*; *nought*, l. 31 = A.S. *noht*; *wrought*, l. 311 = A.S. *geworht*, &c. This distinction is, Dr. Murray tells me, kept up to this day in the pronunciation in Scotland.

A consideration of these peculiarities lead to the conclusion that the poem was written in a South-West Midland dialect.

Dr. Schleich is of opinion that the copy which we have was made by a scribe accustomed to a North-East Midland dialect, basing his opinion on the use of *at* = that, in l. 902, of *is* (plural), in l. 168, and *was* (plural), in ll. 4, 642, 792 and 1001, as well as the terminations *-en* in the present plural, and *-ist* in the second person singular. But these appear to be very slight grounds on which to found such a theory. It is even doubtful whether *is* in l. 168 is plural. The word preceding it is very indistinct in the MS.; it *may* be "men," but a dissyllable seems to be required. Again the only cases where *was* is used with a plural subject are where the verb *precedes* the subject; in other cases we find *wer*. This use of *is* and *was* with a plural subject following is not at all uncommon in many of our writers. Shakspere uses it frequently (see Dr. Abbott's *Shakspearian Grammar*, § 335), and it is now a recognised idiom of our spoken language,[1] arising from a want of anticipation on the part of the speaker of the number of the subject.

[1] Compare the French use of *il y a*, *il y avait* followed by plural subjects.

§ 21. I now come to the consideration of the date of the poem, on which point the most widely different views have been expressed. Gaston Paris thought it was probably written in the 13th century.[1] Wright assigned it to the 14th,[2] and Ten Brink to the beginning of the same century, while Dr. Schleich thinks that it could not have been written before the second half of the 15th century.[3] The true date I believe to be about 1400.

Dr. Schleich bases his opinion solely on the non-pronunciation of the final *e*. That the final *e* had ceased to be pronounced when the poem was written is clear not only from the numerous instances in which, while the writer has properly inserted it, it is not required for the metre of the line, as in *faire* ladys, l. 28 ; thou *wirche*, l. 31 ; they *bete*, l. 787 ; *longe*, l. 772 ; we *serue*, l. 812, &c., but also from the many cases where, had the *e* still retained its value, it ought properly to have been added. Thus in l. 164, we have, in my *thought*, for *thoughte* (see also l. 310); to *wyn*, l. 113 ; he *sought*, l. 349 ; they *hent*, l. 731 ; ye *myght*, l. 261 ; he *hight*, l. 262, &c.

Dr. Schleich argues that as we find in Chaucer the final *e* retaining its value up to the end of the 14th century, this poem written at a time when the *e* had ceased to possess any value, must be assigned to a date considerably later than 1400. But is the loss or retention of the final *e* a certain criterion, or is a comparison with Chaucer's poems a fair one? Both of these questions must, I think, be answered in the negative. The present poem is written, as we have seen, in a South-West Midland dialect, Chaucer's in a South Midland. The West Midland was influenced by northern dialects to a great extent. Chaucer's poems, on the other hand, are perfectly free from any such influence ; on the contrary, we might rather say that he was influenced by southern speech. Dr. Murray has shown in his article on the English language, in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, that up to the 14th century there was but little difference between the speech of London and Kent. Moreover, he was a very conservative writer : as he wrote in 1360—70 so he wrote in 1390 1400, though no doubt the change was going on all around.

[1] *Histoire Poétique*, p. 155. [2] See M. Michel's edition, p. 279.
[3] *Geschichte der Englishen Litteratur*, 1877, vol. I., p. 306.

The West Midland dialect, as I have said, was, to some extent at least, influenced by the Northern. Now the final *e* had disappeared, so far as any value is concerned, in Northern writers long before 1400. The *Cursor Mundi* has not a trace of it: Hampole does not know it. Even in the South, Robert of Brunne, and Lydgate and Occleve have partly lost it. But it is with none of these that I would compare the *Song of Roland*. To form a just and true opinion the comparison should be made with some poem written in as nearly as possible the same dialect. Audelay, in which the *e* is gone, is, perhaps, a little too much North; but in *William of Palerne* we have a poem which almost exactly satisfies the conditions. It is written in the same metre, and in very nearly the same dialect. But even in it the final *e* has lost its value, and yet it was written in 1350, a hundred years before the date assigned by Dr. Schleich to the present poem. There is, too, the same uncertainty as to the pronunciation of the inflexions of the genitives and plurals. Compare the following lines with the *Song of Roland:*

"þat perles of alle þuple is preised ouer alle." l. 499.
"faire floures for to fecche þat he bi-fore him seye." l. 26
"þat briddes & smale bestes wiþ his bow he quelles." l. 179.
"ȝong bold barnes þat bestes al-so keped." l. 187.
"þat of horn ne of hound ne miȝt he here sowne." l. 210.

Taking all these points into consideration I do not think that the loss or omission of the final *e* is alone a sufficient ground on which to assign a date to the present poem. From the language generally and the style of the composition I consider it to have been written considerably earlier than 1450, and in fixing on 1400 as the probable date, I believe I am, if anything, putting it too late.

I have the pleasant task of acknowledging the kind and freely-given help which I have received in the preparation of this volume from Mr. Furnivall, who, as I have already said, read over twice the proofs of the *Song of Roland* with the MS.; from Dr. Murray, who has assisted me with his invaluable help on numerous points of difficulty; from M. Gaston Paris, and from Miss Marx, by whom the first two Romances were copied.

APPENDIX.

The following is the Pseudo-Turpin's account of the events narrated in the *Song of Roland.*

Caput xxii.

De proditione Ganaloni, et de bello Roncievallis.

Postquam Carolus magnus Imperator et fortissimus totam Hispaniam diebus illis ad Domini et apostoli ejus sancti Jacobi decus acquisivit, rediens ab Hispania, Pampiloniæ cum suis exercitibus hospitatus est, et erant tunc temporis commorantes apud Cæsaream Augustam duo reges saraceni, Marsirius scilicet et Belvigandus pater eius, qui erant erant ab Almiraldo Babylonis de Perside ad Hispaniam missi, et Caroli imperiis subjacebant, et libenter ei in omnibus serviebant, sed in charitate ficta; quibus Carolus per Ganalonum mandavit, ut baptismum subirent, aut ei tributum mitterent. Tunc miserunt ei xxx equos ornatos auro et argento gazisque hispanicis, et lx equos vino dulcissimo et puro oneratos miserunt pugnatoribus ad potandum, et mille mulieres saracenas formosas ad faciendum stuprum. Ganalono vero viginti equos auro et argento et palliis prætiosis oneratos fraudulenter obtulerunt, ut pugnatores illorum manibus traderet ad interficiendum; qui concessit, et pecuniam illam accepit. Itaque priuato inter se pacto pravæ traditionis, rediit Ganalonus ad Carolum, et dedit ei gazas, quas reges miserant, dicens quod Marsiruis vellet fieri christianus, et præparabat inter suum ut veniret ad Carolum in Gallia, et ibi baptismum acciperet, et totam terram hispanicam amplius pro illo teneret. Maiores vero pugnatores vinum solummodo ab eo acceperunt; mulieres vero nullatenus; sed minores sustulerant. Tunc Carolus verbis Ganaloni credens, disposuit transire portus cisereos, et redire ad Galliam. Inde accepto consilio a Ganalono Carolus præcepit carissimis suis, scilicet Rolando nepoti suo Cenomanensi, et blaviensi comiti, et Olivierio gebenensi comiti, ut cum maioribus pugnatoribus et viginti millibus Christianorum ultimam custodiam in Roncievalle facerent donec ipse Carolus cum aliis exercitibus portus cisereos transiret; itaque factum est. Sed quia præcedentibus noctibus vino saracenico ebrii quidam cum mulieribus paganis et christianis, et fœminis, quas secum milites de Galia adduxerant fornicati sunt, mortem incurrerunt. Quid plura? dum Carolus portus cum xx millibus Christianorum et Ganalono et Turpino transiret, et præfati ultimam custodiam facerent, Marsirius et Belvigandus cum l. millibus Saracenorum summo mane

exierunt de nemoribus et collibus, ubi consilio Ganaloni duobus diebus totidemque noctibus latuerant, et fecerunt duas turmas ; unam et xx. millibus, aliam ex xxx. Illa vero qua erat ex viginti primum cæpit post tergum subito percutere nostros ; illico nostri reversi sunt contra illos, ad expugnandos eos, et a mane usque ad tertiam omnes occiderunt neque unus quidem e viginti millibus evasit. Statim nostros tanto bello fatigatos et lassos alia triginta millia Saracenorum aggrediuntur, et percusserunt eos a majore usque ad minorem, nec unus quidem ex triginta millibus Christianorum evasit ; alii lanceis perforantur, alii spata decollantur, alii securibus abscinduntur, alii sagittis et iaculis perforantur, alii perticis verberando perimuntur, alii cultellis vivi excoriantur, alii igne cremantur, alii arboribus suspenduntur. Ibi interficiuntur omnes pugnatores præter Rolandum et Baldovinum, et Turpinum et Tedericum, et Ganalonum. Baldovinus et Tedericus dispersi per nemora tunc latuerunt et propterea evaserunt. Tunc Saraceni una leuga retro redierunt.

Interrogatio.

Hoc in loco interrogandum est cur illos, qui minime cum mulieribus non sunt fornicati, Dominus mortem incurrere permisit cum iis, qui ebriati, fornicati sunt ?

Responsio.

Ideo profecto illos, qui ebriati et fornicati non sunt, Dominus mortem incurrere permisit, quia voluit ut ad patriam propriam amplius non redirent, ne forte in aliquibus delictis incurrerent ; et etiam voluit eis pro laboribus suis coronam cælestis Regni per passionem impendere. Illos vero, qui fornicati sunt mortem permisit incurrere, quia per gladii passionem voluit illorum peccata delere. Nec debet dici quod clementissimus Deus non remuneravit transactos labores eorum ; scilicet qui in fine nomen ejus confessi sunt, peccata confitentes ; licet enim sint fornicati, tamen pro Christi nomine sunt in fine perempti. Igitur pergentibus ad prælium patet, quod perniciosus sit comitatus fœminarum : uxores aut fœminas alias amplius ducere non licet. Quidam terreni principes, Darius scilicet et Antonius olim cum uxorum comitatu perrexerunt ad bellum, et ambo corruerunt ; Darius superatus ab Alexandro : Antonius ab Octaviano Augusto. Quapropter nulli licet mulierem in exercitu ducere nec expedit habere mulieres in castris, ubi libido castranda est, quia impedimentum animæ et corporis est.

Allegoria.

Illi qui inebriati et fornicati sunt significant sacerdotes et religiosos viros, contra vitia pugnantes, quibus non licet inebriari et mulieribus coinquinari : quod si fecerint : ab inimicis suis, id est a dæmonibus,

lapsi et forte in aliis vitiis, malo fine interfecti, et in Orco capti erunt.

"De Vita Caroli Magni et Rolandi Historia Joanni Turpino, Archiepiscopo Remensi vulga tributa," ed. by A Sebastiano Ciampi, Florence, 1822, pp. 59—63.

SKETCHES OF THE STORIES.

The Sege off Melayne.

The Saracens, under their Sultan Arabas, having harried Rome and Lombardy (p. 1), attack and capture Milan. Sir Alantyne, lord of that city, flies to a neighbouring town for refuge (p. 2). The Saracens promise if he will forsake Christianity to give him all his own again. He asks a day for consideration. During the night an angel appears to him in a dream, and bids him seek for help from Charles (p. 4). On the same night an angel also appears to Charles, and gives him a sword, bidding him to go and avenge Allantyne (p. 5). Allantyne arrives and pleads his case, which is supported by Turpin; but Ganelon persuades the king not to go himself, but to send Roland with an army (p. 7). The French arrive at Milan, but are defeated (p. 9), Richard of Normandy slain (p. 10), and Roland with three others, taken prisoners (p. 13). By a miracle they escape (p. 16), and start for Paris. On their way, at St. Denis, they meet Turpin (p. 18), and Charles (p. 19). Roland tells how only four have escaped, and Turpin calls on Charles to avenge his men (p. 20). A large army is assembled, but Charles, at the instigation of Ganelon, refuses to go (p. 21), and is accordingly cu sed by Turpin (p. 23). By the advice of Naymes, Charles gives way (p. 25), and the army starts for Milan (p. 27). Garcy is crowned Sultan (p. 27), and leads out his army to meet Charles (p. 31). Charles and Damadowse fight, and the latter is killed (p. 33). A general battle ensues, Turpin is wounded (p. 36), but the Saracens are put to flight, and take refuge in Milan (p. 37). The next day Charles prepares for an assault on the city (p. 41). Turpin is again wounded (p. 42). Reinforcements come to the Saracens (p. 44), and the Duke of Brittany comes to the help of Charles (p. 47). Part of the French army keep Garcy within

Milan, while the rest attack the reinforcements and defeat them (p. 50). The French prepare for the assault on Milan (p. 52). *End of the MS.*

Roland and Otuel.

While Charles and his douzeperes are enjoying themselves, Otuel, a Saracen knight, arrives with a message from the Sultan to Garcy, calling on Charles to forsake Christianity and become his vassal (p. 57). Directed by Naymes he makes his way into the king's presence (p. 58). He boasts of the success of the Saracens, and of his own prowess (p. 59). Sir Estut, in a rage, tries to kill him, but is himself slain by Otuel (p. 60). By the persuasion of Charles and Roland, the Saracen gives up his sword and delivers his message (p. 61). He afterwards challenges Roland to single combat, which the latter accepts (p. 64). After mass the next morning they arm for the fight (p. 66), Belesant, the daughter of Charles, assisting Otuel (p. 68). The fight is carried on with varied success: Roland tries to convert Otuel, but in vain (p. 71). A dove settles on the Saracen's helmet, and Otuel, looking on it as a sign from heaven, agrees to become Christian (p. 73). He is baptised, and Belesant is betrothed to him (p. 74). Otuel proposes an expedition against his uncle Garcy, which the French agree to (p. 75). On the 1st April the army starts (p. 77), and arrive near Attale (p. 78). Roland, Oliver, and Ogier ride out of the camp, and meet four Saracen kings (p. 80), three of whom they slay: the fourth, Clariell, is taken prisoner (p. 81), but the Saracens coming up, the French knights are obliged to let him go (p. 82). Overpowered by numbers, Roland and Oliver have to fly, but Ogier is taken prisoner (p. 84), and given in charge to Clariell's mistress (p. 86). Otuel meets Roland and Oliver flying. They turn on the Saracens, whom they defeat with great slaughter (p. 90). Otuel and Clariell agree to fight the next day (p. 91). After a fierce fight the Saracen is killed (p. 96). Roland is wounded in a duel with Sir Barlott, but is saved by Otuel (p. 98). A general battle, during which Ogier escapes, ensues, ending in the utter rout of the Saracens (p. 102). Ogier captures Garcy, and the poem ends with the wedding of Otuel and Belesant.

The Song of Roland.

For seven years had Charles been in Spain, fighting against the Saracens. In this time he had utterly defeated them, and had taken every city with the single exception of Saragossa, the stronghold of king Marsile. This king, by the advice of Blancandrin, one of his counsellors, sends ambassadors to Charles with presents to ask the conditions upon which he will be allowed to retain his kingdom in peace. Charles, against the advice of Roland and others of his knights, allows himself to be persuaded by Ganelon, and determines to send a messenger to Marsile, calling on him to deliver up the keys of Saragossa, to embrace Christianity, and to come in person to pay homage as a vassal of the French king. Roland, Naymes, Oliver, and Turpin in turn volunteer for this dangerous duty, but Charles will not risk their lives. At the suggestion of Roland, Ganelon is selected. He accepts the duty, though unwillingly, and accompanies the Saracens back to Saragossa. On the road, Blancandrin discovers Ganelon's hatred of Roland and the other douzeperes, and seeing that it might be turned to advantage, communicates his opinion to Marsile. The Saracen king by means of bribes induces Ganelon to consent to betray Roland and his companions, during their passage of the narrow defiles of Roncesvaux. Having loaded the traitor with presents, he gives him the keys of Saragossa to be handed to Charles, so that no suspicion might arise, and also sends as gifts to the French king a number of Saracen girls, and a large quantity of wine. With these Ganelon returns to the French camp, and delivers his message to Charles (p. 107), declaring that Marsile will himself repair to France within sixteen days, there to do homage to Charles, and to embrace Christianity. Charles is delighted, and gives orders for an immediate return home (p. 108). The army starts, and after marching 10 miles encamps for the night (p. 109). In the night Charles has two dreams, warning him of treachery, which disturb him greatly (p. 109). The next morning he holds a council, and reminding his knights of the dangers of the pass of Roncesvaux, desires them to arrange who shall take command of the rear-guard, the post of danger (p. 110). Ganelon proposes that that duty shall be assigned to Roland, and much against the

king's wish, Roland declares his willingness to accept the post (p. 111). The other douzeperes declare they too will go with Roland (p. 112). Leaving them behind, with 20,000 men, Charles and the rest of the army start for France (p. 114), Ganelon commanding the van-guard. The Saracens prepare to attack Roland. He sees them and warns his fellows (p. 115). Sir Gauter is sent forward with 10,000 men to reconnoitre, but is surprised, and every one of his men slain (p. 116). He warns Roland of treachery. Meanwhile Charles is alarmed at the delay of his rear-guard, but is re-assured by Ganelon (p. 119), and goes on to Cardoile. The Saracens appear, and Oliver presses Roland to blow his horn for help, but he refuses (p. 122). At day-break Turpin celebrates mass, after which the fight begins (p. 125). Roland, Oliver, and the others, perform prodigies of valour (p. 129), but in vain, the Saracens are too numerous. A fearful storm comes on (p. 131), after which the Saracens again attack the French (p. 133). Roland proposes to send a messenger after Charles for help (p. 136), but it is too late. [End of our MS.] Overpowered by numbers there soon survive but 60 of the French army. Roland now proposes to blow his horn; Oliver, seeing it is too late, tries to dissuade him. Turpin, however, agrees with Roland, and he accordingly gives three mighty blasts, but in doing so, bursts a blood-vessel. The sound of the horn is heard by Charles and his army, who at once retrace their steps. But, by this time, the uncle of king Marsile has come to his aid, with more than 50,000 men. Oliver is killed, and over his body Roland utters a touching farewell. There are now left but 3 French knights, Roland, Turpin, and Gauter. The last is soon slain, and the Archbishop is mortally wounded. Roland unlaces his helmet, and tends him as best he may, but he is himself exhausted with loss of blood. He then retires to a distance, and drawing his sword Durindal, bids it farewell in a most pathetic speech. Determined that the Saracens shall not have it, he tries to break it by striking it with all his might against a rock. But Durindal cuts through the rock, and is still uninjured. Twice does Roland repeat the blow, but with the same result. The end has now come, and, with a prayer on his lips, the mighty hero dies.

The remainder of the poem is occupied with the vengeance taken

by Charles on the Saracens, whom he utterly exterminates, and the punishment of the traitor Ganelon.

Turpin's version of the latter part of the poem differs slightly from the French. According to it, two of the douzeperes, Baldwin and Thierry, escape from the slaughter, and carry the news to Charles. This version also represents Turpin himself as having gone on with Charles, and having thus escaped the general slaughter. At the moment when Roland is dying, the archbishop, who is celebrating mass, has a vision in which the calamity is revealed to him, and by him told to Charles. The sun is also said to have miraculously stood still for three days, in order to allow Charles time for his vengeance on the Saracens.

The Sege off Melayne

FROM

ADD^{L}T. MS. BRIT. MUS. 31,042.

[*Addit. MS.* 31042, *Brit. Mus.*, *leaf* 64, *back.*]

Here Byggynnys the Sege off Melayne.

(1)

A·H werthy men) that luffes to here — Listen all, and I will tell you a true story of Charlemagne.
Off cheuallry þat by fore vs were
þat doughty weren) of dede, 3
Off charlles of Fraunce, þ^e^ heghe kinge of alle,
þat ofte sythes made hethyn) men) for to falle,
þat styffely satte one stede. 6
This geste es sothe, wittnes þ^e^ buke,
þ^e^ ryghte lele trouthe who so wiH luke, — You may find it in the Chronicles.
In CronekiH for to rede. 9
Alle lumbardy þay made þaire mone
And saide þaire gaum̃es weren alle gone
Owttrayede *with* hethen) thede. 12

(2)

The sowdane Arabas the stronge — Arabas, the Sultan, had
Werreyde appon) Crystyndome *with* wronge
And Ceties brake he downn); 15
Robbyde þ^e^ Romaynes of theire rent, — harried Rome
þ^e^ popys pousty hase he schente,
And many a kynges with Crownn). 18
In Tuskayne townnes gon) he wyn)
And stuffede þam) wele with hethyn) kyn),
This lorde of grete renownn); 21
And sythen) to lumbardy he wañe, — and Lombardy,
Mighte to lett hyn) hade no man),
Thus wynnes he many a townn). 24

(3)

and had burnt the churches and roods,

The Emagery þat the[r] solde bee,
Bothe the Rode & þe marie free,
Brynnede þam) in a fire :
And þan) his Mawmettes he sett vp there
In kirkes and abbayes þat there were,
Helde þam) for Lordes and Syre.

and sacked Milan.

To Melayne sythen) he tuke þ^e^ waye
And wanne þ^e^ Cyte apon) a daye,
Gaffe his men) golde & iH hyre.
Many a Martyre made he there
Off men) and childire þat there were
And ladyes swete of Swyre.

(4)

Alantyne, lord of Milan, flies to a neighbouring city.

þ^e^ lorde of Melayne, *sir* Alantyne,
Sawe þ^e^ Crystynde putt to pyne,
Oute of þ^e^ townn) he flede
To a Cyte þat was there by,
Alle nyghte he thoghte *þer* In) to ly,
He was fuH straytly stede.
þay myghte it wynn) *with* spere & schelde
Appon) þ^e^ morne hym) buse it ȝelde
Or laye his lyfe in wede.
Was neu*er* no knyghte putt to mare care,
FuH hertly to Criste þan) pr*a*yes he thare
To knawe þ^e^ lyfe he ledde.

(5)

Arabas says he shall have his own again if he will forsake Christianity.

þ^e^ Sawdane sent hym messangers free
And bade hym torne and hethyn) bee
And he solde haue his awenn) :
Melayne, that was the Riche Cite,
And alle þ^e^ laundis of lu*m*bardye,
And to his lawe be knawenn) :

"And if he ne wiH noghte to oure lawe be sworñe
He saH be hangede or oþer morne
And with wylde horse be drawen):
His wyffe & his childire three
By-fore his eghne þat he myghte see
Be in sondre sawenn)."

(6)

He prayede þe sowdane þan) of grace
þat he wolde byde a littiH space
Whils one þe morne at daye,
And he saH do hym for to witt
If þat he wolde assent to itt
To leue apon) his laye.
Bot þan heues he vp his handis to heuen),
To Iesu Criste with mylde steuen)
FuH hertly gane he praye.
"Lorde," he saide, "als þou swelte appon) þe tree,
Of thy man) þou hafe Pete,
And Mary mylde þat maye!

Alantyne begs for a day's respite before giving an answer.

[leaf 65]

(7)

If I solde Crystyndome for-sake
And to hethyn) lawe me take
þe periH mon) be myn).
Bot, lorde, als þou lete me be borne
Late neuer my sawle be forlorne
Ne dampnede to helle pyne.
Bot, lorde, als þou swelte on þ rode
And for mankynde schede thi blode
Some concelle sende þou me:
Whethire þat me es better to doo,
The hethyn) lawe to torne too,
Or my lyfe in lande to tyne."

He prays to God for help in his trouble.

(8)

Than wente þat knyghte vn to bedde
For sorowe hym thoghte his hert bledde,
And appon) Iesu þan) gan) he caHe.

In his sleep he sees a vision.

And sone aftire þat gane he falle one slepe
Als manꝺ þat was wery for-wepe.
þanꝺ herde by hym on a waħe
An angel bids him go to Charles, Ane Angelle þat vn-to hym gane saye:
"Rysse vp, *sir* kynge, & wende thy waye,
For faire þe sall by falle,
To Charles þat beris the flo*ur* delyce,
Of o*þer* kynges he berys þe pryce,
& he saħ wreke thy wrethis aħe."

(9)

The Angelle bade hym ryse agayne,
"And hy þ^e faste to charlemayne,
þ^e Crownnede kynge of Fraunce,
and call on him in God's name to help him. And say hym god byddis þ*at* he saħ go
To helpe to venge the of thy foo
Bothe with spere & launce."
The kynge was fuħ fayne of that,
His swerde in his hande he gatt
And þ*er*to graythely he grauntis.
Alantyne starts for France. He garte swythe sadyħ hym a palfraye
And Euenꝺ to Fraunce he tuke þ^e waye,
Now herkenys of þis chaunce.

(10)

The same nyghte by fore þ^e daye
Charles in his sleep sees an angel, Als kyng Charls *in* his bedde laye
A Sweunꝺ þanꝺ ganꝺ he mete.
Hym thoghte ane angele lyghte als leuenꝺ
Spake to hym *with* mylde steuenꝺ,
þat gudly hym gane grete.
who gives him a sword, þat angele by-taughte hym a brande,
Gaffe hym þ^e hiltis in his hande,
þ*at* euenꝺ was handefuħ mete:
and bids him go to the help of Alantyne. And saide: "Criste sende the this swerde,
Mase the his werryoure here in erthe,
He dose þe wele to weite.

(11)

He biddes þou saH resteyne it tyte [leaf 65, back]
And þat þou venge aHe his dispyte,
For thynge þat euer may bee. 123
And sla alle there thou sees me stryke,
And sythen þou birñe vp house & dyke,
For beste he traystis in thee." 126
The walles abowte Melayne townne The angel appears to throw down the walls of Milan.
Hym thoghte þ^e angele dange þam downn,
þat closede In þat Cite. 129
Sythen aHe þ^e lañdis of lumbardy,
Townnes, borows, and bayli:
this was selcouthe to see. 132

(12)

When Charls wakenede of his dreme Charles, on waking,
He sawe a bryghtenes of a beme
Vp vn-to heuenwarde glyde. 135
Bot when he rose þ^e swerde he fande finds the sword by his side
þat þe Angelle gaffe hym in his hande
Appon his bedde syde. 138
He schewede it thanne to his Baronns aHe, and shows it to his barons.
And than saide his lordes bothe grete & smalle:
"þ^e sothe is noghte to hyde: 141
We wote wele þat goddis wiH it es
þat þou saH conquere of hethennesse
Countres lange and wyde." 144

(13)

To mete þan wente þat Riche kynge
Bot sone come there newe tydynge, While the king is at table
Als he in sete was sette. 147
The lorde of Melayne he sawe come In, Alantyne arrives and claims his assistance.
þat was his Cosyn nere of kyn,
And hym fuH gudely grette. 150
The grete lordis alle hailsede hee
And prayede þam aH sesse of theire glee,
And sayse to Charls with owtten lette: 153

"Iesu Criste hase comaunde thee
To fare to þe felde to feghte for mee,
My landis agayne to gette." 156

(14)

Charles and Alantyne relate their dreams.

He tolde þam alle at þe Borde and by
That the Sarazenes had wonn lumbardy—
þay mornede & made grete mone— 159
And how the angelle bade hym goo:
The kynge tolde his sweuen alsoo,
þay accordede bothe in one. 162

Turpin supports Alantyne's petition.

Thane sayde þe Beshope Turpyne:
"Hafe done! late semble þe folke of thynde!
Myn hede I vndir nome[1] 165
þat gode es greuede at þe sarazenes boste:
We saHe stroye vp alle theire hoste,
þose worthely men in wone."[2] 168

(15)

Ganelon, the traitor, proposes that Roland alone be sent to the relief of Milan.

Bot alle þat herde hym Genyenn,
þat was a lorde of grete renownn
And Rowlande Modir hade wedde. 171
þare wery hym bothe god & sayne Iohñ,
The falseste traytoure was he one,
þat euer with fode was fedde! 174
For landis þat Rowlande solde haue thare
Dede fayne he wolde þat he ware,
þe Resone ryghte who redde. 177
His firste tresone now by gynnes here,
þat þe lordis boghte sythen fuH dere,
And to ladyse grete Barett bredde. 180

(16)

[leaf 66] "Sir," he sayde, "þat ware a SynfuH chaunce,
Whatt solde worthe of vs in Fraunce,
And þou in þ felde were slayne? 183

[1] MS. take. [2] MS. worde.

Thy selfe and we at home wiłł byde
And latte Rowlande thedire Ryde,
Þat euer to Bekyre es bayne,
With Batelle & with brode banere;
Of his wyrchippe wolde I here,
Witt ȝe wele, fułł fayne."
For Rowlande this resone he wroghte
Euere more in his herte he thoghte
He solde neuer come agayne.

He says he would gladly hear of Roland's success,

but he hopes he may never return.

(17)

The kynge þan̄ sent a Messangere
To grette lordes bothe ferre & nere
And bade þam̄ make þam̄ ȝare.
Bot þe peris take a concelle newe
Þat made alłe fraunce ful sore to rewe
And byrdis of blyse fułł bare.
Þay prayede þe kynge on þat tyde
Þat he hym selfe at home walde byde,
To kepe þat lande riȝt thare:
"And Sendis Rowlande to lumbardy,
With fourty thowsande cheualry
Of worthy men̄ of were."

The king orders an expedition to be made ready,

but the barons object,

(18)

Then̄ Rowlande thus his were þan̄ made
Fares forthe with Baners brade,
Þe kynge byleues þare stiłł
With-In̄ þe Cite of Paressche
For to kepe þat townn̄ of pryce,
Als þay accordede tiłł.
And if þe Sowdane wane þe felde
Lyghtly walde þey it noghte ȝelde
To þay had foughtten̄ þaire fiłł.
Bot be comen̄ was þe feftenede daye
Þer fore myghte mornne bothe man̄ & maye,
And ladyse lyke fułł iłł.

and Roland is despatched with an army to the relief of Milan.

(19)

Roland and his men arrive at Milan, and

To Melayne euen̄ þay made þam̄ bownn̄,
And Batelde þam̄ þare by-fore þ^e^ townn̄,
þose knyghttis þat were kene. 219

challenge Arabas to battle.

And In to þ^e^ Sowdane þay sent a knyghte
And bade hym come owte with þam̄ to fyghte,
To witt with owtten̄ wene. 222
The Sowdane grauntis wele þer-tiH,
þat tornede oure gudmen̄ aH to gryH,
And many one mo to mene. 225

He accepts the challenge.

Than̄ þ^e^ Sarazene come owte of þat Cite,
Forty thowsandes of cheualrye,
þ^e^ beste in erthe myghte be[ne]. 228

(20)

þ^e^ forthirmaste come a sarazene wyghte,

Arabant, a Saracen king,

Sir Arabaunt of Perse he highte,
Of Gyon̄ was he kynge: 231
He saide þer was na cristyn̄ knyghte,
Ware he neuer so stronge ne wyghte,
To dede he [ne] solde hym dynge. 234

slays Artamnere, Oliver's uncle,

And one sir Artaymnere of Beme,
þat was sir Olyueres Eme,
Byfore þ^e^ stowre þay thrynge; 237
And euen̄ at þ^e^ firste countire righte
þe Sarazen̄ slewe oure cristyn̄ knyghte,
It was dyscomforthynge. 240

(21)

[leaf 66, back] and afterwards Alantyne

The lorde of Melayne to hym Rade,
Sir Alantyne with owtten̄ bade,
þ^e^ Crystyn̄ knyghte to wreke, 243
Bot he stroke oure Cristyn̄ knyghte þat stownde
þat dede he daschede to þ^e^ grounde,
Mighte no worde after speke. 246

and many others till his lance breaks.

Sythen̄ afterwarde he bare down̄
Worthy lordes of grete renownn̄,
Ay to his launce gane breke: 249

And sythen̄ areste þaire nobiH stedis
And to þ^e^ hethyn̄ hoste þam̄ ledis:
Loo þus-gates fares þ^e^ freke!

(22)

Bot by þat was done þ^e^ grete gon̄ mete — The Saracens commit great slaughter amongst the French.
Barou*n*s ondir blonkes fete
Braythely ware borne donn̄.
Thay stekede many a staleworthe knyghte,
þ^e^ hethen̄ folke in þat fyghte
þ^e^ moste were of renownn̄.
Oure knyghtis one þ^e^ gronde lyse
With wondes wyde one wafuH wyse
Crakkede was many a Crownn̄:
Riche hawberkes were aH to-rent,
And beryns thorowe þaire scheldis schent,
þat many to bery was bownn̄.

(23)

þ^e^ Sara*z*ene semblede so Sarely — The French Vanguard is destroyed.
þat þay felde faste of oure cheualrye,
Oure vawarde down̄ þay dynge.
Righte at þ^e^ firste frusche þay felde
Fyve thowsande knyghtis trewly telde,
this is no lesynge!
Oure knyghtis lyghtede one þ^e^ bent,
Thorowe þaire scheldis are þey schent,
Of sorowe þan̄ myghte þay synge!
Than̄ oure MediH-warde gane þam̄ mete,
þare myghte no beryns oure bales bete,
Bot þ^e^ helpe of heuens kynge.

(24)

þ^e^ MediHwarde s*ir* Rowlande ledde, — Roland brings up the middle part of his army,
þat doghty in felde was neu*er* drede
To do what solde a knyghte.

Fyfty Lordis of gret Empryce,
Of Fraunce, þat bare þ floure delyce,
Hase loste bothe Mayne & myghte.
but he and seven other knights are taken prisoners. Our MediHwarde sone hade þaye slayne,
And Rowlande was in handis tane,
And oþer seuen þat were knyghtes.
But als god gaffe hym þat chaunce,
þay wende he hade bene kynge of fraunce
þat lyfede in þase fyghtis.

(25)

Richard of Normandy is mortally wounded Bot of a knyghte me rewes sore,
þat in þe felde laye wondede thore,
þe Duke of Normandy.
He lukes vp in the felde,
His vmbrere with his hande vp helde,
On Rowlande gane he cry:
"Rowlande, if þe tyde þat chaunce
þat þou come euer more in to fraunce,
For þe lufe of mylde Marie,
[leaf 67] Comande me tiH oure gentiH kynge,
And to þe Qwene my lady ȝynge,
And to aH Cheualrye.

(26)

He commends his son to Roland's care, And if þou come in to Normandy,
Grete wele my [faire] lady,
And sir Richerd my soñe;
And dubbe hym Duke in my stede,
charging him to avenge his death. And bydde hym venge his Fadir dede,
Of myrthe if he wiH mone.
Bid hym hawkes & houndes forgoo,
And to dedis of armes hym doo,
thase craftes for to konne;
Appon þe cursede Saraȝens for to werre,
Venge me with dynt of spere,
For my lyfe es nere done.

(27)

[1]A, Rowlande! by-haulde nowe wnatt I see,
More Ioye ne myghte neuer bee,
In ȝouthe ne ȝitt in elde.[2]
Loo! I see oure vawarde ledde to heuene
With Angells songe & merye steuene,
Reghte as þay faughte in þe felde!
I see moo Angells, loo! with̄ myn̄ eghe,
Then there are men̄ with-In̄ Cristyante,
þat any wapyn̄ may welde.
To heuen̄ þay lede oure nobill knyghtis,
And comforthes þam̄ with mayne & myghtis,[1]
With mekill blysse & belde."

Richard in a vision sees the slain French knights led to heaven.

(28)

Bot by Rowland̄ gan̄ a saraȝene stande
þat braydede owte with a bryghte brande
When̄ he harde hym say soo;
And to þe Duke a dynt he dryvede,
At þe erthe he smate righte of his hede;
þer-fore was Rowlande woo;
And Rowland̄ styrte þan̄ to a brande
And hastily hent it owte of a saraȝene hande,
And sone he gane hym sloo.
With þat swerde he slewe sexty,
þe beste of þe saraȝene cheualrye,
Off hardy men and moo.

A Saracen cuts off Richard's head.

Roland with a sword slays 60 Saracens.

(29)

þan̄ Rowlande in handis is taken̄ agayne,
And putt vn to full̄ harde payne,
þat Sorowe it was to see.
And foure nobill knyghtis þan̄ haue þay slayne,
By-fore þat were in handis tane
With sir Rowlande þe free.

He is soon overpowered and bound,

[1] From "A Rowlande" to "with mayne & myghtis" is written *smaller*, but in the same hand.
[2] MS. age.

The Sowdane comandis of his men),
An hundrethe knyghtis to kepe þam) then),
Rowland and o*þer* three,
and led away to the rear. And to oure rerewarde sythen) þay rode;
Oure Baroñs boldely þam) abode,
Nowe helpe þam) þ^e^ Trynytee!

(30)

Sir Belland brings up the French rear, þ^e^ Duke of Burgoyne, s*ir* Bellande,
þ^e^ Fadir of s*ir* Gy of nevynlande,
þ^e^ rerewarde þan) Rewlis hee.
and encourages them. He comforthede alle oure nobyH knyghtis,
Said, "lordis, halde ȝo*ur* feldes & ȝo*ur* ryghttis
And no saraȝene ȝee flee.
And þofe ȝe see thies lordis be slayne
Ne hope ȝe noghte for alle þaire payne
þat ne we saH solance see,
[leaf 67, back] Bot the werkynge of oure wondis sare
Of the paynes of helle fele we no mare,
Bot hy to heuen) one heghe."

(31)

The French are driven back, Thay fruschede In) fersely: for goddis sake
Grete strokes gane þay gyffe and take
With wondis werkande wyde:
Bot ȝitt the saraȝens with þay speris
FuH ferre on bakke oure Batelle berys
And knyghtis felde vndir fete.
but resist gallantly. Walde neue*r* no Crystyn) knyghte thethyn) flee
þoghe þat he wyste ryghte there to dye,
I doo ȝowe wole to wytt.
Bot alle in fere þay Endide righte thare
þat Sewede þ^e^ Saraȝenes sythen) fuH sare
For lordis þat leuede þ^e^ swete.

(32)

Thus fourty thowsande hafe þay slayne
Safe foure þat were in handis tane,
Rowlande ande oþer three :
One was þe gentiH Erle sir Olyuere,
Anoþer was sir Gawtere,
þe kyngis Cosyns nere ;
The thirde was sir Gy of Burgoyne,
His Fadir in þe felde laye þere slone,
þe soryare myghte he bee.
They ledde thies lordes in to Melayne,
With þat þe Sowdane turnes agayne
Righte gladde of his menȝee.

Forty thousand French are slain :

Roland, Oliver, Gawter, and Guy are prisoners.

Prymus passus : the first Fytt.

(33)

TO the Sowdane chambir many a man)
Oure foure lordis ledd thay than)
To rekken) of theire Arraye.
Thay Ette and dranke and made þam) glade,
Bot littiH myrthe oure lordis hadde :
þe Sowdane gane þam) saye,
" Welcome be[1] thow, kynge of Fraunce,
The by-tide a cely chaunce,
thi lyfe was sauede this daye.
The false lawes of Fraunce saH downn),
The Rewme saH leue one Seynt Mahownn)
þat alle þe myghtyeste maye ! "

The four French knights are led before Arabas,

who salutes Roland as Emperor of France.

(34)

And Rowlande answerde fuH gentilly :
" I ne rekke whethir I lyfe or dye,
By god þat awe this daye.

[1] MS. the.

Roland declares who he is,

Kynge of Fraunce ame I none,
Bot a Cosyne ame I one
To charlles by my faye. 402
He wiłł gyffe me golde and Fee,
Castełłes ryche with towris heghe,
þat lorde fułł wele he maye. 405
Bot goddis forbode & þ^e^ holy Trynytee
þat eu*er* fraunce hethen̄ were for mee
And lese oure crysten̄ lawe! 408

(35)

and calls on Arabas to become a Christian.

For sothe, þou Sowdane, trowe þou moste
One þe Fader and þ^e^ Sone and þ^e^ holy goste,
thire thre are alle in one: 411
þat Borne was of Marye free,
Sythen̄ for vs dyede one a tree,
In other trowe we none." 414

[leaf 68] The Sultan laughs at him,

Thane loughe þ^e^ sowdane withe eghne fułł smale,
And saide; "ane hundrethe of ȝoure goddis alle hale
Haue I garte byrne in a Firre with bale 417
Sen̄ Firste I wanne this wone. 417*
I sawe at none no more powstee
Than att ano*þer* rotyn̄ tree
One erthe, so mote I gone! 420

(36)

and orders a rood to be burnt before them.

Goo, feche one of theire goddis In̄
And if he in this fire wiłł byrne
Alle o*þer* sett att noghte." 423
þan furthe þer rane a saraȝene i*n* þat tyde
To a kyrke was there by-side,
A faire rode In̄ he broghte 426
Fourmede ewenn̄ als he gane blede.
Oure Cristen̄ knyghtis by-gane þaire crede
And Rowland̄ god by-soughte, 429
And saide: "þou þat was borne of a May,
Schewe þou, lorde, thi meracle this day,
þat with thi blode vs boghte!" 432

(37)

They keste þᵉ Rode in to þᵉ fire
And layde Brandis *with* mekiH Ire,
Fayne wolde þay garre hy*m* birne.
The Sowdane saide: "now saH ȝe see
What myghte es in a rotyn tree
þat ȝoure byleue es In.
I darre laye my lyfe fuH ryghte
þat of hym selfe he hase no myghte
Owte of this fire to wyn.
How solde he þan helpe a-no*þer* man
That for hym selfe no gyn ne kan,
No*þer* crafte ne gyn?"

A rood is brought and cast into the fire,

(38)

Thay caste one it fuH many a folde,
þ rode laye stiH ay as it were colde,
No fire wolde in hym too.
AH if þᵉ crosse were makede of tree
The fire ȝode owtt þat come þer nee,
þan wexe þe sowdan woo:
"And ȝif þᵉ deueH," he sayde, "be hy*m* *with* In
He saH be brynt or eue*r* I blyne;"
Of hert he was fuH throo.
"Thies cursede wreches þat are here In
Hase wethede þaire goddis þ*at* þai may not byrn,
I wote wele it es soo."

but the fire has no power over it.

(39)

þan bromstone þ*at* wele walde birn,
And pykke & terre mengede þ*er* In,
þay slange i*n* þᵉ fire fuH bolde.
Torches þ*at* were gude and grete
For to helpe þat mekiH hete
þay caste In many a folde.
The fire wexe owte at þᵉ laste,
Oure knyghtis made þaire pr*a*yere faste
To Criste þ*at* Iudas solde.

The Saracens heap brimstone and pitch on it.

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The rode braste & gaffe a crake,
Þat Þam) thoghte Þ*at* alle Þ^e^ byggynge brake,
Þ*at* was w*ith* In) Þat holde. 468

(40)

Fire bursts out from the Rood

A fire Þan) fro Þ^e^ crosse gane frusche,
And In Þ^e^ Sara3ene eghne it gaffe a dosche,
Ane Element als it were, 471

[leaf 68, back] and blinds the Saracens.

That Þay stode stiłł als any stone,
Haundis nore fete myghte Þay stirre none
Bot drery wexe in chere, 474
Thay wyste no Þ*er* of gude ne iłł.
Þan) Rowlande sais his felawes vn-tiłł :
" Sirs, hy vs alle hethyn) in fere. 477
This Meracle es schewede thorowe goddis *grace*
For alle Þe sara3enes in this place
May no Þ*er* see nore here." 480

(41)

Guy slays Arabas, and the French knights escape,

Sayde s*ir* Gy of Burgoyne : " 3itt or I goo
The sowdane sałł haue a stroke or twoo
Þat glade sałł hy*m* no glee." 483
He ferkes owte with a fawchon)
And hittis Þ^e^ Sawdane one Þ^e^ crownn)
Vn to Þ^e^ girdyłł welle nee. 486

after throwing the Saracen lords into the fire.

Thay tuke Þ^e^ grete lordes with Ire
And brynte Þam) in Þat bale fire,
Those doughty garte they dye. 489
Bot sythen) Þ^e^ Sara3enes Crouned s*ir* Garsy,
Þay ofte sythes chaste oure cheualry,
A bolde Sara3ene was he. 492

(42)

Alle Þat was Þan) in Þat place
Thay slewe clenly thorow goddis *grace*,
Oure worthy men) & wyghte. 495

And Sythen owte at þ^e^ 3ates they 3ede
Ilkone of þam fande a whitte stede
Sadilt & redy dighte. 498
Thay stirtt vp on those stedis fuⱡ steryn,
þay fande no man þat þam wolde warne,
Oure ferse men felle in fighte. 501
And als þ^e^ Cronekiⱡ 3itt wiⱡ saye
Eeuen to Fraunce þay tuke þ^e^ waye,
To Paresche þay ryde fuⱡ righte. 504

They find horses ready saddled,

which they mount and start for Paris.

(43)

Bot 3itt þay wolde noghte come att Paresche
To þay had offerde to Seyne Denys,
And wendis to þat abbaye ; 507
And leues þaire stedis righte at þ^e^ 3ate
And wightly In þay tuke þ^e^ gate,
þaire *pra*yers for to say. 510
And by þay hade þayre *pra*yers made
Agayne þay come *with* owtten bade,
Thaire horse þan were away. 513
And alle þe bellis þ*at* in þat abbaye was
Range allone thorowe goddis *gra*ce,
Whils it was pryme of þ^e^ day. 516

On their way they go to St. Denys to return thanks.

Their horses vanish, and the bells ring of their own accord.

(44)

And there-by wiste those lordis of pryce
That þ myghte of god and Seynt denys
Had broghte þam thethyn a way : 519
Thaire horse þat so there come to handes
Was thorowe þ^e^ *pra*yere of seynt Denys,
Thus wiⱡ þ^e^ Cronecle say. 522
Bischope Turpyne þan come fro paresche townn
To seynt Denys with grete Processiownn
For thiese lordes for to pray 525
That was in lu*m*bardy at þe were :
And when he sawe Rowlande there
He saide : " lordis, morne we may." 528

Bishop Turpin comes from Paris to pray for Roland and his companions.

(45)

Thay meruelde why þ^e bellis so range,
And þ^e clergy lefte theire sange,
Thoghte ferly of þat fare ; 531
[leaf 69] Thay hade meruelle whate it myghte mene.
Als sone als þ^e byschoppe hade Rowlande sene
To hym he went fuƕ ȝare. 534

Turpin inquires of Roland where his men are.

Sayd : "a, Rowlande, how fares lum*b*ardye
And aƕ oure nobiƕ cheuallry,
þat þou hade with the thare ?" 537

Roland says they are slain.

" Certis, *sir* Bischoppe, it is noghte to layne,
The saraȝenes hase oure gude menꝺ slayne,
þou seese of þamꝺ na mare." 540

(46)

The Bishop grieves over the defeat of the French.

The Bischop keste his staffe hy*m* fro
þe myt*re* of his hede also :
" I saƕ neu*er* were the more, 543
Ne o*þer* habite for to bere,
Bot buske me bremly to þ^e were,
And lerene one slyke a lore. 546
A ! Mary mylde, whare was thi myght,
þat þou lete thi men thus to dede be dighte,
þ*at* wighte & worthy were ? 549
Art þou noghte haldenꝺ of myghtis moste,
Fuƕ Conceyuede of þ^e holy goste ?
Me ferlys of thy fare. 552

(47)

He reproaches the Virgin for deserting them.

Had þou noghte, Marye, ȝitt bene borne
Ne had noghte oure gud menꝺ thus bene lorne ?
þ^e wyte is aƕ in the. 555
Thay faughte holly in thy ryghte,
þat þus w*ith* dole to dede es dyghte,
A ! Marie, how may this bee ?" 558
The Bischoppe was so woo þ*at* stownnd,
He wolde noghte byde apponꝺ þ^e grownnd
A Sakerynge for to see, 561

Bot forthe he wente, his handis he wrange,
And flote with Marye eu*er* amange
For þ^e^ losse of oure menȝee. 564

(48)

Then Come kynge Charls appon) Pilgremage — Charles arrives from Paris on pilgrimage.
Fro Paresche town) w*ith* his Baronage
To seynt Denys he went. 567
Bot when) the Bischoppe mett w*ith* þ^e^ kynge
He wolde noghte say "gud mornynge,"
Ne ones his browes blenke. 570
þ^e^ kynge hade meruelle what þat myght be,
Bot als sone als he Rowlande see
Wyghtly to hym) he went. 573
Be Rowlande had his tale tolde — Roland tells him what has happened
þ^e^ kynge myghte noghte a tere holde,
For bale hy*m* thoght he brynt. 576

(49)

"Allas," he saide, "Cosyn) syne,
Whare are alle þ^e^ nobiłł knyghtis of myne
þat eu*er* to fighte were fayne?" 579
"Sir, bi god & by sayne Iohn, — how only four of the whole army had escaped,
þe Saraȝenes alle bot vs hase slone,
It is no bote to layne. 582
Bot we were taken) in to holde,
Bot als þ*at* criste hy*m* selfe wolde
þ*at* we wan) owte agayne, 585
Thorowe þ^e^ grace of god o*m*[n]ipotent, — and how they had slain the Sultan.
In his chambir or we went
þ^e^ Sowdane haue we slayne." 588

(50)

Genyonn) saide: "lorde, by my Rede, — [leaf 69, back]
Ałł if þ^e^ Sowdane thus be dede
Thay wiłł haue anoþ*er* newe, 591

Ganelon advises Charles to submit to the Sultan.

A more schrewe þan̄ was the to*þer*,
Garcy þat is his awenn̄ brothir,
þat more Barett wiH brewe.
These landes of hym I rede ȝe halde
Or he wiH kindiH cares fuH calde,
ȝhe trowe þis tale for trewe.
Or eHs with In̄ thies monethes three
Als qwhitte of Fraunce saH ȝhe bee
Als ȝhe it neu*er* ne knewe."

(51)

Turpin curses him,

"Now cristis Malyson̄," quod þ^e^ Bischoppe," myghte he haue
þat Charle firste this conceH gaffe
& noghte bot it be righte!
To make homage to Saraȝene,
Ieȝu kepe vs fro þat pyne
And Marie his modir bryghte!

and calls on Charles to avenge the death of his men.

Bot at home, *sir* kynge, þou saH kepe nañe
Bot alle thy gud men̄ with the tane,
þat worthy are & wighte,
Appon̄ ȝone cursede saraȝenes to were,
And venge the one þam̄ with dynt of spere,
*þa*t þus thi peris hase dyghte.

(52)

And alle þe Clergy vndir-take I
Off alle Fraunce fuH sekerly
þay saH wende to þat were.
Of þ^e^ pope I haue pouste,
Att my byddynge saH þay bee
Bothe with schelde and spere."

He sends messengers to all the clergy

The Bischoppe sendis ferre & nere
To monke, Chanoun̄, Preste and frere,
And badd þam̄ graythe þaire gere,

and proclaims a crusade.

And keste þaire [care] clene þam̄ froo,
Come helpe to feghte one goddis foo,
Alle þat a swerde may bere.

(53)

The Clergy grauntes alle þer to,
Als doghety men) of dede solde do,
þat worthy were & wyghte. 627
Be comen) was wekes three
Thare semblede a ful faire menȝhe,
In baneres burneschid bryghte. 630
A hundrethe thowsande were redy bownn)
Of Prestis þat werede schauen) crownn),
And fresche men for to fighte. 633
Thay lightede appon) a lawnde so clere
Vndir þe Mownte Mowmartere,
It was a ful faire syghte. 636

The Clergy assemble to the

number of 100,000

at Mount Mowmartere.

(54)

With þat þe Bischoppe Turpyn) come,
And also a Cardynaƚƚ of Rome,
With a fuƚƚ grete powere, 639
Thay semblede appon) a noþer syde
Baners bett with mekiƚƚ pryde,
þe clergy þat was so clere. 642
And appon) þaire knees þay knelide down),
The Bischoppe gafe þam) his Benyson),
Alle hollyly in fere. 645
And thane sent he In to the kynge
And badde hym forth his Baronns brynge,
And saide, "my Prestis are here." 648

Turpin arrives, accompanied by a Cardinal,

[leaf 70] and sends to inform the king he is ready.

(55)

Bot ȝitt this false Genyoun)
Conselde þe kynge ay with treson)
þat hym selfe solde duelle þer stiƚƚ: 651
"And lette þe Bischoppe wende his waye,
Doo at ȝone Saraȝenes that he maye,
There saƚƚ he feghte his fiƚƚ: 654
And byde thi selfe in this Citee.
Slayne in þe felde gife þat þou bee
Alle Fraunce may like it fuƚƚ iƚƚ." 657

Ganelon advises Charles to stay at home, and let Turpin go by himself.

And with his concelle and his fare
Slyke conceꝯ he gaffe þam) þare
The kynge grauntis *þer* tiꝯ. 660

(56)

Charles tells Turpin that he will not go.

And forthe to þ^e^ Bischoppe þan) sendis he,
And for thynge þat eu*er* myghte bee
He solde hy*m* neu*er* be-swyke. 663
Bot take his nobiꝯ Cheualrye
And wende forthe in to lu*m*bardy,
"For I wiꝯ kepe my Ryke." 666
The Bischoppe saide: "by goddes tree,
Or þat Charls doo so with mee
Fuꝯ iꝯ it saꝯ hy*m* lyke! 669

Turpin swears he will curse Charles.

I saꝯ hym curse in myddis his face.
What! saꝯ he nowe with sory grace
Be-come ane Eretyke?" 672

(57)

Turpin goes to Charles and

The Bischoppe leues his powere thare
And In to þ^e^ Cite gane he fare
And þ^e^ Cardenaꝯ with hym). 675
And when) he come by fore þ^e^ kynge
There was none o*þer* haylsynge
Bot stowte wordes and grym). 678
He saide: "allas, *sir* Charllyone,
That þou thus sone be comes a crayon),
Me thynke thi body fuꝯ dym). 681

curses his false advisers,

Alle the false counceꝯ þat touches þ^e^ crown)
Here gyffe I þam) goddis malyson),
Bothe in lyfe and lyme. 684

(58)

And Cristis Malyson) myghte he haue
That fyrste to þ^e^ þat conceꝯ gaffe,
And here I curse the, þou kynge! 687

Be cause þou lyffes in Eresye,
Thou ne dare noghte fyghte one goddes Enemy :"
& a buke forthe gane he brynge : 690
And þe Sertayne sothe als I ȝow teƚƚe
He dyde aƚƚ þat to cursynge feƚƚe, and excommunicates Charles himself.
this was no manere of lesynge. 693
"Nowe arte þou werre þan) any Sarazene,
Goddes awenn) wedirwyne,
Of sorowe now may þou synge ! 696

(59)

If Cristyndome loste bee
þe wyte bese casten) one the, Turpin taunts Charles with cowardice.
Allas, þat þou was borne ! 699
Criste for the sufferde mare dere,
Sore wondede with a spere,
And werede a Crown) of thorne. 702
And now þou dare noghte in the felde [leaf 70, back]
For hym luke vndir thy schelde,
I teƚƚ þi saule for lorne. 705
Men wiƚƚ deme aftir thi daye
how falsely þou forsuke thi laye,
And calle the kynge of skorñe." 708

(60)

Bot then) kyng Charls with owtten) wene Charles tries to kill Turpin,
At the byschoppe was so tene
A fawchone hase he drawen), 711
And þe Bischoppe styrte þan) to a brande,
Hent it owt of a sqwyers hande,
Both with myghte & mayne, 714
And braydes owte þe blade bare :
Be myghtfuƚƚ god þan) he sware :
"If I wiste to be slayne, 717 but Turpin defies him.
Charls, and þou touche mee
Thou fares noghte forthir fete thre
Or it be qwitt agayne." 720

(61)

The barons go between and separate them.

Than grete lordes ȝede þam) by-twene,
The kynge comande his knyghtis kene
The Bischoppe for to taa.
And þe Bischoppe said: "sirres, I will ȝow no scathe
And bi my faythe it es grete wathe
Bot if ȝe late me gaa.

Turpin declares he will kill the first that touches him.

For certis I will noghte taken) bee
With nane þat I now here see,
Bot if ȝee firste me slaa.
And whilk of ȝow þat touches me
With owtten) harme passes noghte hee."
Than) with his horse come þay.

(62)

"Here," he said, "I a-vowe to mylde marie,
And to hir sone god almyghttye,
I sall noghte leue the soo.
For we are halden) *with* þe righte
Clerkes appon) cursede men) to fighte,
I calle the goddes foo.

Turpin declares he will shut Charles up in Paris,

I sall gerre buske my batelle bownn)
And halde the, Charls, *with* In) þis townn),
With-owt þou sall noghte goo.
Was neu*er* kynge þat werede a crown)
So foule rebuytede with Relygyon),
þou sall sone witt of woo.

(63)

Goddes byddynge hast þou broken),
Thurghe þe trayto*ur* speche spoken)
Alle Cristendom) walde þou schende.
When) Criste sent the a suerde vn till
Thou myghte wele wiete it was his will
that thi selfe solde thedir wende,

and destroy and burn the city.

There-fore I sall stroye the,
Bryne and breke downn) thi Cite,
If þou be neu*er* so ten[d]e.

Then to ȝone sarazenes wende saꝧ I,
Fighte *with* þam) whils I may dry,
In goddes *ser*uyce to ende." 756

(64)

The Bischoppe & þ^e^ Cardynere
Appon) þaire horses gatt bothe *in* fere,
Owte of þ^e^ townn) þay rade 759
Also faste als þay myghte dryve
To the grete Batelle be-lyfe,
And Buskede baners fuꝧ brade. 762
They Romede to-warde Paresche town),
And thoghte to bete the Cyte downe
With þe powere þ*at* he hade. 765
" Slyke clerkes beris my Benysone,
For trewere men) of Relygyoun)
In erthe were neu*er* none made." 768

Turpin and his army advance to besiege Paris.

[leaf 71]

(65)

Charls ou*er* þe walles bi-helde,[1]
And sawe the hoste come in the felde
And drawe to-wardes þ^e^ town). 771
Bot þan) said Duke Naymes vn to þ^e^ kynge:
" S*ir*, ȝonder comes vs new tythynges
With Baners buskede alle bown). 774
I rede ȝe praye ȝone clergy sesse
And aske þ^e^ Bischoppe forgyfnesse
And Absolucioun). 777
And graunt hym graythely for to goo
For to feghte appon) goddis foo,
Or loste es thi renownn)." 780

Naymes advises Charles to yield,

and ask Turpin's forgiveness.

(66)

" In faithe," saide þ^e^ kynge, " I graunt." 783
The Bischoppe es gude & on evynhaunt
With Bane*rs* bryghte of hewe

Charles assents.

[1] MS. & bihelde.

Be-fore þam a furlange & mare.
The kynge vndid his hede alle bare,
The Bischoppe wele hym knewe,
Turpin grants Charles absolution. And appon) his knees he knelid down)
And tuke his absolucyoun),
theire Ioye by-gane to newe.
[*No sign of any omission in the MS.* .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .]

(67)

The kynge says: "haly fader free,
This gilte I praye the forgyffe me
And I will wirke 3our will.
Turpin encamps outside Paris, And with 3our clergye tournes agayne,
Riste and Ryott 3ow by þe water of sayne,
Ay whills I come 3ow till."
The Bischoppe grauntis hym in þat tyde,
And pyghte Pauylyons with mekill pryde,
With wyne & welthes at will.
while the King collects his forces. The kynge in to þe Citee went
And aftir his Baronage he sent,
Alle forwardes to fulfill.

(68)

In three weeks a large army assembles. And by the thre wekes comen) were
Charls had semblede a faire powere,
Hym selfe come all at hande.
Erles, Dukes, & þe xij duchepers,
Bothe baroñs and Bachelers,
knyghtis full heuenhande.
Thay offerde alle at seynt denys,
And grete lordes to armes chesse,
And Charls tuke his hande.
And thus remewes that grete powere,
The leuenynge of [þair] baners clere
Lyghtenes all þat lande.

[Tertius] Passus: a mtt

(69)

Thus Charls with his cheualrye
Vn to he come at lum*b*ardy
In no place wolde he hone. 819
And to the Sara3enes was it tolde [leaf 71, back]
That Charls make werre appon) þam) wolde, The Saracens hear of the approach of Charles.
To venge þat are was done. 822
The grete lordes þan to gedir spake:
"It is bett*er* þat we *sir* Garcy take,
And Crownn) hym þ^e^ Sowdane Sone." 825
Than sent þay to many an hethyn) knyghte,
þay badde þat alle solde come þat myghte,
By þ^e^ heghten) day at none. 828

(70)

When þay were semblede sekerly,
Thay Crownnede þ^e^ Sowdane *sir* Garcy, Garcy is crowned Sultan.
þat Solance was to see[ne]. 831
Sexty knyghtis of dyu*er*se lande
Ilkon sent hym sere presande
To witt with owtten) wene. 834
Thay dressede on hy*m* a dyademe,
And made hym Emp*erour* so hym seme,
These knyghtis þat were kene. 837
Syne present hym with golde,
And Stones of vertu þat was holde,
þ^e^ beste i*n* erthe myghte bene. 840

(71)

The kynge of Massedoyne lande The King of Macedon sends him sixty maidens,
Sent þ^e^ Sowdane a presande,
þ^e^ Meryeste one molde: 843
Sexty Maydyns faire of face,
That cheffeste of his kyngdome was,
And faireste appon) folde: 846

sixty falcons,
Sexty Fawconns faire of flyghte,
And Sexti stedis noble and wyghte,
*I*n eue*r*-ilke Io*ur*nay bolde. 849

sixty knights mounted,
And appon̄ Ilke a stede a knyghte sittande
With a fawcon̄ appon̄ his hande,
And a cowpe fuꝉ of golde. 852

(72)

sixty greyhounds
Sexty grewhondes vn to þ^e^ gamen̄,
and sixty hounds,
And Sexti Raches rynnande *i*n samen̄,
þ^e^ beste in erthe myghte bee. 855
He come hym selfe w*i*th this p*re*sande
And broghte in his awenn̄ hande,
þat was worthe thiese three: 858
In visebiꝉ a fuꝉ riche stone,
and a splendid sapphire.
A Safre þ^e^ beste þat myghte be one
To seke alle Crystiauntee. 861
The Sowdane was fuꝉ fayne of this,
And kyndely gan̄ his cosyn̄ kysse
W*i*th mekiꝉ solempnytee. 864

(73)

When he his powere semblede hade,
The Sultan gives a feast.
A ryaꝉe feste þ^e^ Sowdan̄ made
Of worthy men̄ in wede. 867
Of alle þ^e^ damesels bryghte & schene
þ^e^ Sowdane hade hy*m* selfe I wene
þaire althere Maydynhede; 870
By þam̄ ilkone he laye a nyghte,
And sythen̄ Mariede hir vn-to a knyghte,
þay leffed one haythen̄ lede. 873
So mekiꝉ luste of lechery
Was a-mange þat cheualry
þ*a*t þay [myg]hte noghte wele spede. 876

(74)

To Charls now wiꝺ I torne agayne
Þat passes ouer Mountayne & playne,
At [Me]layne wolde he bee; 879
And when he come in to Þat stede [leaf 72]
Where als Þe cristyn men by fore weren dede,
Off Fraunce so grete plentee, 882
There heghe appon an hiꝺ appon highte
Turpyn garte an awtre dyghte,
Þat alle Þe folke myghte See; 885
And off the Trynytee a messe he says,
And hertly for Þe saules he prayes,
And the bodyes Þat Þare gan dye. 888

Charles presses on to Milan.

Turpin offers a Mass for the French who had been slain.

(75)

The Bischoppe sone gane hym reuesche,
In gude entent he says a messe,
In Þe name of god almyghte: 891
He blyssede Þe awtere with his hande,
And a fayre oste of brede Þer appon he fande,
Þat euer he sawe with syghte. 894
His chalesse was so fuꝺ of wyne
There myghte no more hafe gone Þer in,
It come fro heuen on highte. 897
He dide his messe forthe to Þe ende
And thankede gode Þat it hym sende,
And Marie his modir bryghte. 900

The bread and wine are sent down from heaven.

(76)

The Bischoppe in his hert was fayne
And thankede god with aꝺ his mayne,
And Marie his modir free. 903
He tolde Þe hoste with lowde steuen,
How brede & wyne was sent fro heuen,
Fro god of moste poustee: 906
"And aꝺ Þat euer hase sene this syghte
ȝee are als clene of syn, I plyghte,
Als Þat day borne were ȝee. 909

Turpin thanks God for the miracle.

And who so endys in this felde
In his byggynge saⱡ he belde
Euer more in blysse to bee." 912

(77)

Turpin arms himself,

The Bischoppe þan̄ keste of his abytte
And aftir armours he askede tytte,
For egernesse he loughe. 915
A kirtiⱡ and a corsett fyne,
þer ouer he keste an acton̄ syne,
And it to hym he droughe : 918
An hawbarke with a gesserante,
His gloues weren̄ gude & auenaunte ;
And als blythe als birde one boughe 921

and mounts his steed.

He tuke his helme & sythen̄ his brande,
Appon̄ a stede a spere in hande,
Was grete and gud ynoghe. 924

(78)

Sayse "I praye ȝow, aⱡ my cleregy here,
Assembles vndire my Banere,

He says he will lead the van,

The vawarde wiⱡ I haue. 927
Charls & his knyghtis kene
Lete Erles & Baroñs with hym bene,
Bothe Sqwyers & knaue, 930
I beseke freschely for to fyghte,
That þe [le]wede men̄ may se with syghte,
And gud Ensample haue. 933

and encourages his men.

Standis [now baldly f]or ȝoure trouthe ;
Appon̄ ȝo[ne Saraȝen]es haues no rewthe ;
For golde in erthe, none saue." 936

(79)

Thus Ch[arls led]eth a faire menȝhe
For[th to Mela]yne, þat riche Cite,
Braydes vp Baners ȝare. 939

[leaf 72, back]

And when) þ^e^ Sowdane hase þam) sene,
He comandes his knyghtis kene,
þat þay solde make þam) ȝare :
And Or he wolde passe owte of þ^e^ townn),
He made his Offerande to Mahownn),
þ^e^ wars leue gode þay fare.
And sythen) owt of that Citee,
Off heythen) men) an hugge menȝhee
þat Semyde als breme als bare.

The Sultan leads out his army.

(80)

Sir Arabaunt, with Ire and hete,
A Furlange bi-fore þ^e^ BateHe grete,
Come and askede fighte.
And by-fore of oure folke had he slayne
Bothe þ^e^ lorde of Melayne
And many an o*þer* knyght.
Than sayde þ^e^ Bischoppe : "so mot I spede;
He saH noghte ruysse hy*m* of this dede,
If I cane rede a ryghte !"
And or any knyght myght gete his gere
The Bischoppe gart hy*m* with a spere
Appon) his tepet lighte.

Sir Arabant slays many French knights,

(81)

Turpyn) strake hy*m* so sekerly
Thurgh̄ þe breste bone aH plenerly,
A lange ȝerde and more,
That dede he daschede to þ^e^ grounde,
Grysely gronaunde in that stownde,
Wou*n*dede wonderly sore.
The Bischoppe þan) lighte fuH apertly
And off he hewes his hede in hy,
þat are was breme als bare.
His horse vn to þ^e^ Cristen) Oste gan) spede,
A Sqwyere broghte agayne his stede,
And one he leppe righte thare.

but is himself slain by Turpin.

(82)

Turpin's esquire wishes to spoil the body of Sir Arabant.

The Bischoppe sqwyere in the place
Saw þat þe kynge dede was
þat had bene of grete powere ; 975
His helme & his hawberke holde,
Frette ouere with rede golde,
With stones of vertue dere ; 978
His gowere pendande on þe grounde,
It was worthe a thowsande pownde,
Off rubys and Safere : 981
He lowtede down, vp wolde itt ta,
The Bischoppe bad hym fro it ga :
"Go fonnge the anoþer fere. 984

(83)

Turpin bids him go and fight.

To wyn the golde þou arte a fole,
þou bygynnes sone for to spoyle,
Loo ! ȝonder comes moo. 987
Thou settis more by a littiH golde,
þat þou seese lye appon þe molde,
þan to fighte one goddes foo. 990
Loo ! ȝonder comes Saraȝenes in þe felde,
Go kiH þam down vndir thi schelde,
Slyk [w]orchippes were gude to do." 993
He tuke þe pendande in his hande,
The Bishoppe bett hym with his brande
[þat] he keste it hym fro. 996

(84)

[leaf 73] Darnadowse challenges Charles to single combat.

With þat come girdande sir Darnadowse,
A nobiH knyghte and a cheuallrouse,
Prekande one a stede. 999
He was þe chefe of Famagose,
A Saraȝene þat fayne wolde wyn lose,
And to þe Cristen oste gan spede. 1002
He bad sende owte Charlyon
If he dare come to wynn pardoun
A bofett for to bede. 1005

He wolde noghte fighte bot with a kynge,
He calde hym selfe with owt lesynge
The chefe of hethyn thede. 1008

(85)

Then kyng Charls tuke his spere hym to,
The Bischoppe Turpyn and oþer mo
Prayede god solde hym spede. 1011
" A, dere lorde," said Rowlande in heghe, Roland begs to be allowed to take his place,
" Late me fare to fighte for thee,
For hym þat one rode gan blede." 1014
Than Charls sweris by saynt paule : but Charles refuses.
" Sen ilke a man feghtis for his saule
I saH for myn do mede. 1017
Slayne in the felde gif þat I bee
Kynge off Fraunce here make I the,
With reghte þe Reme to lede." 1020

(86)

Þan with owtten any more habade Charles and Darnadowse engage.
Theis two kynges to-gedir rade,
With Ire and grete envy. 1023
And at þe firste course þat þay ranne
Thies kynges two with horse & manne
At þe grounde bothe gun ly. 1026
Deliuerly vp sone bothe þay stirtt,
And drewe þaire swerdis with noble hertt,
With owtten noyse or cry. 1029
Thay dalt so derfely with þaire brandes,
Thay hewe theire scheldis to þaire handis
In canteHs hyngand by. 1032

(87)

So darfely bothe þaire dynttis þay driste
A littiH while þay wolde þam riste,
þe Sarazene prayede hym styntt: 1035

Darnadowse tries to convert Charles.

"Nowe, certis, *sir*," he saide, "me rewes of thee
A Cristynn) man) þat þou solde bee,
thou arte so stronge of dyntt. 1038
Bot torne vn to oure lawes & take þam) to,
And I saH gyffe the rewmes two,
And elles wiH þou harmes hentt." 1041
Bot þ^e Bischoppe Turpyn) þan) cryes on heghte:
"A! Charles, thynk appon) Marie brighte,
To whayme oure lufe es lentt. 1044

(88)

Turpin calls on Charles to show his prowess.

And if eu*er* þat þou hade any myghte,
Latt it nowe be sene in syghte,
What pouste þ*at* þou hase. 1047
Latte neu*er* oure kynge with dynt of brande
B[e] slayne with ȝone Saraȝene hande,
Ne ende, lady, in this Place. 1050
A [God] wote we saH be safe,
[Neuer] the lyk wolde we hafe
Of oure comly kynge of face. 1053
[þou ma]kere bathe of son and see,
[Pity t]he dole w[e d]ree for thee,
And graunte vs of thi grace!" 1056

(89)

[Charls] saide: "s*ir* Bischopp*e*, nay,
[Neuer sall I] forsake my lay:"
And to-gedir gan) þay goo. 1059

[leaf 73, back] Charles breaks his sword.

So stiffely aythere at othere strake,
Appon) his helme s*ir* Charles brake
His nobiH swerde in two. 1062
Bot þan) the franche folke *with* nobiH steuenn),
Thay cry vp vn to þ^e kynge of heuenn),
And for þaire lorde were wo. 1065

Darnadowse exchanges his sword for a dagger.

The Saraȝene was curtays *in* þ*at* fighte
And lawses owt a knyfe fuH righte,
His swerde he keste hy*m* fro. 1068

(90)

And Charles voydede his brokeⁿ brañde,
Owte he hent a knyfe in hande, — Charles takes out his dagger,
And Sameⁿ þay wente fuⱧ tytte. 1071
Thay daschede fuⱧ darfely *with* þaire dynt,
Mighte no steryⁿ stele þamⁿ stynt,
So styffely bothe þay smyte. 1074
In sondre braste þay many a mayle,
Thaire hawberghes thurgh force gaⁿ fayle:
To see had lordis delitte. 1077
Bot a feⱧe stroke *sir* Charls gafe hy*m* one — and stabs the Saracen.
Evyⁿ at þᵉ breste bone,
þat strake his hert gan blende. 1080

(91)

The Saraȝene was dede of þat strake,
And Charls gan this fende vp take, — Charles slays Darnadowse with his own sword.
And with his aweⁿ brande 1083
He broches hym so boldely
That his hert blode sekerly
rane to oure kynges hande. 1086
And thare he wane þᵉ saraȝene swerde,
And certis *þat* with one the erthe
He conquered many a lande. 1089
The Cristeⁿ folke were neue*r* so fayne;
Bot by the kynge was horsede agayne
þᵉ BateⱧs were doande. 1092

(92)

And hawberkes sone in schredis were schorne, — A general fight ensues.
And beryns thorowe the bodys borne,
And many a saraȝene slayne. 1095
Knyghtis one þᵉ bent bledis,
Many lay stekede vndir stedis,
In gilten gere fuⱧ gay[n]e: 1098
Other *with* glafes were girde thurgⱧ evyⁿ:
We may thanke gode *þat* is in heueⁿ
þat lent vs myghte & mayne. 1101

Thay sloughe þam down with swerdis bright,
þe Cristynnes faughte in goddis righte,
þe Bischoppe loughe for fayne. 1104

(93)

A Saracen wounds Turpin.

Bot, als þe Cronakiłł ȝitt wiłł telle,
þer come a sarazene fers and felle
And to þe Bischoppe glade. 1107
And stroke hym righte thorowe þe thee,
And agayne to þe hethen oste gane flee,
And Turpyn after hym rade. 1110

The bishop pursues and slays him.

The Bischoppe folouede hym so ferre
þat þe sarazene hade þe werre
For þe maystrie þat he [made]. 1113
He stroke hym so in þe sowdane syghte,
He fande neuer man þat after myghte
Hele þe hurt [he had]e. 1116

(94)

Turpin is surrounded.

Bot they helde In þe Bischoppe in þat rowtte
þat he ne myghte noghte wyn owte,
And þer he [was doande]. 1119
The kynge of Massedoyne land with a spere,
þe Bischope fro his horse gane bere,
And sette [on hym his hande] 1122

[leaf 71]

The sarazenes sware he solde be dede,
And þe kynge sayde, "naye," in that stede
For no Sarazene liffande. 1125
And righte als þay solde oure Bischoppe slo,
Thay smote þe kynge of Massaydoyne fro
Clenly of his reghte hande. 1128

(95)

Bot þan kynges men of Massaydoyne weren wo,
When þay saughe þaire lorde was wondede soo,
And trowede he walde be dede. 1131

Thay Braydede owte swerdes fulł bryghte — The French make a charge
Agaynes þ^e Sowdane folke to fighte,
Full styffely in þat stede : 1134
For that gane fyfetene thowsandez dy
Of þ^e Sowdans cheualry,
Laye bledande þan fulł rede. 1137
And with þat Turpyn gatt a-waye — and Turpin escapes.
To Charls Oste, fulł fayne were þay,
A horse þay to hym lede. 1140

(96)

Bot when þ^e Bischoppe was horsede agayne, — Turpin's clergy attack the Saracens,
Alle þ^e cleregy weren fulł fayne,
And presede in to þ^e place. 1143
So depe wondes þat day þay dalt,
þat many on wyde opyn walt,
þat wikkidly wondede was. 1146
Thay sloughe so many an heythen kynge
þat at þ^e laste þay tuke to flyinge, — and put them to flight.
Als god vs gaffe þ^e grace. 1149
Many a Sarazene garte þay falle,
And Turpyn with his Clergy alle
Folowede faste one þ^e chase. 1152

(97)

And Charls on þ^e toþer syde
Sloughe þan downn with wondis wyde,
the doughty garte þay dy. 1155
The Sowdane hym selfe so harde was stedde — The Sultan flies to Milan.
þat with Ten thowsande a-way he fledde,
And faste to Melayne gatt he. 1158
The Cristen men chasede þam to þ^e barres,
And sloughe righte there fele folke & fresche,
Alł þat þere walde byde & bee. 1161
Bot þan kynge Charls tuke þ^e playne
And Semblede alł his folke a-gayne,
To luke how beste myghte [þe]. 1164

(98)

Thay myghte noghte þe Cite wynn,
The strenghe of þe Sarazenes þat were with-In.
Turpin advises Charles to defer — Þe Bischoppe said: "I rede 1167
Of oure knyghtes in þe felde
es many wondede vndir schelde,
And also some are dede; 1170
the assault till the next day. — And 3one Sarazenes full of tresone es,
There I concelle bothe more & lesse
We stirre noghte of this stede, 1173
Ne or to-morne serche neuer a wounde,
Bot luke þan who may be sownde;
Lete Criste wirke:" & forthe he 3ede.

(99)

Charles agrees and the French fix their camp. — Here to a[c]ordes euerilkon,
Lordes [haf] þaire horses tone,
And Comen es the nyghte. 1179
Fo[r alle] þe Sarazenes there
Th[ay ne mygh]te no forthir fare,
Bot bydis in brenys bryghte. 1182
Ch[arles acordede] als þay rade,
All [nyghte on]e þe bent þay bade
With standardes euen vp streghte. 1185
[leaf 74, back] The King asks Turpin to show his wound. — The kynge prayede the Bischoppe fre
His wonde þat he wolde late hym see,
þat he hade tane in þat fighte. 1188

(100)

Turpin vows — Bot þe Bischoppe saide: "a vowe to god make I here,
There saH no salue my wonde come nere,
Ne no hose of my thee: 1191
neither to eat nor drink till Milan is taken. — Ne mete ne drynke my hede come In,
The Cite of Melayne or we it wyn,
Or eHs þer fore to dye." 1194
He garte dele his veteHs then
Firste amanges oure wonded men,
Bot no mete neghe wolde hee. 1197

Bot als so sore wondede als he was,
Knelande he his prayers mase
To gode of moste Pouste. 1200

(101)

Oure folke hade done so doughtily — The French remain all night
That many of þam weren ful wery,
So hade þay foghten þan. 1203
Bot one þe morne þe Cristen stode
A thowsande ouer theire fete in theire blode
Of theire awenn wondes wañe. 1206
Othere refreschynge noghte many hade — without any refreshment.
Bot blody water of a slade,
þat thurghe þe Oste ran. 1209
The Sowdañe sent a Messangere
To kynge Charles als ȝe may here,
And that sawe many a man. 1212

(102)

þe Messangere bare a wande — Garcy sends a message to Charles that he
Of ane Olefe in his hande,
In takynnynge he come of pece. 1215
And lowde he cryede appon Charls þe kynge,
And saide he myghte his handis wrynge,
"Appon lyfe if þat he es: 1218
For oure Sowdane hase by Mahownn sworne — will fight the next day.
þat he sałe mete hym here to-morne,
With fułł prowde men in prese: 1221
With fowrty thowsande of helmes bryghte,
Was neuer ȝitt frekkere men to fighte
Sene in hethynnesse." 1224

(103)

And Charles ansuerde at þat tide: — Charles says he will be ready.
"In faythe I sałł þam here habyde
Wode giffe þat þay were. 1227

If þat he brynge alle þ^e^ Sara3enes
þat es alle heythynnesse with-In̄,
Hyne wiH I noghte fare." 1230
The Messangere agayne þan̄ rade,
And they sett wache and still habade
WhiHs Pryme was passede & mare. 1233

Before noon the Saracens appear.

Bot or þ^e^ noñee neghede nee,
To þam̄ þan̄ soughte a felle semble
With Baners breme als bare.. 1236

(104)

Charles himself takes the van.

Bot than *sir* Charles spekes fuH gudely
To Rowlande his nevewe þ*at* stode hy*m* by,
And seid; "*sir*, so god the spede, 1239
This day wirke þou Manfully
With thi nobiH Cheualry,
And of þ^e^ Sara3ens hafe [no dre]de. 1242
Thou saH see þ*at* I saH noghte be sparede,
My selfe saH haue the vawarde,
There I*esu* [Crist þe sp]ede." 1245

[leaf 75]

The trumpetes trynes one righte þan̄,
To Ioyne so Iolyly thay by-gane,
Oure worthy men̄ in wede. 1248

(105)

The French charge the Saracens and

Thay ruysschede Samen̄ with swilke a rake
That many a Sara3ene laye on his bake,
& one þ^e^ lawnde righte þ*er* þay lay, 1251
FuH Grisely gronande one the grete,
Stekyde vndir stedis fete,
And liste no thynge of playe. 1254

make great slaughter.

So darfely þan̄ þay dynge þam̄ downn̄,
Thay saide þ^e^ myghte of saynt Mahownn̄
Was clenely aH a-waye. 1257
"A! mount Ioye!" oure lordes gane crye,
And Charles with his cheualrye
FuH freschely faughte þ*at* day. 1260

(106)

They hewe of hethen hedis in hye,
Oure Cristen men so sekirly
Of þam hade littill drede,
Bot brittenesse þam with brandis bare
And Sarazenes thurghe þe schuldire schare,
þat to þe girdill it 3ede.
Thay tuke none hede of gudes nore golde,
Lay neuer so mekill appon the molde,
Oure worthy men in wede;
Bot beris abake the Batells brade,
Fowrty thowsande in a slade,
Laye stekede vnder stede.

The French drive the Saracens back

(107)

And so harde by-stade was þe Sowdane
Hym selfe with ten thowsande þan
To Melayne tuke þe gate.
Oure Cristen knyghtis with þaire speres
The hyndirmaste fro þaire blonkes beres,
And chacede þam to þe 3ate.
The owte barres hew þay downn,
And slewe hethynn kynges with crownn,
And þaire powere þer-ate.
To sawtte þe Cite sadly þay by-gann,
Off Cristyn men many a cruelle man,
þe hethyn wex att mate.

to the city of Milan.

They prepare to assault it.

(108)

With speris & with spryngaldes faste,
With dartis kenely owte þay caste,
Bothe with myghte & mayne.
With gownnes & with grete stones
Graythe gounnes stoppede those gones
With peletes vs to payne.
Oure Cristyn men that were of price
Bendis vp bowes of devyce,
And Bekirs þam agayne.

Guns and engines are got ready.

Appon) bothe the sydis so freschely þay fighte
That by it drewe vn to the nyghte
Fele folke of fraunce were slayne. 1296

(109)

There were of oure clergy dede
And o*þer* lordes in þat stede,
Or thay of sawte walde sesse. 1299
By þan) þay sawe it was no bote to byde
And fro þ^e^ Cite warde þay ryde,
Oure prynces prouede in presse. 1302

[leaf 75, back] Turpin is wounded in the side with a spear.

The Bischoppe es so woundede that tyde
With a spere thorowe owte the syde,
þat one his ribbis gan) rese. 1305
Thurgh þ^e^ schelde & the browe bare
A schaftemonde of his flesche he schare:
lordyn̄ges, þ*i*s es no lese. 1308

(110)

He pullede it owte, keste it hym fro,
And weryde þ^e^ handis þ*at* it come fro,
And þat it lete forthe glyde. 1311
The Sowdane ou*er* þe wallis by-helde
And sawe þ^e^ Cristen) in the felde
Frowarde þ^e^ Cite ride. 1314

The Sultan mocks at Charles over the walls.

And appon) kynge Charls þan) cryes he:
"What! Charls, thynkes now to flee?
I trowe the moste habyde. 1317
I saH the mete to-morne in felde,
With fourty thowsandH vnder schelde,
SaH fonde to felle thi pryde." 1320

(111)

Says Charls: "þou false hethyn) hownde,
Thou ne dare noghte byde appon þ^e^ grounde,
þ*er* eu*er* more worthe the woo 1323

Bot aythire of thies dayes Ilyke — Charles threatens Garcy.
Hase þou stollen a waye lyke a tyke,
The deueHe myghte with þ goo! 1326
That Cite bot þou ȝelde to me,
And fully trowe and Cristyn be
Appon one god and no moo, 1329
In felde ȝif euer I see the mare
I saH by myghtfuH god" he sware,
"Hewe thi bakke in twoo." 1332

(112)

Then of oure Cristen men in þe felde
Many semblede vnder schelde,
And some ware wondede sare. 1335
Thay þat were bothe hale & sowñde
Comforthed þam þat were euyH woñde,
So als Criste wolde it were. 1338
The kynge þan of his helme tase, — Charles asks Turpin to have his wound attended to,
And to the Bischoppe swythe he gase
And sayde: "Fadir, for goddes are, 1341
Thy woundes that thou walde late me see,
If any Surgeoun myghte helpe thee,
My comforthe were þe mare." 1344

(113)

"What! wenys þou, Charls," he said, "þat I faynte bee
For a spere was in my thee,
A glace thorowte my syde. 1347
Criste for me sufferde mare;
He askede no salue to his sare,
Ne no more saH I this tyde. 1350 but Turpin refuses, and repeats his vow.
I saH neuer ette ne drynke,
Ne with myn eghe slepe a wynke,
Whate bale als euer I byde, 1353
To ȝone Cite ȝolden bee,
Or eHs þer-fore in BateHe dye,
The sothe is noghte to hyde." 1356

(114)

A messenger reports that

Als þay stode spekande of þis thynge,
To Charls come a newe tydynge
þat Blenkede aⱡⱡ his blee: 1359
Thay saide þat one sir Tretigon),
þat was þe Sowdane syster son),
And þe beste of Barbarye,— 1362

assistance is coming to the Saracens.

"Certys, Charls, he comes at hande
With men) of armes a sexty thowsande,
To strenghe with ȝone Cite." 1365

. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

(115)

[*A leaf seems to be lost here. The French being hard pressed, Charles wishes one of his knights to ride off to France for help.*]

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[leaf 76] "Now sone, when I hafe foughten) my fiⱡⱡ, 1366
I saⱡⱡ avise me gif þat I wiⱡⱡ
One thi message to wende." 1368

(116)

Baldwin refuses to go.

"Now sir Bawdewyne, buske, & make þe bownn)."
He saide: "allas, þou charelyonn),
þat euer I tuke thi fee! 1371
For ȝitt my selfe es saffe & sownnde,
My body hole with owttyn) wounde,
Als þou thi selfe may see; 1374
I walde noghte, for aⱡⱡ thi kyngdome,
þat euer þat worde vn-to france come
I solde so feyntly flee. 1377

Gett the a currour whare þou may,
For, by god þat awe this day,
þou saH haue none of mee."

(117)

"A, sir Ingelere, for a knyghte þou art kyde,"
"Whi, sir Charls, what walde þou þat I dide?
"I pray the wende thi waye."
"Bi Iesu Criste þat sittis aboffe,
Me thynke þou kydde me littiH luffe,
When þou þat worde wolde saye.
Bot me saH neuer be-tyde þat taynte:
I hope þou wenys myn herte be feynte,
I say þe schortly, naye:
þat I saH neuer so fremdly flee,
God lett me ȝif it his wiHs bee
Neuer habyde þat daye."

Sir Ingelere refuses to go on the message.

(118)

The Duke Berarde was wondede sare,
Thurgh þe schelde into þe Body bare
He was borne with a brande.
Of this message þay gun hym frayne,
bot he hade no worde to speke agayne,
Bot grymly stude lukande.
Than Turpyn gan to Charls say:
"Here arte þou seruede, bi my fay,
þou fayles of þat þou fande.
The Duke es woundede so wonder sare
It ware grete syn to greue hym mare;
Gude sir, þou late hym stande."

Berard is asked to go,

but Turpin says he is wounded.

(119)

Thay prayede a Banarett þan of pryce,
One sir Barnarde of Parische,
For grete gyftis he wolde wende.

Barnard agrees to go, if he is knighted.

And he saide: "lordynges, by my faye,
I ame ouer symple to 3ow to saye,
Where euer 3e will me sende.
I aske ordir of knyghte þer till;
Bot giffe 3our giftis where 3e will,
Elles 3e be my frende."
Thay made hym knyghte with full gud chere,
He tuke leue at þe twelue du3epere[1]
this curtayse knyghte & he[nde].

(120)

He saide þan: "haue guddaye, Charls, in this stede,
For þou sall neuer gyffe me brede,
Ne in thy burdynge say,
If I be pore of golde and fee,
þat I fro this grete Iournee
Fayntly fledde a way."

He rides to the gates of Milan, and is there slain.

He rydis euen to þe 3atis of Melayne
And there with sara3enes was he slayne,
He dide full wele þat day.

[leaf 76, back]

And Charls for hym in hert was woo,
Bischoppe Turpyn and othere moo
For his dede sore mournede thay.

(121)

Thus haue þay prayede euerylkone,
Bot there wolde goo neuer one,
The symple thay bade none sende.

Turpin cheers the army,

The Bischoppe Turpyn cryede appon highte:
"Sen 3e are so frekke for to fighte
God of his myghte 3ow mende!

reminding them that they are still 10,000.

3itt are we ten thowsande here
That are 3itt bothe hole and fere,
þat wele for kene are kende.
And of gude men þat none will flee,
To fourty thowsande or we dye
In þe felde to make þaire ende."

[1] MS. dugepere.

(122)

Bot als Turpyn lengs hym on his brande
Ouer an hiH he saw comande
ful many a brade Banere,
The Duke of Bretayne, *sir* lyoneHe,
That Charls was thare he herde teHe
And hade mystere of powere.
He broghte hym thirty thowsande fyne,
VetayHs gude and nobiH engyne,
This bolde *with* fuH blythe chere,
Than Turpyn gan to Charls say:
"I see a felle hoste, bi my fay,
þat sone wiH neghe vs nere.

Turpin sees an army coming.

(123)

ȝone are the saraȝenes mekiH of mayne,
The fuH powere owt of spayne,
þat sone saH fuH iH spede.
For by hym þat swelt on tree
This day no saraȝene saH I see
SaH gerre me torne my stede."
And In his hande he caughte a launce:—
"Haue gud day, Charls, and grete wele fraunce."—
& agayne *þat* hoste he ȝede.
In fewter sone he keste his spere
And thoghte the Boldeste down to bere
þat Batelle walde hym bede.

He mistakes them for Saracens,

and charges at them.

(124)

So blody was that Bischoppis wede
His conysaunce ne ȝit his stede
þe Bretons ne couthe noghte knawe.
Bot als an harawde hym by-helde
He lukede vp in to his schelde,
And sayde to alle one rawe:
"If Bischoppe Turpyn appon lyve be,
In faythe, lordynges, ȝone es he
þat ȝe se hedirwarde drawe."

A herald recognises him by his cognisance.

Thay ferlyde why he fewterde his spere,
"A Mounte Ioye," cryes one þat he myghte here,
He was glade of þat sawe. 1476

(125)

The Wardayne rydis hym agayne
And said: "*sir* Bischoppe, for goddis payne,
Who hase greued the?" 1479
He tuke his spere owt of reste adownn
And gaffe þam alle his Benysonn,
the Bretoñs when he þam see. 1482

Turpin tells Sir Lionel what has happened.

The Bischoppe tolde þam of his care
Bot þan the Bretons hertis were sare,
For þe dole oure Oste gun dryee. 1485

[leaf 77]

A Messangere went to telle the kynge,
So fayne was Charles neu*er* of thynge
With eghe þat he gan see. 1488

(126)

Turpin sees another army of Saracens coming,

And or Turpyn myghte his tale halfe telle
He sawe come houande ou*er* a felle
Many a brade Banere; 1491
Standardis grete with stalworthe men,
Sexti thowsande wele myghte þay ben,
In brenyes burnescht clere. 1494
Vnder þ^e^ cante of a hille
Oure Bretoñs beldis & bydis stille,
When þay wiste whate þay were. 1497

and urges the king to attack them.

The Bischoppe saide: "bi goddis myghte,
Thaym sall rewe or it be nyghte,
the tyme þat þay come here! 1500

(127)

Go we to 3one company
With 'Mountioye' baldly & þam ascrye,
Late þ*er* be no Lettynge." 1503

An hawrawde said: "to fewe are we
To fighte with slyke a grete menȝe,
It is bett*er* wende to þ^e^ kynge."
"A, *sir*, whare þay are sexti thowsande menⁿ!
And if þay were mo bi thowsandis tenⁿ,
[Bi] God þ*at* made aⱧ thynge,
The more powere that thay be,
The more hono*ur* wynⁿ saⱧ we,
We dowte noghte þamⁿ to dynge."

A messenger says they are too many.

"The more the greater honour," says Turpin.

(128)

The Bischoppe to þ^e^ kyng sent
And prayes hy*m* to byde apponⁿ þ^e^ bent,
þ^e^ Cite for to kepe;
That there no saraȝene solde come owte,
To þay had rekkenede w*ith* þat rowte,
þay sawe come ou*er*e þ^e^ depe.
Oure Bretoñs kyndely comforthes he,
Sayse: "alle þ Saraȝenes ȝe ȝonder see
þaire frendis sore may wepe:
We saⱧ wirke þam wondis fuⱧ wyde,
I hete þam be þaire lemans syde
Sowndely neu*er* saⱧ þay slepe."

Turpin bids Charles keep Sir Garcy and his men from coming out of Milan.

(129)

For Isschuynge owte of þ^e^ Cite
kynge Charles w*ith* his menȝe
Helde his Batelle stiⱧ.
Oure Bretons bolde þ*at* fresche come Inⁿ
Thoghte þat þay wolde wirchippe wynⁿ
And gatt þ^e^ cante of þ^e^ hiⱧ.
The Saraȝenes were so strange & stowte
Thay late no lede þat þay wolde lowte,
þay were so wykkede of w[ill].
Oure Bretoñs dide so doughtyly
That ⁱange or none sekerly
þ^e^ saraȝenes lykede fuⱧ iⱧ.

The Bretons attack the Saracens,

and press them hard.

(130)

They slay forty thousand Saracens.

Samen þan) strake þat grete stowre
Als it were aftire þ^e^ none ane houre,
It was noghte mekiH̄s mare: 1539
Bot Many a sara3ene in þat stownde
Lay grysely gronande on the grownde,
Woundede wonderly sore. 1542
Bot there god wiH̄ helpe *þer* es no lett;
So stronge strokes þay one þam) sett
With burneschede bladis bare, 1545
[leaf 77, back] That fourty thowsande sara3enes kene
With Brandis lay brettenyde on the grene,
So bolde oure Bretoñs were. 1548

(131)

The Saracens fly, and the

And to þ^e^ Cite þe to*þer* wolde haue flede,
And Rowlande thoghte he wolde þam) stedde,
Ten thowsande was with hym). 1551
And when) he with the sara3enes mett,
FuH̄ grym) strokes he ou*er* þam) sett,
With growndyn speris and grym). 1554
Charles appon) þ^e^ tothere syde
Sloughe þam) downn) with woñdis wyde,
And made þaire dedis fuH̄ dyme. 1557

French chase them here and there as hounds do a hare.

And thus thay chase þam) here and thare,
Als þ^e^ howndes dose the hare,
And refte þam) lyfe and lym)e. 1560

(132)

Roland slays Letygon.

Rowlande rydis to Letygon),
þat was þ^e^ sowdane Sist*er* sone,
And stroke hy*m* with a spere, 1563
That dede he daschede in þ^e^ felde:
Helme ne hawberke he myghte none welde,
Ne neu*er* aft*er* none bere. 1566

Of sexti thowsande, sothely to say,
Passede neu*er* one qwyke a way,
Bot euyH þay endide there. 1569
The Cristenyde knelide down) i*n* þ*at* place
And thankede god þat gaffe þam) grace,
So worthily þam) to were. 1572

Sixty thousand Saracens are killed.

(133)

The false in þ^e^ felde thus gun) þay felle,
The kynge callede s*ir* lyonelle,
And a-vauntede hy*m* fuH heghe. 1575
The Duke of Burgoyne bi-fore was dede,
He Sessede hym in his stede,
And gafe hy*m* his doughter free. 1578
And to þ^e^ Bischoppe þan) swythe he gase,
That wery and sore wondede was,
And fastande dayes three: 1581
Be þat tyme he myghte note wele a worde owt-wyn),
The teris rane ou*er* Charles chynn),
þat Sorowe it was to See: 1584

Charles makes Lionel Duke of Burgundy, and gives him his daughter.

(134)

"And þou dy, þan) dare I saye
The floure of presthode es a-waye,
þat eu*er* hade schauen) crownn). 1587
For there ne is kynge ne Cardynere
In Cristyndome may be thi pere,
Ne man) of Religiownn)." 1590
He wiH no man) his wondes late See,
Ne mete ne drynke none neghe hy*m* ne,
For pr*a*yer ne for p*ar*downn). 1593
Oure Oste for þ^e^ Bischoppe mournes alle,
And graythes þam) to Melayne walle,
With Baners buskede bownn). 1596

Turpin is sorely wounded,

but will not allow himself to be attended to.

(135)

The French prepare for an assault on Milan.

New vetailles þ° bretons broghte þan)
þat refresschede many of oure men),
Of brede, brawne & wyñe. 1599
A nobiH hurdas ther was grāythede
And Baners to þ° walles displayede,
And Bendis vp þaire engyne. 1602

[*no more in the MS.*]

Y^e Romance Of Duke Rowlande and of Sir Ottuell of Spayne.

[*Additional MS. Brit. Mus.* 31,042, *leaf* 80.]

Þe Romance Of Duke Rowlande and of sir Ottuell of Spayne

Off Cherlls of Fraunce.

(1)

Lordynges, þat bene hende and Free,
Herkyns alle hedir-wardes to mee,
Gif þat it be 3our will.
Now lates alle 3our noyse be,
And herkyns nowe of gamen & glee,
þat I schall tell 3ow till.
Of doghety men I schall 3ow telle,
þat were full fayre of flesche & fell,
And Semely appon Sille.
And with þaire wapyns wele couthe melle,
And boldly durste in batell duelle,
And doghety proued one hill.

Listen, Sirs,

and I will tell you a gamesome tale

(2)

The sone of le Roy Pepyn,
þat was sir Cherlles gud & fyne,
Als þe cronykills vs gan say,
With his dusperes doghety and dym
þat wele couthe feghte with a Sarazene,
For to felle þam fey.
Till Genyone with his traytorye
Solde þam ille and wikkedly
Vn-to þe false ley:
Fourty thowsande and fyfty
Of þe flour of cheualrye
there dyede apon a daye.

of Charles and of his douzeperes.

(3)

The old Minstrels could not tell half the feats of these noble knights.

Mynstreƚs in þat lande gan̄ dueƚƚe,
Bot aƚƚe þ^e^ sothe þay couthe noghte teƚƚ
Of this noble cheualrye. 27
How þat Cherlles w*ith* his swerde gan̄ melle,
Bot suche a Menske hym be-feƚƚ
þ*at* come hym Sodeynly. 30
They tentede to þaire daunsynge
And also to þaire othir thynge,
to make gamen̄ & glee. 33
Burdo*ur*s in to þ^e^ haulle þay brynge,
þat gayly with þaire gle gan̄ synge,
W*ith* wowynges of lady. 36

(4)

And forthir in Romance als ȝe mon̄ here ;

Charles and his knights were at Paris

This noble kynge of grete powere
Duellede in pariche, 39
With his lordes and his Duspers,
þat were holden̄ feƚƚe & fers
And in Bateƚƚeƚƚe fuƚƚ wyse. 42

with his knights and douzepers,

Aƚƚeƚƚ þay buskede þam̄ for to bere
Helme & hawberke, schelde & spere,
And rapede þam̄ for to ryse, 45
Agaynes kynge Merthiƚƚeƚƚ for to were,
And for to kepe þ^e^ heythyn̄ here,
& struye there goddes Enymys. 48

(5)

when news came

Bot now come þam̄ newe note one hande
And wondirfuƚƚeƚƚ hasty tythande,
þ*at* greuede þam̄ righte Sore. 51
For of þ^e^ cheuallrye of the lande
þer hade dyede thritty thousande,

of the loss of 30,000.

Gif goddes helpe ne wore. 54

[leaf 85, back]

And owte of Spayne there come in hy
A Sarazene þat was fuƚƚeƚƚ doghety,
With grymly grownden̄ gare, 57

Fro þ^e^ Emp*erour* s*ir* Garcy
To kyng Charlles fuH hastilye,
þ*at* kindilde aHe þaire care. 60

(6)

The Messangere was mekiH of pride,
Thorowte Pareche gan) he ryde
& at þ^e^ kynges sale he lighttis. 63
And there he metys in that tyde
þat were faire of hewe and hide,
thre fuH noble knyghtis: 66
Sir Otes and s*ir* Raynere,
Duke Naymes was theire fere,
þat ofte þaire resouns rightes. 69
He haylsede þam) w*ith* steryn) chere,
Sayd: "fro þ^e^ kynge am I sent a Messangere
þ*at* moste es p*rou*ede of myghtis." 72

Otuel arrives on a message to Charles.

He meets Naymes and inquires his way.

(7)

Duke Naymes sayde fuH curtaysly:
"S*ir*, whate may thi name bee?"
He sayde: "I highte OtueH. 75
kyng Cherlles where es he?
Righte to hym by-houede mee
Mi message for to teHe." 78
Duke Naymes saide: "he sittes his duspers Imange,
With white berde large and lange,
Faire of flesche & feH. 81
With a floreschede thonwange,
Oure noble kynge þat es so strange,
His doghety men I-meHe. 84

Naymes tells him he will find Charles amongst the douzeperes.

(8)

He sittes in riche meneuere,
þ^e^ Duke Rowlande sittys hy*m* nere
In rede Siclaton). 87

And þe gentiłe Erle *sir* Olyuere,
Þat es fułł noble & fełe & fere,
& in Batełe ay fułł bowun).” 90
Forthe passede than) the Messangere
Otuel passes on and comes to the king. Bi-fore þe kynge *with* steryn) chere,
It was hy*m* grete renoun). 93
He saide: “Ane euyłł flawmandre fyre
Bryne þi berde, þi breste, & þi swyre,
Euen) to þi fote ałe doun)! 96

(9)

Otuel says he has come with a message from the Sultan. A Messangere Ame I sent hy
Fro my lorde þe Emp*erour sir* Garcy,
þat Settis 3ow ałe at noghte. 99
In Paynym) ne es none so doghety,
He hathe the flo*ur* of cheuallrye
Ał redy *with* hym broghte. 102
Charlles I ne maye noghte hono*ur* the,
For þou hase greuede Mahoun) & me,
þat alle þis worlde hase wroghte. 105
And, Rowlande, if eu*er* I may the see
At Batayle or at any Semble,
thi dedis schał dere be boghte. 108

(10)

He threatens Roland, And, Rowlande, gif eu*er* I maye þe mete,
With my swerde I schał the hete,
to-hewe thi body in two; 111
And fulle the vnder my horse fete,
Sara3enes myrthe with the to bete,
For þou hase wroghte þam) woo.” 114
who laughs at him. And Rowlande at those wordes loughe,
& said: “*sir*, þou arte doghety ynoghe
Siche dedis to vndir-too. 117
Þou may Iangił & make it toughe,
For here schał no man) do the woghe,
tił aughte dayes ben) a-goo.” 120

(11)

[leaf 81]

Charles bids him deliver his message without fear,

þ^{e} kyng spekis þan^{n} the Sara3ene till :
" Say one, felawe, whatte thou will,
Distroube the schall ri3te none.
Ne none of my men^{n} lowde nor still
touche the *with* nonekyns ille,
till heghte dayes ben^{n} gone."
þ^{e} Sara3ene at those wordes hadde skorne :
" I dowte no man^{n}," he says, " þ*at* eu*er* was borne,
& I my stede hafe tone :
Corsu my swerde me bi-forne,
þat myche cristen^{n} blode hathe schorne,
& many a body slone."

(12)

Otuel tells Charles of his prowess,

" Where ? " sayde þ^{e} kynge in hy.
" Sir, in þ^{e} playnes of lu*m*bardy,
þou claymes it for þ^{i} lande.
þ^{e} powere there of *sir* Garcy
Appon^{n} a daye we garte þam^{n} dy
Fully Fifty thousande.
Nyne monethes es gone arighte
Sen I with Cursu was dobbide knyghte,
My golde brayden^{n} brande.
A thosande there to þ^{e} dede I dighte
Of Cristen^{n} men^{n} mekill of myghte,
Righte with myn^{n} awenn^{n} hande.

(13)

and how they had devastated Lombardy.

And thus hathe lu*m*bardes harmes laughte,
Bothe by dayes and by naghte,
Ne gladdes þam^{n} no glee.
My selfe was þ*er* in Batelle & faughte,
Myn^{n} neffes were bolnede dayes aughte,
þat Selly was to see."
Vp þan^{n} stirte ane hardy knyghte,
sir Estut of logres for sothe he highte,
A lorde of grete bountee :

Sir Estut in a rage wants to fight him.

With the Sarazene wolde he fighte,
A staffe in hande he takes hym right,
Was of Sqwarede tree. 156

(14)

Roland tries to stop him,

Than Rowlande sayde full sobirly;
"Now gud *sir* Estut, let it be,
He es a Messangere: 159
He es Ensurede to myn Eme & mee.
For-thi, gud *sir*, par charyte,
thyn hert þat þou wolde stere." 162

but he seizes Otuel by the hair,

Bot zit þe knyghte ne wolde noghte spare,
Bot hent þe Sarazene by þe hare,
& backwarde doun hym bere. 165

and Otuel kills him.

þe Sarazene stirte vp breme as bare,
Cursu his swerde he drewe reghte thare,
þe knyghte hede of he schere. 168

(15)

The French barons wish to slay him,

Than saide þe Baronage with hole sowun:
"Lay hande on the traytoure felown,
He hase done velanye!" 171
Bot he rollede his eghne both vp & down,
And ferde als a wilde lyown,
Brayde vp his browes one hye. 174
He braundesch[e]t his[1] swerde bare,
þat trenchande was & wele schare,
And sayde full sobirly, 177

[leaf 81, back] but he threatens to kill the first that touches him.

And by his grete Mahown he sware:
"And any of zow duspers stirre þare
þe beste party schall dy!" 180

(16)

þe kyng his men sone Sessed he,

Charles protects him.

Sayd: "Sarazene, zelde thi suerde to mee,
& late be alle this bere." 183

[1] MS. hir.

& he sayde: "naye, als mot I the."
Vp þan rose *sir* Rowlande fulH Sobirly, — Roland promises to keep his
& *with* a lagheande chere 186 sword for him,
Said: "ȝelde to me thi brande brighte,
I schalH the saue, als I ame knyghte,
WhilHs *þat* þou arte here; 189
And when thi Message es doun) & dighte, — till he has delivered his
I schalH delyu*er* the thi brande so brighte, message.
Als I am trewe duspere." 192

(17)

"In þat conande I ȝelde it the; — Otuel agrees, and gives it to him.
I nolde gif it for twelue Cite,
So bittirly wilH it bite. 195
And, Rowlande, ȝif eu*er* I may the see
At batayle or at any Semble,
þ^i hede of *þer-with* to smyte." 198
Rowlande sayde: "*sir*, þou art to outrage:
Fayrere myghte þou batayH wage
þan) all daye thus to chide." 201
þ^e Saraȝene spake with stowte vesage:
"Herkenys now to my message,
& I schall teH ȝow tyte:— 204

(18)

kyng CherHs, als þou may here, — Otuel declares he has come from
I am sent a Messangere the Sultan,
fro hy*m* þat es doghty. 207
He weldes Paynym) ferre & nere,
Alysaundere of grete powere, — the lord of
& þ^e londis of Boty: 210 Alexandria,
Toures, Sedoyne ferre & fre, — Tyre, Sidon,
Perse, semely one to see, — and Persia,
& þerto fermorye. 213
This noble kynge of grete pouste
He distruyes bothe londe & see,
reghte in to fermonye. 216

(19)

to summon Charles

For-thi hathe he sent the worde by mee,
þat þou schaⱡ vn-cristen) bee
& leue appon) oure ley.

to forsake Christianity,

For we wiⱡ proue in) oure degre
þat þ^e lawes of Cristyante
ne are noghte worthe ane aye.
Giffe thi hert vn-to Mahoun),
þat weldis bothe toure & towun),
And aⱡe myghtis maye;
Hafe done be-lyfe þat þou be bown)e
For to come to oure somoun):
thus am I sent to saye.

(20)

Hafe done, *sir*, buske þ^e to oure kynge,
For he hath ordeynede thi wonnynge,
For aⱡe thi cheualrye,
House & londe, wodde & thynge,

and he will give him Normandy and England,

he grauntes the ouer aⱡ othir thynge
þ^e londes of Normandy;
Inglonde also hathe giffen) to the,

to Roland Russia,

And to Rowlande, thi Nevieu fre,
to be sesede in Russy.

[leaf 82] and to Oliver

Olyu*er* þat es faire and free,
the knyghte es prouede of grete bounte,

Scamony

þ^e landes of Scamonye;

(21)

to Sir Florence of Syria he will give France.

To *sir* Florance of Surry
He hathe giffen) Frau*n*ce in hye,
þat wele cane prike a stede,
þ^e kyng[es] sone of Barbarye,
To hafe it to his Bayly,
þer-one his life to lede."
Than) the kynge sayde: "nay,
Dus[e]pers, whate wiⱡ ȝe say
Of this wonder dede?

Schaⱡ neuer Saraȝene of heythyn ley
Welde France by nyghte ne daye ;
Now Iesu it for-bede !" 252

Charles says, God forbid a Saracen should have France.

(22)

Þen þay ansuerde sone in hye :
" Nay, sir, we wiⱡ oure bateⱡs guy,
And rape vs for to ryde 255
Agayne þᵉ Emperour sir Garcy.
thurgⱨ þᵉ myghte of mylde marye
Hym schaⱡ schome be-tyde." 258

The douȝeperes agree.

the Saraȝyn laughes fuⱡ smothirly :
" What ! threte ȝe now sir Garcy
With ȝour boste & ȝour pryde ? 261
ther es none of ȝow so hardy,
And ȝe hade sene his cheualry,
ȝour hedis þat ye nolde hyde." 264

Otuel laughs at their threats,

(23)

þᵉ Duke Naymes talkes wordes one highte,
says : " sir, if þat þᵉ Emperour wiⱡ fighte,
We schaⱡ to hym fuⱡ euen." 267
þᵉ Saraȝene ansuerde with mekiⱡ myghte ;
" He hath a hondreth thousande helmys brighte,
& þer-to hundrethes Seuen. 270
þer es no kyng in Cristyante
Dare warne hym huntynge & fischynge fre,
Ne discrye hym þer with steuen. 273
Bi-twix two watirs fayre & fre
He hath bigged a Cite hight attayle,
es none siche vnder þᵉ heuen. 276

and says his master has more than 100,000 knights,

and a City strong above all others.

(24)

Cherlles, with thi longe berde,
þat Emperoure schaⱡ make þᵉ fuⱡ ferde
With his stronge powere : 279

For he hathe menꝺ in Bateꝼ lerede,
Þat wele konꝺ feghte *with* floresched swerde,
& hafe lemans fuꝼ clere. 282

Otuel mocks at Naymes,

Lete Duke Naymes lenge at hame
To kepe pareche walles fro schame,
Þat no gledes neghe Þamꝺ nere; 285
Coo ne pye that there come none,
For cheualrye es fro hym gone,

and calls him an old napper.

A nolde nappere als he were." 288

(25)

Þ^e Duke Naymes asschamede was,
Þ^e blode stert vp in his face,
A-greued he was fuꝼ sore. 291

Roland threatens him.

Þan *sir* Rowlande fuꝼ rathely vp he rase:
" Vnconnande Sara3ene," he said, " i*n* Þis place
Þ^i wykkednes es 3are. 294
By hym Þat dyede appoꝺ a tree,
Þou scholde haue a velany of me,
Ensurede nyfe Þ*at* I ware! 297
Bot in Bateꝼe if eu*er* I may Þ^e see,
Schaꝼ neu*er* no kyng of Cristyante
Be encombirde w*ith* the mare." 300

(26)

[leaf 82, back]

the Sara3ene ansueres fuꝼ stoutly:

Otuel challenges Roland to single combat then and there.

" Be Mahownꝺ, Rowlande, I ame redy
For to fighte with the. 303
In to 3one Medowe I rede we hye,
And luke Þat no manꝺ bee vs by,
Grete gamenꝺ Þanꝺ schaꝼ menꝺ see. 306
Whethir oo werse es of vs twoo
lett hewe bothe his spourres hym froo,
He neu*er* more honou*r*ede bee." 309
Rowlande was of hert fuꝼ throo
Siche dedys to vnder-too,
His hande vp holdes hee. 312

(27)

"*Sir* Vernague of Barabas,
Sertys myn) [eme] I wote he was,
þat Rowlande here hath slayne: 315
I chalange his dethe now *in* þis place,
I schalle þ^e^ lede a wikkede pase,
Bothe with myghte & mayne." 318
þ^e^ kynge at those wordes loughe
& said: "*sir*, þou arte doghty ynoghe:"
Garte calle a chambirlayne, 321
Garte delyuere hy*m* Innes *with*owtten) woghe:
"To *ser*ue hym lokes þat ȝe bene toughe,
Of alle þ*at* scholde hy*m* gayne." 324

to avenge his uncle's death.

Charles orders Otuel to be well attended to

(28)

The kynge garte calle *sir* Grauntere,
Sir Raynere and *sir* Oggere,
bade take kepe of the knyghte. 327
One þ^e^ Morne þay rose alle in fers,
The abbott of Saynte Thomers
Songe þam) a messe full righte. 330
Elleuen) coupes fayre to fonde
Was Offrede at þ^e^ Abbottes honde,
Full of golde so brighte. 333
Rowlande Offrede Droundale his brande,
Boghte it agayne with golde at hande;
Alle Hono*ur*ed þay god alle myghte. 336

by three French knights.

The next morning Mass is sung,

A Fitt.

(29)

And vnnethes was þ^e^ Messe alle done,
When þat þ^e^ Sarazene come full sone,
And cryed appon) highte 339
to kyng Cherlles with steryn tone,
Sayd: "send owte Rowlande *with*owtten) hone
I calle hy*m* recreyande knyghte. 342

and directly after Otuel calls on Roland to meet him.

I appelle hym for trouthe broken,
For þ^e^ wordes þat were spoken
3istreuen within þ^e^ nyghte.
In his armes þat he be loken
Myn Emes dethe I will hafe wroken,
he was a kynge of myghte."

(30)

The other douzeperes help Roland to arm.

Eleuen duspers stode hym by
To arme *sir* Rowlande full hastyly,
þat prouede was in Batayle.
An actone thay threwe appon hym hye
And ane hawberke sekerly,
þat sekire was of Mayle:
Hose of hawberke Gesseraunte,
Broghte hym ane helme of bettant,
& lacede his auentale.
Iche a knyghte gane þam a-vaunte,
For to *ser*ue hym to his avenaunte,
þat no thynge scholde hy*m* fayle.

(31)

þay spende hym with his gilte sperres,
And dressede hym in his armo*urs*,
Alle redy to the felde:
[leaf 83] Broghte hy*m* a schelde of faire coloure:
he was a lofely creatoure,
Who so hym þan bi-helde.
Girde hym with Drou*n*dale to þ^e^ were:
He mounts and prepares to meet Otuel. Appone a stede he leppes there,
þat doghety vnder schelde;
And in his hande a noble spere,
A faire course he rydes there
Hys wapyns for to welde.

(32)

Then sayde Cherlles þ^e^ kynge;
Charles gives him his blessing. "Loke rekreyande þou hym brynge
þat hathe made þis derraye:

late hym noghte skape for nonkynsthynge."
he gaffe hym goddes blyssynge
& bade hy*m* wende his waye.
þay broghte þam) by-twene two watirs brighte—
Sayne, and Meryn) le graunte, þay highte,
Als þ^e^ bukes gan) vs saye—
In to a Medowe Semely to sighte,
there als these doghety men) solde fighte
W*ith*-owtten) more delaye.

The duel is to be in a meadow between the Seine and the Merin.

(33)

Þis while houede the Sarazene stiłł
And called to þ^e^ kynge w*ith* voyce fułł schrylle :
"Ane hawberke aske I the ;
Spere and schelde garre brynge me tiłł,
For I hafe horssynge at my wiłł,
None siche in Cristyante."
þ^e^ kyng þan) lokes hym be-syde
And saughe his dogheter mekiłł of pryde,
Belesent, brighte of blee ;
þan) he comandide hir that tyde :
" Goo take hym fayre be thi syde
Wele armede þat he bee."

Otuel asks Charles to lend him arms.

Charles bids his daughter go arm him.

(34)

And scho calles Flores of Maundełe,
Mayden) Roselet of Barelle,
& bade þam) wende to þ^e^ knyghte,
And haste þam) þat w*ith*-in a while.
And til a chambire gan) þay syle,
And gayly gan) hym dighte.
to arme hy*m* wele þay were fułł snełe,
Ouer his aktone ane hawberke felłe
Of colours þat were brighte,
þat aughte gud kynge Ragnełł,
þat was bothe ferse and felłe
& in felde fułł faire couthe fighte.

Belesant tells two maidens to help Otuel.

(35)

They arm him.

Þay armede hym wele with-owtten fayle,
With golde þay lacede his auentaile
For þat it solde be trewe; 411
Broghte hym ane helme of riche entayle,
Of precyouse stanes þe appayrayle,
þat brighteste was of hewe, 414
His helme was bothe harde and holde,
ther-one was sett a Sercle of golde
þat bett was wonder newe. 417
then sayde thies Damesels fre one folde,
A Meryere armede knyghte one molde
Neuer 3itt þay ne knewe. 420

(36)

þay broghte hym a Schelde when he was bownn,
thies Maydens two þay broghte hym downn,

He calls for his horse, Mekredose.

He cried aftir his stede. 423
He rollede his eghne vp and downn,
And sware by his grete Mahoun
his Enemy sore myghte drede. 426
þan spake those two Maydens smale:

They advise Otuel to beware of Durindale.

"sir, kepe the wele fro Drondale,
For it will garre the blede. 429

[leaf 88, back]

Entyre þou ones in to 3one vale,
Comes þou neuer aftyr in to this sale,
And sir Rowlande righte may rede." 432

(37)

He toke his leue & forthe he gose,

Otuel rides to the Lists,

lepe one a stede highte Mekredose,
in his hande a spere. 435
A faire course he rydes close
Full egerly amonges his fose,
& dressede hym in his gere. 438

which Charles orders to be cleared.

When þe Sara3ene commen was,
the kyng garte sone a-voyde þe place,
Of Cristen þat there were. 441

to þ^e^ castelle he wendes a pase
And appone þ^e^ kirneHs gase,
to wayte appon) þat were. 444

Charles goes to the top of the Castle to see the fight.

(38)

the kynge to Rowlande lowde gan) crye:
"Feghte one, dere Sone, hardely,
In þ^e^ name of Marie of Heuen)." 447
the Sara3ene saide: "I ame redy."
Appon) s*ir* Rowlande he gan) defy
With a fuH hawtayne steuen). 450
thies kene knyghtis to-gedir gan glide,
the Medowe tremlyde one aythir syde,
In scheldes þay cowped fuH euen). 453
theyre Ioynynge was so harde that tyde
that theyre tymbir in sondire gan) ryde,
In mo þan) sex or seuen). 456

Otuel says he is ready, and defies Roland.

The fight begins.

(39)

thurgh-owte þaire scheldis þan) þay schare
And aH þ^e^ lethirs þat þare ware
þay assembled soryly. 459
the poyntes appon) þ^e^ hawberke bare
Bot þ^e^ mayles so sekir ware,
þ^e^ spere hedis bi-gan) to plye. 462
[1]Rowlande owte his swerde wanne
And hittes hy*m* on þ^e^ helme thanne,
þ*at* þ^e^ NaseH floghe fuH hye. 465
thurgh þ^e^ horse schu[l]dirs þ^e^ swerde rane,
þat was a styffe stroke of a man),
His noble stede gan) dy. 468

Roland cuts through Otuel's horse's shoulders and kills him.

(40)

the Sara3ene of his horse tu*m*blys doun)
And stert vp fers als any lyoun),
And Cursu his swerde he drewe. 471

Otuel falls, but is up again directly.

[1] Rawlande MS.

Otuel does the same to Roland's horse.

he brasede his Schelde & made hym bowun),
he hitt *sir* Rowlande one þe crowun)
þat fore Egirnes he loughe. 474
the Naselt of his helme of-glade
Dowun) bi-fore hym in the strade,
hade almoste wroghte hym woghe. 477
thurgh þe horse schuldirs þe swerde gan) wade,
his stede euen) in Sondere he hade,
þe stroke was stythe ynoghe. 480

(41)

Rowland falls.

Rowlande one þe grownde es lighte,
Vppon) his fete he sterte vp righte,
His swerde *in* his hande he helde. 483
þe Sarazene cryed *with* mekill myghte:
"þis was a stythe stroke of a knyghte,
& no thynge of a childe!" 486

Charles in alarm begins to pray for Roland's success.

Charlles herde those wordes wele,
Appon) his knees downn) gan) he knele
& bothe his handes vp helde: 489
"God," he said, "þat alle schall dighte & dele,
his Modir mylde, and Saynt Michael,
Fro schame ze Rowlande schelde!" 492

(42)

Rowlande raysede vp Drondale,
Abown) his hede he gane it hale
His Enemy for to dere. 495

[leaf 84] Roland cuts away part of Otuel's helmet, and half of one ear.

He hade almoste wroghte hym bale,
A quartere of his helme a-waye gane vale,
And halfen-dele his one Ere; 498
þat þe Sarazene by-gane to helde,
& vp he caste his noble schelde,
In þe bokells gane he schere. 501
So thikke þaire dynttis to-gedir pelyde,

Their armour is in pieces.

thaire armo*ur*s hewenn) laye in þe felde,
Als flo*ur*es þat strewede were. 504

(43)

Belesent sayde full curtaysly :
" Mi lorde, þay feghten) full gentilly,
& grete trauayle þay hafe." 507
Vp to god he caste a crye, Charles prays for Roland,
And to his Moder Saynt Marie :
" Fro schame ȝe Rowlande Saue ; 510
And conuerte vs ȝone gentill knyghte and for Otuel's conversion.
þat es so hardy and so wighte,
For elles it were grete wathe. 513
He es so ferse in armes to fyghte
And a man) of mekill myghte ;
Full doghety are þay bathe." 516

(44)

Than) Rowlande sayde full curtaysly : Roland offers Belesant to Otuel if he will be converted.
" Saraȝene, will þou cristenyde be
& leue appon) oure laye ? 519
A noble gifte I schall giffe the,
Belesent þat es brighte of ble,
In þ^e^ worlde ne es siche a maye. 522
And thow and I and Olyuer,
We schall be felawes all in fere,
& trauell nyghte & daye : 525
We schall ryde bothe ferre & nere,
Wyn) Citees & townnes dere,
& gode horses at assaye." 528

(45)

the Saraȝene ansuers full stoutly : Otuel refuses and mocks at him
" thou kan to littill of clergy
to leryn) me siche a lare. 531
the wordes þat þou hase spoken) in hy
thou schall þam) full dere a-by,
With sadde dynttes & sare. 534
I swere the by my grete Mahoun),
I schall the lere a newe lessoun),
Or I fro the fare, 537

With a bofete appon thi croun
Þat þou schalł laye þi wapen doun,
rekreyande als þou were." 540

(46)

Roland's blows make fire fly from Otuel's helmet,

Þan was *sir* Rowlande gretly greuede
And *in* his hert fułł sore ameuede,
At þe Sarazene lete he flye. 543
He hitt hym a-bown appon þe heuede,
Þat to þe scholdire þe swerde wefede,
þe fyre floghe owte fułł hye: 546

and cuts through his hauberk to his waist.

thurgh duble hawberke it hy*m* schare,
to þe girdilstede it made hym bare,
þen bi-gane he for to plye. 549
Drondale fełłe so sadde and sare
Þat þe Sarazene bi-gane to stare,
& fallen he was fułł nye. 552

(47)

þe Sarazene þan a lepe he made,
A stroke to Rowlande for sothe he glade
& hit hy*m* on þe hede, 555

Otuel nearly knocks Roland over.

Þat almoste top ou*er* tayle he rade,
And nere þe swerde twynede hade,
His life *þer* hade he lefede. 558

[leaf 84, back]

And other stroke he to hym bere,
And Doun by-fore hym it strypes there,
his schelde a waye it reuede 561
Andałłe þe skirtys of Rowlandes gere.
Otuełł says "my suerde kan schere."
& in to þe erthe it weuede. 564

(48)

Rowlande claghte vp his noble schelde,
His wapyns wightly for to welde
& helde it one his nefe. 567

Þaire dynttis so thikke gan̄ samen̄ helde
Þaire harnays hewen was i*n* þ^e^ felde,
Fuƚƚ littiƚƚ was þam̄ leuede,
Þaire dynttis feƚƚe so sadde & sare,
Þat bothe þaire bodies wexen̄ bare,
Þaire armo*urs* aƚƚ to-dreues.
Þare-fore *sir* Charlles hade mekiƚƚ care,
appon̄ his knees he knelys thare,
& bothe his handes vp-heues,

(49)

And als þ^e^ kynge thus prayed faste,
A dofe come fro the holy gaste,
& one þ^e^ Sara3ene lightes:
And þan̄ was he fuƚƚ sore agaste,
And vn-to *sir* Rowlande saide he in haste:
"Sesse, *sir*, of thi fighttes,
For I ame broghte in siche a wiƚƚ,
Þat I 3oure lawes wiƚƚ fulfiƚƚ,
And be-come a Cristyn̄ knyghte."
Þan̄ doun̄ þay layde þaire wapyns stiƚƚ,
And aythere wente othire vntiƚƚ,
A Saughtillynge was *þer* dighte.

(50)

Þan̄ wolde þ^e^ kynge no lengere dueƚƚe
Bot hyed hym dowun̄ of the casteƚƚe,
& grete lordes hym by;
He askede *sir* Rowlande how it bi-feƚƚe,
and he ansuerde *with* wordes sneƚƚe:
"Mi lorde, fuƚƚ gentilly
I hafe foghten̄ with þ^e^ beste knyghte,
In aƚƚe this werlde es none so wighte,
Þat eu*er* 3itt prouede I.
And he hase 3olden̄ hym to the righte,
Belesent I hafe hym highte,
Gare cristen̄ hym in hy."

The fight continues,

and Charles again prays for Roland.

While he is praying, a dove settles on Otuel's helmet.

He consents to become Christian.

Charles comes and asks why they have left off fighting.

Roland tells him.

(51)

Vn-to þ^e^ grounde þan) knelide þ^e^ kynge,
He loued god of aHe this thynge,
And his Modir fre. 603

They all return to Paris, two gude stedis þay garte forthe brynge,
& one þay lepe *with*-owte lettynge .
& went home to þ^e^ Cite. 606

and Otuel is baptized by Turpin. Bischope Turpyn) was Redy
With bukes & with Stoles in hy,
A fownte sone halowes he 609
To cristen) hym þat was doghety ;
Many grete lorde stode thaym by
With myche Solempnyte. 612

(52)

And when) þ^e^ Sara3ene cristen)ned was,
Charles gives Belesant to Otuel to wife, þ^e^ kynge tuke his doghetir faire of face
& gyffes hir to þ*at* noble knyghte ; 615
þ^e^ louelyeste in with lace,
And swetteste in armes for to enbrace,
[1 MS. was] In þ^e^ worlde nas[1] siche a wighte. 618
Als lely like was hir coloure,
Hir rode rede als rose floure,
In lere þ*at* rynnes righte. 621
þ^e^ kyng toke þat brighte in boure
With menske & *with* myche hono*ure*,
& gaffe hy*m* þ*at* birde so brighte. 624

(53)

He said : "hafe here my doghetir fre,
And Rowlande felawe schaH þ*ou* bee,
And gentiH *sir* Olyu*er* : 627
[leaf 85] Powunce and plesaunce I schaH gife the,
With two fuH noble Cites,
With towrres heghe & dere. 630
and makes him lord of Lombardy. I make the lorde of lu*m*bardye,
To hafe it aHe to thi Bayllyee,
[2 MS. contreth] þat contrey[2] ferre & nere. 633

For thi noble cheuallrye
Welcome to this companye,
Duelle & be a pere." 636

(54)

the Sarazene knelyde appon his knee,
And thankkes the kynge full gentilly
Of thies giftes so gude. 639
He sayde: "Damesell, arte þou payed of me?"
And sche sayde: "3ee, als mot I thee!"
Full frely was þat fude. 642
than he said: "I make a-vowe to mylde Marie,
that I hafe now chosen to my lady,
þat es so mylde of mode, 645
that I schall wende to attale,
And for thi lufe do cheualrye
And distruye þe heythyn blode. 648

Otuel thanks Charles,

and declares he will destroy all Saracens,

(55)

Sir kyng, I giff a-gayne to the
this mayden þat es faire & fre,
& in clethynge comly clede. 651
And lokes alle þat we redy be
In to the landes of lumbardye,
Righte als we firste redde, 654
For to distruye there goddes Enemy
þat hathe to 3owe ther grete envy,
With folkes on fote wele fedde. 657
When I hafe tane Myn Eme garcy
And the Cite of Attaly
þis Mayden schall I wedde." 660

and that when he has taken the Sultan and his city he will marry Belesant.

(56)

The [kyng] said þan to his duspers:
"Now hafe [3e] herde þe Messangeres,
3our consell what es beste? 663
Sir Garcy with his stronge powere
Distruyes my landes both ferre & nere,
Mi Cites brekes & bristes: 666

Charles asks his barons if they are willing to fight the Saracens.

He confoundes so myche of Cristen) blode
þat I for Sorowe goo nere wode,
And I may hafe no riste." 669

They all agree. And þay þan) ansuerde *with* steryn) mode:
"to fende of, lorde, vs thynke it gude,
to batayle are we priste." 672

(57)

Charles determines to wait till spring, þ^e^ kynge saide: "we wiH habyde
tiH it be nerre þ^e^ Somer tyde,
þ^e^ colde of Marche be gone. 675

and meanwhile collect an army. We schaHe sende *lett*res on ilke a syde,
In dyuerse cou*n*tres brode & wyde,
to grete lordes ichone. 678
Sqwyers doghety vndir schelde,
that wele kan) þaire wapyns welde,
by-hynde vs leue we none: 681
And aHe þat are *with*-in elde
loke þat þay to batayle helde,
Goddes Enemys for to slone." 684

(58)

þus þ^e^ kynge duellys there
tiH þe tyme co*m*men) were,
þ^e^ daye neghede neghe. 687

With him are Roland and Oliver, Grauntir, With hym Rowlande & Olyuere,
And þ^e^ gentiH Grauntere,
In Batayle þ*at* was so sleghe; 690

Ogier, Reyner, Naymes, s*ir* Oggere and s*ir* Raynere,
Duke Naymes was þaire fere,
& Gayryn) of kynredyn) heghe: 693

[leaf 85, back] s*ir* Estut and s*ir* Inglere,

Otuel, and others. sir OtueH the werryoure,
his dynttys were fuH dreghe. 696

(59)

In the spring the French army begins to assemble, Appon) a Mornynge þay lokede owte,
And saughe there powere stythe & stowtte
comynge ferre & nere. 699

þay rode in many a ryaƚƚe rowte,
By thowsande tale *with*-owtten dowtte
Vnder þe Mount Marteres.
þ^e^ Almaynes & þ^e^ Tuskaynes, from Germany and Tuscany,
þ^e^ Flemynges fuƚƚ fele for þ^e^ nanes,
With þ^e^ Banereres;
þ^e^ Normandes gude of blode & bone from Normandy,
þ^e^ prouynce worthily in with wone
there semlyde faire powere.

(60)

þere semled owte of lu*m*bardye Lombardy,
a fuƚƚ noble cheualrye
And Sekir at ilke a nede;
þ^e^ Gayscoynes comen sone in hy, Gascony,
And þ^e^ Burgoynes faste þam by, Burgundy,
þat worthily were in wede;
þ^e^ Bretons come with-owtten faile, and Brittany.
there Semblede a fuƚƚ faire Batayle,
One many a stalworthe stede;
With helmys one hedis þ*a*t walde a-vayle,
Fuƚƚ riche was þaire appayraiƚƚe,
& worthily was þaire wede.

(61)

One þ^e^ forthirmaste daye of aueriƚƚe On the first day of April the French set out.
þ^e^ kyng assemblede appon ane hiƚƚe
Aƚƚe his mery menȝe.
Fuƚƚ faire he Offres Saynt Denys tiƚƚ,
& appon his knees he knelys stiƚƚ
to god & oure lady.
Sayde to Olyuere gud at ilke a nede:
"My sone, þou schaƚƚ þ^e^ vawarde lede
For þou arte swythe doghety." Oliver commands the van.
þ^e^ Oste remowede & forthe þay ȝede,
þay stirrede on many a stalworthe stede
to þaire Iou*r*naye þay hye.

(62)

Belesant rides beside Oliver.

Olyuere his stede hathe hent,
With hym ȝode Mayden Belesent,
Þat lady of grete renoun);
One a Muyle þen rode þat gentill [mayd,]
And in hir company ther wer[e arayd]
[A] thousande bolde Barouñs.
Þay passed forthe þan Bretayne by
thurgh þe landes of the Mandely,
By many a ryalle toun:

They take ship at Vertely, and on their arrival in Lombardy

Þay Schipped ouer at Vertely
In to þe landes of lumbardy,
Þay passede bothe dales & dowun.

(63)

Vnder a Mountayne þey herberde þan
Besyde a reuer þat highte Soltane,
& in a Medowe þay lighte.
Þer was many a worthy man,
Ryalle howssynges þay by-gan
Of pauylyouns proudly pighte.
So for-trauellede were þay sare

rest for eight days on the banks of the Roltan.

Þat aughte dayes þay duelled thare,
Þaire harnays for to righte.
there-fore kyng cherlles wolde noghte spare,
A noble brigge he garte make thare
Ouer þe watir of Roltane dighte.

(64)

¶ A wonder poynte now schalle ȝe here,
To þe mete þay wente alle in fere,
iche lorde in þaire lyuere.

[leaf 86] Roland, Oliver, and Ogier go alone in search of adventures.

Bot Duke Rowlande & Olyuere
And þe Daynnes [Sir] Oggere
Stode armede vndir a tree;
And ouer þe brigge þan gan þay ryde
Full preualy that ilke a tyde,
Þat no mo wiste bot they three.

Awnters thoghte þay for to byde,
þay stale awaye by a wodde syde,
Righte towarde Attale,

(65)

And a Mile *with*-owtten Attale
there houede foure kynges fre
With speris in thaire hande.
And ichone sware in theire degree
þat þay wolde reghte gladly see
Olyu*er* and Rowlande.
þay sware aHe by þaire grete Mahowun),
" We wolde *þat* þay were nowe here bowun),
to loke how þay couthe stande.
And so we scholde for-Iuste þam) doun)
þat þay solde neu*er* see Charllyoun),
þ^e^ chefe of Cristen) lande."

A mile from Attale they hear four Saracen kings boasting.

(66)

Now, lordynges, for to rede 3ow righte
thies kynges names what þay highte,
þ^e^ sothe I wiH 3ow teH.
kynge Balsame, a mane of myghte,
kynge CorsabeH, a-no*þer* knyghte,
þat bothe was ferse & feHe;
kyng Askuardyne þat teraunt,
Of wikkednes he myghte hy*m* auaunte,
Was lyke a fende of heHe;
the ferthe was faire and auenante
With a fuH Manly Semblande,
Men) callede hy*m* kyng ClaryeH.

Their names were
Balsam,
Corsabell,
Askuardyne,
and Claryell.

(67)

kynge ClarieH sayde: " als mot I the,
Rowlande es holden) fuH doghety,
Es none siche vndir Soñe.

Claryell wishes he could meet Roland,

Be Mahonn) I wolde he were here me by,
I scholde assaye his Body,
My dynttis scholde he con) !" 798

when the French knights come in sight.

thies knyghttes herde how þay therett were,
With spores þay brochede þaire stedis there,
oute of þ^e^ wodde þay rynn). 801
than sayd kynge ClarieH breme als bare :
" We hafe þam) þat we spake faire,
Be Mahoun) aHe es wonn). 804

(68)

He bids the three others each engage one of the douzeperes.

Bot wendes now forthe, ȝe kynges three,
And slees ȝone knyghtis of Cristyantee,
& I schaH houe here styH. 807
AHe als ȝe done I schaH see,
there es no mache vn-to mee,
And þ*at* me lykes iHe." 810

Askuardyne is slain.

kyng askuardyn) in his gere
Rydes owte a course of were,
FuH werly and w*ith* iH wiH. 813
And Rowlande thurgh his scholdir gan) schere,
his armo*urs* ne vaylede noghte a pere,
his hert blode he gan) þ*er* spiH. 816

(69)

The French knights each kill one of the Saracen kings.

kyng Corsabolyn) in armes fuH clere
Rydis owte to *sir* Oggere
and hittes hy*m* in þ^e^ schelde. 819
the Cristen) knyghte neghede hy*m* so nere
thurgh double hawberke he hym bere,
Of horse he garte hym helde. 822
kyng Balsamy rode tiH *sir* Olyuere,
thies thre kynges dyede in fere,
& lyen) gronande i*n* þ^e^ felde. 825
þaire thretynge boghte þay there fuH dere,
thaire saules went aHe to lucyfere,
þat hade þam) aHe to welde. 828

(70)

then) was kyng ClarieH fuH Sory [leaf 86, back]
And flynges owte fuH fersely, Clariell charges Roland
With hert Egire & throo. and kills his steed,
He Smyttis Rowlande þat was doghety,
Þat his noble stede gan) dy,
His bakke braste euen) in two.
And vp he keste ane heghe cry,
"this was a poynte of cheualry,"
And busked hym) for to goo.
Oggere danynes gan) aftir hym hye, but Ogier knocks
And stroke þ^e^ kynge his sadiH bye, him off his,
His stede he tuke hym fro.

(71)

Olyuere anone hath hent þ^e^ stede
And righte to Rowlande he gan) hy*m* lede, which Roland
& sayde: "hafe this for thyne." takes.
And he stert vp bettir spede
And drissede hy*m* in his worthy wede,
Þat lofesome vnder lyne,
kyng ClarieH drawes Melle
And faghte agaynes þam) aH thre,
His Swerde was gude & fyne.
he said: "gud lordes, slees noghte me, Clariell begs for
A noble cheke here wonn) hafe ȝee, mercy.
My lyfe wolde I noghte tyne."

(72)

And when) his vesage was aHe bare
A fayrere knyghte sawe þay neue*r* are, They bind him
& Sett hy*m* one a stede. and set him on a horse,
Þay wende awaye with hym to fare,
A thousande Saraȝenes come one þam) thare, but a thousand
there bale by-gan) to brede. Saracens come against them.
than saide Rolande to Olyuere:
"ȝondere I see fuH brighte Banere
And worthily vndir wede,

þam) semes bothe feHe and ferse,
I wolde no worde come to oure peres
þat we fledde þam) for drede." 864

(73)

By Ogier's advice they let Clariell go.

Ogger Daynes was moste wysse,
Sayd: "Sen) we hafe gettyn) þis kyng of price,
I rede we late þam)[1] goo. 867
For bi god and Saynt Denys
We may noghte skape in nonekyns wyse,
ne hy*m* wiH we noghte slo." 870

Clariell thanks Ogier.

þan) said kyng ClarieH there he stode:
"this was a worde of gentiH blode
to speke thus for thi foo." 873
he tuke his leue and forthe he ȝode,
thankede þam) with mylde mode,
And Agaynes A thousande was no moo. 876

(74)

They prepare to defend themselves.

Rowlande and Olyuere
Dressede þam) in armes clere
AHe redy to þ^e^ fyghte: 879
And þ^e^ Daynes Oggere
Cryed "Mount Ioy," aH in fere,
Bothe w*ith* Mayne & myghte. 882
For þ^e^ Saraȝenes þay haden) dowte,
To Ie*s*us criste þay crye & lowte,
þat moste es man) of myghte. 885
thies Paynyms put þam) owte
that were halden) fuH steryn) & stoute,
& vnder þaire horses þay lighte. 888

(75)

The Saracens are panic-stricken,

those thre to the thousande gan) ryde
And hewed one faste one iche a syde,
& brittenede blode & bone. 891

[1] ? hym.

þay made þaire wayes wondere wyde,
ther durste no Sarazene þair dynttis byde,
to gronde þay garte þam̃ gone.
then comes girdande sir carpe, [leaf 87]
the kynges sone of aubre, but are rallied by Sir Carpe.
Was halden a noble man̄.
Vp-one highte he castis a krye:
"What schall [we] saye to *sir* Garcye?
thre schendis vs eue*r*ichone."

(76)

sir Carpy come girdande suythe, Carpe stuns Ogier with a blow,
To Oggere Daynes gan̄ he dryfe,
þat he swounede als he were wede.
sir Rowlande gan̄ doghety dedis kythe,
With Drondale he gan̄ hy*m* ryfe
Reghte to þ^e^ girdill stede.
Ogger daynes wakkened than̄,
Pulled owte a swerde highte curtane, but he soon recovers himself.
Was gude at ilke a nede.
than̄ to fighte Oggere by-gañe,
to hewe doun̄ many ane heythyn̄ man̄,
grete trauayle *þer* þay hade.

(77)

And þ^e^ gentill Erle *sir* Olyuere The French knights make great havoc amongst the Saracens.
hewes one with haunkclere,
Mighte none his dynttis *with*-stande.
he dannge þam̃ doun̄ bothe ferre & nere,
It was a wonder thynge to here,
thies thre men̄ wroghte *with* hande.
þan̄ com̃es a Sarazene sone in hye,
his name was kyng alphamanye,
Was fayre & wele farande;
he smyttes Olyuere *þat* was doghety Alphamany knocks Oliver head over heels,
þat toppe ou*er* tayle he garte hym lye
Appon̄ a ley lande.

(78)

Bot þan was *sir* Rowlande neu*er* so woo,
FuH swythe þat Sara3ene gan he sloo,
þat to þ^e^ grounde he 3ede. 927

but he is soon up again. Olyuere rose *with* herte fuH throo,
Be-lyfe his stede gan he too,
And sterte vp in his nede. 930
he sayd: "Rowlande, drede þ^e^ noghte,
Now I am one horse broghte,
I fayle the at no nede." 933
With hankclere many wondirs he wroghte,
Fele Sara3enes to þ^e^ grounde he broghte,
& ferde als he wolde wede. 936

(79)

Ogier is over-powered, this while was Ogger daynes one fete,
the Sara3enes þat he myghte *with* mete,
He wroghte þaire bodyes wo: 939
he gaffe þam woundes wyde & wete,
FuH Many one there lefte the swete,
þ^e^ boke vs telles Soo. 942
tiH almoste Scomfet was he,
but is saved by Clariell, þan comes kyng ClarieH *with* hert fre,
Als faste als he myghte go, 945
& bade þ^e^ Sara3enes þay scholde late be;
"Oggere, 3elde thi suerde to me,"
be-lyue he sayde hy*m* þoo. 948

(80)

A Sara3ene come *with* steryn ble,
who gives him in charge of seven knights. Sayd: "þis Cristen doge saH not saued be,
bot sle we hy*m* reghte here." 951
"3ee," sais kyng ClarieH, "as auenche the,
he schaH be sauede nowe, *par*dee."
[1 MS. he.] his[1] heued of sone he schere. 954
he called seuen paynyms of mekiH myghte,
said: "gose, ledis hy*m* to my le*m*man brighte,
Of colo*ur*s þat es clere; 957

loke his wondes ben wele dighte,
And kepe me wele this cristen knyghte,
For this es gentill of chere." 960

(81)

the Sarazenes toke hym þat was hende, [leaf 87, back]
And to þat lady gan þay wende, Clariell sends Ogier to his lady to be cared for.
Of coloures þat was brighte; 963
tolde hir the tale vn-to the ende,
sayd: "Ma dame, this Duke Claryell 3ow sende,
to hele hym at 3our myghte." 966
"What?" sayde þat lady white als fame, She thinks he is Charles.
"Es this kynge Charlles þat here es tane,
His men to dethe alle dighte?" 969
"Nay, by grete Mahoun," þay sware, "ma dame,
thre knyghtes of his hath a thousande slane,
þat we helde hardy & wighte. 972

(82)

And kyng Clariell vnder schelde They tell her who he is, and how the three French knights had slaughtered the Saracens.
hym selfe was taken in þe felde,
thre kynges by hym slayne. 975
ther was noþer bute nere belde,
Ne Mahoun þat alle schall welde,
For hym þay moghte nott gone; 978
And there was none bot glotouns thre,
And one of þam here may thou see,
þat kyng Clariell hathe tane." 981
"What, deuyll," scho sayd, "how may this be?
Who durste neghe my leman free,
es beste of blode & bone?" 984

(83)

Scho said: "comforthe the, sir, be noghte abayste, She enquires Ogier's name,
Schall none of my men the brayste:
What es þe name of the?" 987

"Ma dame," he sayde, "Oggere Daunays."
than sayde þ^e lady *þat* was curtayse ;
"I haue herde speke of thee." 990

and causes him to be unarmed,
Be-lyfe scho garte vn-Arme hy*m* there,
And to hy*m* co*m*mes þat lady clere
& greses broghte *þat* fre, 993

and attends to his wounds.
þat godd sett in his awenn) herbere ;
Als sone als eu*er* þay dronken) were
He was lyghte als lefe one tree. 996

(84)

thus Oggere Daynas duelled there
& heled es of his hurtes Sare,
In þ^e ladise presoun). 999
And of his felawes speke we mare,
how *þat* þay fuH harde handilde ware,
thies two knyghtes of renoun). 1002

Meanwhile 10,000 Saracens
Ten thousande Sara3enes come girdande,
þat hardy were of hert & hande,
W*ith* Helme & Haberioun). 1005
Bot þan) myghte þay no lengere stande,

attack Roland and Oliver.
Olyu*er* and gud Rowlande,
to flye nowe are þay boun). 1008

(85)

Otuel discovers the absence of the three knights.
OtueH þat was so wighte
Duelles w*ith* Belesent þ^e brighte,
Was comely one to caHe ; 1011
Oute of hir chambire he wendis righte
Als faste als eu*er* þat he myghte
In to þ^e kynges haulle, 1014

He enquires for them, but in vain.
to seche Olyu*er* and Rowlande ;
Bot neu*er* no*þer* he ther fande
Amonge þ^e lordes aHe. 1017
there-fore kynge Charlles his handes wrange
And eu*er*, "allas!" was his sange,
"What may of this by-faHe?" 1020

(86)

Ottuell sayde : "where it be Soo,
Oggere Daynes and tho twoo
Are went to Attalee ?
Now buske we aftir thaym to goo,
Or ells þ^e^ Sarazenes will þam sloo,
For sothe þay mon alle dy."
þay busked þam in armes full clere,
Seuen hundrethe bolde Bacheleres
With hym to wende in hy.
Belesent sayde to *sir* Grauntere :
"Gude *sir*, ryde my lemmane nere,
the knyghte es full thethey."

Otuel suggests that they have gone to Attale.

He takes 700 knights with him to go in search of them.

[leaf 88]

(87)

thies seuen hundrethe knyghtis
Duellede with Belesante þ^e^ brightes,
At hir awenn Fyndynge.
sir Otuell þat was so wighte
Strykes Florence his stede brighte,
By-fore þam forthe gan he flynge.
he metys Rowlande and Olyuere
Faste rydande by a reuere,
And fresche folke aftir þam dynge.
he hailsede þam *with* steryn chere,
And sayde : "Sirres, whate make ze here,
come ze fro Fischeynge ?"

Otuel meets Roland and Oliver flying from the Saracens.

(88)

he reproued þam there full velanslye,
And zit theire bodies were alle blodye
With wo*u*ndes Many one.
"Wene ze for zoure cheualrye,
For zoure boste and zoure folye,
þat þ^e^ Sarazenes will late zow one ?
Charlles with his stronge powere
Schall thynke this a grete gramaungere,
this dede to vnder-tone.

and reproves them for their rashness.

Bot this chase schaH þay by fuH dere:"

He slays Clantere, a Saracen. he smote to a knyghte highte *sir* Glantere,
& be-lyfe he hathe hy*m* slone. 1056

(89)

Syr OtueH there righte *in* þat gere
FuH faste he dange þam) doun) there,
& garte þam) go to grounde. 1059

Sir Inglere kills several Saracens. And his felawe *sir* ynglere
In a Sara3ene breke a spere,
*With*in a littiH stounde: 1062
And in his hande lefte a littiH troncheoun)
þer-with fuH faste he dange þam) doun),
FuH Many Ane heythym) hounde. 1065
he crakkede fuH many a carefuH croun),
& criede, "Mount Ioye," with heghe Sowun),
Fele folke þay there confounde. 1068

(90)

Sir Galias, then) come a kynghte *þat* highte *sir* Galias,
a Saracen, A noble Sara3ene, men) saide he was,
& in his hande a spere; 1071
For þ^e^ lufe of his leman) fayre of face
A glofe to his pensaHe he hase,
In Sygnance of his were. 1074

unhorses Inglere. He rydes to *sir* Inglere,
And thurghe þ^e^ schelde he gan) hy*m* schere,
And vnhorssede hy*m* there: 1077
thurghe double hawberke he hym bere,
Bot, als goddes wiH it were,
his Flesche hade nonekyns dere. 1080

(91)

The Saracens press on him, Appon) hy*m* also releuede a sara3ene wighte,
þat hardy was and ancole highte,
sir Inglere for to sloo, 1083

Bot *sir* ysope come *with* mekill myghte,
And sir Estut' a noble knyghte,
And *sir* Dauide also. 1086
Sir Estut' de ronoun),
Sir Grauntere de lyoun),
One bakke þay garte þam) goo, 1089
And broghte hym vpe þat are was doun), but the French rescue him.
& horsede hym on a stede browun),
With hert Egere & throo. 1092

(92)

þan) come rydande *sir* Galyadose, Inglere kills Galyados,
Off Sara3enes alle he bare þ^e^ lose,
Was halden) a noble knyghte: 1095
Faste he felled dowun) of his fose, [leaf 88, back]
Sir Inglere righte to hy*m* gose,
And cl[e]ues his hede full righte. 1098
Forthe rydes than) *sir* Grauntere, and Graunter slays Megradyn.
A Sara3ene thurgh þ^e^ body he bere,
Sir Megradyn) he highte; 1101
he dange þam) doun) bothe ferre & nere,
Bot appon) hym come a stronge powere
With Baners brode & brighte. 1104

(93)

then) was there no no*þer* crye
When) grete batells to-gedir gan) hye,
With mouthe als I 3ow mene. 1107
Full thikke folde gan Sara3enes dy,
And thaire horses thaym by,
to wete *with*-owtten wene, 1110
Be thousandes þay tumblede doun) dede, The Saracens are knocked over in thousands;
þaire saules wente vn to þ^e^ quede,
þat myghte not nombrede be[ne]. 1113
For braynes & blode[1] in þat stede [1 MS. bolde] the ground is red with brains and blood.
þe brode Medowe was waxen) rede,
þ*at* ere was growen grene. 1116

(94)

They send to Clariel for help.

Þan come a turke appon a stede
to kynge ClarieH better spede,
& sayde: "allas, how do wee?
For Cristen men we hafe grete drede,
& bot þou helpe vs in this nede
Grete Sorowe here may þou see."
kynge ClaryeH come with his powere,
Oure bateHs ferre one bakke he bere,

He comes and drives the French back.

Ane Almayne sone sloghe he;
Also he dide the gude G[r]auntere,
sir Otes and sir Raynere,
& oþer grete plentee.

(95)

By þat it was so nere nyghte
þay moghte no lengere See to fighte,
Bot stynt one ayther syde.
Sir OtueH þat was so wighte
Stroke Florence his stede fuH righte,
& by-fore þam forthe gan ryde.

Clariel calls on Otuel

þen commes girdande kynge ClarieH,
And cried to hym with wordes feH,
"to speke þou schalt a-byde,

and demands his name.

thi righte name þat þou me teH."
he sayde: "I highte OtueH,
For no man wiH I hyde:

(96)

Otuel tells his name, and that he is now a Christian.

And fro 3oure Mahoun ame I went,
And Cristyndome hafe I hent,
& Baptiste ame I fuH righte.
My lemman es bothe faire & gent,
Hir reghte name es Belesent,
Charlles dogheter þe brighte."
Bot þan þe Sara3ene sáid: "allas,
Now is this a wikkede case,
& þou so noble a knyghte.

Whi duelles þou there amonges thi fase?
Foully there thou wichede was,
& whi es this dede thus dighte? 1152

(97)

I rede þat þou conuerte the in hye, Clariel advises him to recant,
& then) saH saughtyH with thyn) Eme sir Garcy,
& forsake not thy lawe." 1155
Vn-to þe Sara3ene gon) he defye: but Otuel defies him,
"3our lawes are noghte worthe a pye,
þat dare I Sauely saye. 1158
And if þou wilt for Mahoun) fighte, [leaf 89]
loo, me here a Cristyn) knyghte, and they agree to fight next day.
With hym þat myghtes maye, 1161
Stalworthely to stande for oure righte."
kyng ClarieH his trouthe hase plighte
At Morne to holde his daye. 1164

(98)

kyng ClarieH wendes to the Cite
þat men) callede Attale, They separate,
ther-In to dueHe al nyghte. 1167
Sir OtueH to his[1] companye, and each returns to his own friends.
to kyng Charlles þat was fre,
& Belesent so brighte. 1170
þat faire mayden) of hewe & hide
hir selfe vn-armed hym þat tide,
& thris scho kissede þat knyghte: 1173
And groped hym wele body & syde
þat he ne hade no woundes wyde,
& Esede hym at hir myghte. 1176

(99)

knyghtis wache was there sett, The French set watches,
Faire Fyres was there bett,
to Ese þam) þat þere were. 1179

[1] MS. *repeats* to his.

and attend to the dead and wounded.

Of dede folkes þay hepes fett,
To berye þam) w*ith*owtten) lett,
those þ*at* cristen) were.
leches come þat couthe one booke,
Woundede men) for to loke,
to salue þam) of þaire sare.
And grete lordes riste toke,
& nyghte wache fuH worthily wooke,
blewe & made grete fare.

(100)

Next morning

kyng ClarieH rose at Morne,
Wiste whate othes þat he hade sworne,
And to his chambir went:

Clariel arms himself for the duel.

Garte kaste armo*ur*s hym by-forne
þat riche was & comly korne.
Ane Actone one he hent,
One he dide ane hawberke schene,
Of þ^e^ Mayst*er* handwerke of Galyene,
þ*at* neue*r* no wapyn) rent.
When þat [he] was armed clene
A fayrere knyghte was neue*r* sene,
For Ioly ne for gent.

(101)

The crest on his helmet is an adder's head.

his creste was of a neddire hede,
With golde abowte it was by-wevede:
And sett one hym) Mahoun),
And appolyne þat he one leuede;
AHe his armo*ur*s was ou*er* dreuede
W*ith* stones of grete renoun).
he girde hym w*ith* a suerde þ*at* hate Modlee;
Broghte hym a schelde of faire blee,
He buskede & made hy*m* boun):
Iepe on a stede semely to see,
With mekiH myrthe & Solempnytee
He rydes thurgh-owte þ^e^ toun).

(102)

An hundrethe knyghtes of Turkeye
Bare his Mawmettis hym by
And paste ouer that strande.
And doun) þay lighten) aH in hye,
þay were halden fuH doghetye,
AH in þaire awenn) lande.
þay sett þaire goddes appon) a stone,
And dowun) þay knelyde euerichone,[1]
& made þam) thare Offerande.
kyng ClarieH his leue hase tone,
lepe one a stede þat highte Browan),
þat horse was noble at hande.

He is attended by 100 knights,

who carry his gods.

[1 MS. euerich-onee.]

(103)

Charlles come rydande by a reuere,
With hym Rowlande and Olyuere,
Appon) þe ferrere syde.
Duke Naymes was þaire fere,
And sir OtueH the gude werryere,
FuH fayre of hewe & hyde.
þan comes girdande kyng ClarieH
And Cried to þam) with wordis feHe:
"to speke ȝe schaH a-byde.
I be-teche ȝow to þe deueH of heHe,
how longe schaH I aftir batelle dueHe?"
thus by-gynnes he for to chide.

Charles with Roland and others appear,

[leaf 89, back]

and are reviled by Clariel.

(104)

And ȝit he cried breme als bore:
"Wiche of ȝow foure es Mayster thore?"
"kyng Charlles, calles men mee."
"Now cursede worthe thou euer mare!
For þou hase wroghte vs myche care
In Many dyuerse contree."
þe kyng sayde: "be saynt Marie,
And hir dere soñe almyghtye,
þat derely dyede one tree,

The Saracen demands which is Charles, and curses him.

Charles threatens him.

With dyntt of swerde þou schalte aby ;
And take 3our Empe*r*oure s*ir* Garcy,
And distruye aHe 3oure Citee." 1248

(105)

þe Sara3ene ansuerde w*ith* wordes fuH bolde :
Othell mocks him, " Charlles, me thynke þat þou scholdeste folde
And thou were streken Sore. 1251
and says he is too old and wrinkled to fight. thi vesage es crounkilde & waxen olde,
A nobiH suerde the burde not wolde,
Now for thi Mellyde hare. 1254
Bot by righte me thynke þou scholde be founde
Als þofe it were an olde grewhounde,
þat myghte rynn no mare." 1257
Charles in a rage wants to fight him, þe kynge wex greuede i*n* that stounde,
And keste his clothes appon þe grounde,
" As armes," he cried thare. 1260

(106)

but Otuel claims that right as his, Bot s*ir* OtueH saide fuH curtasely :
"Gude lorde, graunte this BateH to me,
For trowthes hafe we plighte. 1263
he sett þe lawes of Cristyantee
Nott at a pillynge of a tree
3istereuen w*ith*in the nyghte." 1266
and Charles gives way. Charlles thankkes hym þ*er* he stode,
Taughte hym to godde þat diede on rode
þat aHe schaH deme & dighte. 1269
Elleuen duspers w*ith* hym 3ode
To dresse hym in his armo*ur*s gude,
AHe redy for to fighte. 1272

(107)

The other douzeperes help to arm him. When he was armede in his gere,
þat was bothe faire, white, & clere,
þay girde hy*m* with a brande, 1275

Broghte hym ane helme was riche & dere
þat aughte gud kynge Galliere,
Was none siche in þat lande. 1278
the lady lufsome vnder lyne
Garte þe Bischope sir Turpyne — He is assoiled by Turpin,
Assoyle hym with his hande. 1281
Scho kiste hym thryse with herte fulle fyne, — and his lady-love kisses him and bids him 'god-speed.'
Bytaughte hym vn to dere dryghtyne,
þat Mayden faire to fande. 1284

(108)

lordes þat weren of mekill pride
Ouere þe brigge þan gan þay ryde,
With Mouthe als I 3ow mene. 1287
Bot then the Sara3ene be-gynnes to chide : — Clariel vows he will make Otuel recant.
"Now schalte þou fole lose thi pryde,
Bothe with traye & tene. 1290
To oure goddes I rede thou gone,
And knele bi-fore þam euer-ichone,
Of colours þat are clene." 1293
"Nay," he sayde "there es no god bot one
þat euer made ne blode ne bone,
Nowe sone it schall be sene." 1296

(109)

þan bothe thies kene knyghttes there[1] [1 *MS. repeats this line*] — [leaf 90] They charge, and
to-gedir þay reden a course of werre
With stronge speres in theire hande, 1299
þat alle in sondre floughe þaire gere, — both are unhorsed,
Tayle ouer tope bothe doun gon bere,
the stroke was wele sittande. 1302
Belysent keste vp a crye
Vn-to god and Milde Marie,
Scho wepede & handes wrange. 1305
Bot vp þay stert full hastily — but soon recover themselves,
And ayther gan to oþer defye — and fight on foot.
With swerdis large & lange. 1308

(110)

Clariel gives Otuel a blow,

This noble kyng this ClarieH
Smyttes to *sir* OtueH
A dynt þ*at* he myghte fele: 1311
Bot one his helme it myghte nott dueHe,

which brings him on his knees,

So sadly one his scholdire it feHe,
The knyghte by-gane to knele. 1314

but he is soon up again.

Bot vp he stirte fuH hastilye:
"I vowe to god þ*ou* schaH a-bye,
þ*at* aHe schaHe deme & dele." 1317
Cursu thurghe his helme gan) hye
þat aHe his one cheke hyngede bye,
His tethe were Schauen) wele. 1320

(111)

Otuel cuts off one of Clariel's cheeks.

he said þan: "ClarieH, als mote þ*ou* thee,
Whi grynnes þ*ou* nowe so one mee,
As þofe þ*ou* wolde me byte? 1323
Alphayne thi le*m*man) white & fre
thare neue*r* ȝerne to kysse the,
þ*er*-fore I maye nott hir wyte." 1326
the kynge ferde than) als he wolde wede,
to þ^{e} knyghte he hyed hy*m* bettir spede,
FuH Egerly to smyte: 1329

Clariel cleaves Otuel's shield,

And thurgh his schelde he gan) hy*m* schrede,
þat schulde hafe sauede hy*m* at his nede,
Almoste he was Scomfite. 1332

(112)

but Otuel wards off the blow,

þ kynge woundede OtueH so sore,
hade he nott schounte his stroke thore,
For sothe he hade bene slayne. 1335

[1 MS. has Cursu*n*.]

Bot than) Cursu[1] that the knyghte bare
thorowowte þ^{e} kynges herte it schare,
bothe w*ith* myghte & Mayne; 1338

and slays him.

And to þ^{e} grounde he tu*m*biHs doun),
His saule went vn-to Mahoun),
than) by those gates gayne. 1341

And a full blythe man was Charllyoun,
And louede god *with* full heghe sowun,
& Belesent was full fayne. 1344

(113)

For sorowe *sir* Garcy went nere wode, Garcy is furious,
For Clarien dede was stronge of mode,
And sware by appolyne, 1347
þat mete ne drynke scholde done hy*m* gude
are he struyed hade Cristen blode, and vows vengeance on all
& broghte þam alle to pyne. 1350 Christians.
his grete batayles he garte arayee,
And his Baners brode displeye
With coloures noble & fyne. 1353
And Charlles wele thynkes þat he maye
For to kepe the heythyn laye,
With þ^e^ helpe of dere drightyn. 1356

(114)

Sir Barlott of perse come girdande swythe, Sir Barlott, a
Also faste als he myghte dryfe,
Was holden a noble knyghte; 1359 Saracen knight,
And doghety dedis gun he kythe,
þ*er* myghte no wapen his wedys ryfe,
So Sauely was He dighte. 1362
he rydes owte a course of were
& In his hande a noble spere,
His armo*urs* glyssenede full brighte, 1365
he askede leue at *Sir* Garcy there [leaf 90, back]
To Iuste *with* Rowlande and Olyuere, asks leave to challenge Roland and Oliver.
theire bothere dede to dyghte. 1368

(115)

And one his horse he come rynnande
With his spere faste in his hande
his armo*urs* glessened clere. 1371

He challenges Roland and Otuel and Oliver.

he called firste one Rowlande,
One Otuell stalworthe for to stande,
And sythen One Olyuere:
"hafe done," he saide, "brynge mee forthe *3our* kynge,
Or ells to dethe I schall 3ow dynge,
For sothe alle foure *in* fere."
Rowlande askede þe kynges blyssynge,
he stroke his stede & forthe gan flynge,
His thretynge boghte he dere.

(116)

Roland accepts the challenge,

When þat þay to-gedir mett
A sekere stroke was there sett,

and they fight.

þat bothe þay tynte þaire stedys;
& vp þay rose *with*-owtten lett,
And ayther harde on othir bett,
& persed some of þaire wedys.
Rowlande doghty dedis gan kythe,
With Drondale he gan hym ryue,
þat reghte to þe girdill it 3ede.

Roland slays him,

And *sir* Barlot loste his lyfe,
he faughte nothir *with* foure ne fyve,
His lyfe was hym full gnede.

(117)

but is himself wounded by Lamagere,

then commes a Sara3ene girdande there,
his name was called *sir* lamagere,
Was holden a noble knyghte:
he come als breme als any bore
And woundede *sir* Rowlande wonder sore,
thurgh his brenyes brighte:

whom Oliver kills.

And Olyuere saughe his felawe blede,
With sporres he touches his noble stede,
þe Sara3ene garte he lighte.
þe grete Batells by þan to-gedir 3ede,
þey hewede one faste & full gude spede,
And now lygynnes þaire fyghte.

(118)

Bot oþer noyse was þer none — A general battle ensues.
When þ grete to-gedir gun gone,
Bot stronge strokes & steryn.
þay hewede one faste & fulH gud wone,
Brusten bothe bak, blode, & bone,
Of wandrethe myghte men leryn.
Be thousandes þay doun gan dryfe, — The French attack is irresistible.
For bothe helme & haberieone þay ryfe,
þer myghte no man þam werynn.
kyng & Duke there loste þaire lyfe;
with dynt of swerde, spere, & knyfe,
þay Brittenede many a beryn.

(119)

Doun þay dange þaire Baners brade — There is great slaughter of the Saracens.
Bothe in slakkes & in slade,
One bukes as we rede.
FulH fele Sarazenes felle þay fade
And many one to þe grounde þay hade,
þaire lyfe was þam fulH gnede.
FulH Grisely þay grone & grenne,
Maisterles þaire horse þay rynne,
Of þam toke no man hede.
þe cristen men gan þe maystry wynn,
Bot zitt þaire barett ne wolde not blyn,
On Newe by-gynnes þaire dede.

(120)

Sir Elye[1] come with mekiH myghte, — Sir Ely comes up with 700 knights.
With Seuen hundrethe newe made knyghtes
Oute of Bretayne.
þise fresche men so freschely fyghte
þat it was Ioye to See þat sighte,
Bothe with myghte & mayne.

[1] MS. Elys Elye.

[leaf 91]

A Sarazene come with Felawes Fyve,
Brian is slain. thorowte *sir* Briane gane he dryfe,
þat nobiłł knyghte was slayne. 1437
And ȝitt þat paynym̃ loste his lyfe,
With a spere þay gañ hy*m* ryfe,
his saule wente vn-to payne. 1440

(121)

Otuel kills Balam, his own cousin. *sir* Otuełł þat noble mañ
to his awenñ Cosyñ he rañ,
Fułł Grymly in his gere. 1443
he strikes the Duke Balame,
the kynges Sone of alphane,
Eueñ thurgh-owte *with* a spere. 1446
Alphane of Barbary comes up with 20,000 men, þañ kynge alphane come in hye
With twenty thowsande of Barbarye,
þat wele couthe wapyns bere. 1449
and Cursabolee, king of Turkey, with 30,000, frightful to see. And the kynge Cursabolee
With thritty thousande of Ṭurkee,
And ałłe one fote þay were. 1452

(122)

thies fute meñ so staleworthe ware
þat oure Batełłs fułł ferre one bakke þay bare,
per myghte none stirre þaire schelde. 1455
They drive the French more than a bow-shot back. þaire dynttes fełłe so sadde & sare
þat wele ane alblastire schott & mare
þay myghte no wapyns welde. 1458
þay were so mekiłł & so vn-ryde,
And so foułłe of hewe and hyde,
þat þay hade almoste wonn̄ þ^e^ felde. 1461
þay gafe þaym̃ wou*n*des wete & wyde,
And Brittenede þam̃ bothe bake & syde,
Oure Batełł garte þay helde. 1464

(123)

thañ come girdande a gude sqwyere,
Sir Grym̃ sone þ^e^ gude duchere,
þat was borne in Pareyche ; 1467

With hym) an hundrethe þat hardy ware, — Naymes and a hundred knights
his name was hatten) Naymere,
A man) of mekiH pryce. 1470
to arme thaym) grete hye þay hade,
Dispoyle þ^e^ bodyes þat laye one brade,
ichone one þaire beste wyse. 1473
Of þaire clothes pensalles þay made,
To kyng Cherlles be-lyfe þay rade, — come to Charles' assistance.
"Mount Ioye" was þaire discrye. 1476

(124)

þ^e^ grete BateH than) relyed agayne, — The French rally.
Both *with* myghte and *with* mayne,
& brittenede blode & bone. 1479
kyng Charlles than) was fuH fayne
And louede god, es noghte to layne,
& his modir allone. 1482
kynge Cresable houed by apparoun)
And seese hys men) aHe donngen) doun),
& Sone gane he to þam) goo[n]. 1485
Bot Aymere hitt hym) one þ^e^ crowun), — Aymer takes king Cresable prisoner,
þat that lorde hathe loste aHe his renoun),
In þ^e^ felde he hathe hym) tone. 1488

(125)

Aymere hathe the kynge hent,
And to kynge Charlles he hathe hy*m* sent — and sends him under guard to Charles.
By foure of his Sqwyere.[1] 1491
Bot when) þat he made hy*m* þat *pre*sent, — [1 MS. Sqwyeres.]
he loues gode þat luffe hade lent,
And his mylde Modere dere. 1494
Thies fresche men) so fersely fighte, — The French recover their lost ground.
It was grete Ioye to See þat syghte,
& a wondere thynge to here. 1497
This noble man) *sir* OttueH
thilke foide he gane þam) feHe,
With strengthe & Noblitee. 1500

(126)

[leaf 91, back] The French make great slaughter of the Saracens.

And Certis, als the bookes gane telle,
þaire Saules wente vn-to helle,
those fele þat there gun) blede. 1503
thus kynges & Dukes to þ^e^ dede þay dighte,
A hundrethe Dubbide þam) selfe to knyghte,
þat worthy were & welde: 1506
And to þe Banere be-lyfe þay wanne,
And foure gude kynges þay sloughe *þer* þane,
þaire lyfes was þam) full gnede. 1509
thurghe-owte þ^e^ Oste are þat he blane
Vn-to kynge Charlles als a mañe,
he thankede hy*m* of *þat* dede. 1512

(127)

Garcy recognizes Otuel.

than) for sorowe s*ir* Garcy said, "allas,"
to a kynge þat highte s*ir* Abars,
þat was armede full clere: 1515
"3one Renayede thefe my Cosyn) was,
he ledis vs here a wikkide pase,
bothe w*ith* traye and tene." 1518
The kyng ansuerde to s*ir* Garcy:
"loo, where s*ir* Cherlles co*m*mes the by,
And dynges alle dou*n*ne by-dene. 1521
Now for Mahoũns lufe þat þou þ^e^ hye
With twenty thousande of Turkye
till þat we redy bene." 1524

(128)

He charges with 20,000 men.

the kyng dide als þ^e^ Emp*erour* bad,
With those Turkes þat he hade
he stroke in to the stourre. 1527
there were oure folkes full styffely stadde,
þay hewede one faste als þay were madde,
& brittenede brighte armo*ur*. 1530

Naymes is unhorsed and taken prisoner,

the Duke Naymes stede was slayne
& hy*m* selfe in þ^e^ felde tane,
þat boughte þay sythen) full Sourre. 1533

Rowlande gude of blode & bone
And *sir* Otuell hase thre kynges slone,
& reschewsede hym *with* honour. 1536

but is rescued by Roland and Otuel.

(129)

þan) was there no noþer crye
Bot thik folde gane þe Sarazenes dy,
& Grysely gane þey grone. 1539
A Sory man) was *sir* Garcy,
And alle þe Sarazenes þat houed hym by,
þaire herttis was fro þam) tone. 1542
Oggere Dannays laye in presoun)
And of þat noyse he herde the soun),
& heghte men) kepede hym) one. 1545
Bot preualy he made hym boun),
With a nastell schide he slewe þam) doun),
hys wardens thus hath he slayne. 1548

Ogier hears the noise of the battle, kills his guards,

(130)

He armede hym selfe iche a thynge,[1]
And to stabill gan) he gange
& hent a noble stede. 1551
þe horse was styffe þuoghe & strange,
he caughte a spere was large & lange,
& leppe vp better spede. 1554
he kayres forthe owte of the Cite :
" Nowe hafes alle gude daye," says he,
& to his felawes þus he 3ede. 1557
And gladdere men) there myghte none bee
Ne þay were when) þay *sir* Oggere Daynnas See,
þat doghety was of dede. 1560

[1] MS. thwnge.

(131)

Now Oggere Daynas by-gynnes to fighte,
& to hew doun) many ane heythen) knyghte,
& Brittyne blode & bone. 1563
kynge & Duke to þe dede he dighte,
The Emperour tooke hym to þe flighte,
to þe toun) he wolde hafe gone. 1566

and escapes to the French.

Garcy takes to flight,

[leaf 92] pursued by Otuel.

sir OtueH stroke his stede Floryne
With two sporres of golde fuH fyne,
& belyfe he to hym come:
"Nay *sir*," he sayde, "be sayne drightyne,
thou schaH noghte to þ^e^ toun) to dyne,
Bot here the moste be tone."

(132)

Otuel captures the Sultan.

sir OtueH hase tnere tane þ^e^ Emp*erour*,
þat lorde hath loste þere his hono*ur*,
to charlles he hathe hy*m* sent.
knyghtis streghte in ilke a stourre
token) vp Cite, toun) and toure,
the Sara3enes are aHe schent.
When) þay had wroghte one swilkon) wyse
Home þay wente þan) to Pariche,
FuH wightly one þaire waye:

The French return to Paris.

And Charlles louede god of this Enpryce;
And *sir* OtueH þat worthy es,
Now weddede he Belesent.

(133)

Otuel marries Belesant,

And than) þay helde a Mangery
With aHe þ^e^ noble cheualry,
þat semely was to see.

and is made lord of Lombardy.

þay made hy*m* lorde of lu*m*bardy
to hafe it aHe in his Bayly,
þat contre faire & free.
And thus he duellys & es a pere,
Rowlande felawe, and Olyuere,
A gud Cristyn) man) was hee.
And I*esus* Criste *þat* boghte vs dere,

God bless all!

Brynge vs to thi Blisses sere!

Amen!

Amen), p*ar* charite!

Charlles { Here Endes þ^e^ Romance of Duk Rowland & *sir* OtueH of Spayne }

Explycit *sir* OtueH.

Fragment of the Song of Roland

FROM

LANSDOWNE MS. 388, leaf 381.

Fragment of the Song of Roland

FROM

LANSDOWNE MS. 388, LEAF 381.

He beheld ladys *with* laughing^e cher.
then lightid gwynylon and com In in fer,
And brought in the madins bright in wed*is*;
he told many tailis, and all was lies:
For he that is fals no word*is* ned seche,
so fairithe he withe flatring^i speche.
And the lord that king^i charls plaid *with*.
and on the to*per* sid he kest his sight.
who so beleuythe hym shall hym fals find,
right as A broken sper at the litill end.
then knelid the knyght vnto his lord,
And said to the kinge, & shewid this word:
"criste kep the from care and all þ^i knight*is*!
I haue gone for þ^i sak^i wonder*full* wais,
I haue bene In Saragos *þer* sairsins won,
And spoken *with* the soudan *þat* myghty gom.
I haue taught hym hou he lyf shall,
And he hathe tak^i good hed to my word*is* all.
ye ned no Further fightinge to seche,
hast you hom agayn to your lond riche.
with-in xvj days thedur he wille hym hye,
and all the hethyn stat*is* in his company,
a thoussond-of his lond of the best;
all will be cristenyd & leue on Ihesu crist.

Gwynylon alighted and brought in the maidens.

Then the knight knelt, and said to the King: "Christ keep the!

I have been in Saragossa amongst the Saracens, and spoken with their mighty Sultan.

Haste home again, for within 16 days he and all the noblest of his knights will be baptised.

ther law will they lef sone anon,
And at thy comandment þey will done.
He has sent thee the key of Saragossa, and all these fair ladies, — of Saragos the cete he sent the þ^e key
And all thes faire lady[s] *with* the to pley:
echon of them is a lord*is* doughtur.
and this good wine. — And her ys good wyn; drink^t *þer*-of after.
and thou wisly wirche, thou failid nought,
There is no profit in fighting when peace is sought." — ther is no prow to pryk^t *þer* men pece sought!
If that m*er*cy and myght mellithe to-gedur
he shall haue the mor grace eu*er* aftur."
[leaf 381, back] Then said the king: — Then said the kinge to his knyght sone,
and said to gwynylon the good gome:
"Thou art welcome; — "thou art welcom, so *þat* thou bryngyst.
thou hast wisly done & *þat* me glad thinkis."
[1 MS. far] And then sothly he said full right:
since he will forsake Mahomet, and be baptised, — "mahoun) And margot he will for-sak^t twight
for[1] to be cristyned and for-sak *þer* syne.
I will return to France, and prepare before his coming." — no[w] will I go in-to Fraunce & his frend bene,
and mad redy yeft*is* againste his comyng^t
to Fest hym and his men xv dais suyng^t,
and whils he wille w*ith* me dwelle.
who gothe in woo wintirs full fell,
yet is frendchipe and faithe fairiste at end.
[2 MS. hem] tak vp tent*is* and truse hem hom[2] hend.
knyght*is* ther hernes homward they kest.
the tent*is* And pauellions let hem rest,
For now I dred no day in All my lyf^t."
Then all were glad, and amids. flourishes of trumpets the — When he had said they herd hym blif^t;
blowinge off bugles and bemes aloft,
trymlinge of tabers And tymbring^t soft,
bridlinge of stedes and baners vp to folde.
king mounted, — the kinge lep to horse, stint he ne wold^e,
And all his knyght*is* followid sone,
and started towards Gascony. — And gone toward gascon *with* þat gom.
they be not gone ferr on ther way,
but x myle, in A medew, as I you say,

when they se vnd*er* the son aloft
It was tym to pight tent*is* ofte.
then mad them redy the knyght*is* right,
to feche food for foilis w*ith* all þ*er* myght.
the king' set hym to his sop*er* þ*at* tid,
s*er*uyd hym semly and his men by his sid
w*ith* eu*er*y thinge þ*at* myght glad his hert:
wyn went be-twen þem, non did astert,
þ*at* gwynylon to toun brought, euyll hym be-tid!
It swymyd in ther hed*is* and mad hem to nap;
they wist not what þey did, so þ*er* wit failid.
when they wer in bed and thought to a restid,
they went to the women þ*at* wer so hend,
that wer sent fro saragos of sairsins kind:
they synnyd so sore in þ*at* ylk' while
that many men wept and cursid þ*at* vile.
Charls our kinge in his bed slepithe,
gladly brought to bed, and no harm thinkithe;
litill rest had the king' in his riche clothes,
For drechinge and dremyng' & trobling' his witt*is*,
A sweuyn he met that derid hym sor;
that he was hie on his [hors] in wed hore,
And saragos the cete seigid about,
w*ith* all his meyne that he led out.
then com gwynylon & gript hym herd,
went to his wepon and a sond braid,
that the splint*is* of the sper sprong' into heuyn.
he went his way w*ith* weping' steuyn,
he left vntak' the toun, and to his tent ridis;
thoughe he wer wrothe, no man hym wyt*is*.
but sone aftur he fell in a nop*er*:
hym thought ferre in fraunce w*ith*-outon Frend ther,
In A willd Forest Among willd best*is*
A Bore com from A bank' wondirly boistous,
And Fought sore w*ith* hym, and fendithe hym swithe.
he tok hym by the right arm and hent it of

When they had gone about 10 miles, the tents were pitched,

and Charles sat down to supper with his knights.

[leaf 382]

The wine made them dizzy and sleepy,

and then they went to the ladies whom Gwynylon had brought.

Charles the same night

has a dream which alarms him.

He dreamt that he was besieging Saragossa,

when Gwenlyn treacherously tries to kill him.

Then he dreams again

that a boar seized him by the right hand, and bit it off;

clene from the braun, the flesche, & the lier;
the fell and the Flesche at his fete fallithe.
he lokid ou*er* a lawnd, the sothe for to sayn,
then a leopard came, and seized the boar, and tore off its right ear. [leaf 382, back]
he se a libard lep from low spayn;
ther he tok' the bore And laid hym to erthe,
redely the right ere he pullid from the hed,
he lep lightly away, he wold no leng*er* dwell.
Then the king awoke,
then awok' the king', & his dreme did tell.
when It was day, and the dew fell,
then rose the kinge; he wold no mor dwell:
and summoned his wisest knights,
he callid the wissest men þen aright,
and askid of his dreme hou it be myght.
all they said, þ*at* þer did stond,
who said the dreams portended treachery and trouble,
that tray and tene is toward at hond,
battell on the feld, byd who þ*at* myght:
but none of hem knew þe trouthe aright,
whan It will fall the feld for to wyn,
and the lebard had tak' the bore & slayn hym.
and for fair the flesche & þe fight endid,
but that Charles should overcome it all.
then shuld kinge charls the bett*er* aspendid.
sithe the bore was beten & basched no mor,
but the hurt that he had, hele shuld thor,
throughe right resson, they said hym till:
"now let god alone, and do all his will."
Then said the king: "We are at the gates of Spain,
"lordis," said the king', "listyn a stound.
now we must to Frau*n*ce, god send vs sound!
her be wais wild that we wend most,
full hore hillis and also he on bost;
Full of cragy roches they bene s*er*tayn,
And they be callid the gat*is* of spayn:
through which only 3 men may pass at once; let us settle who is to command the Van and rear, for I do not trust the Saracens; they are full of the devil."
ther may not iij men go in at onys,
luk' whiche baron can led vs eft sonnys,
whiche knyght our rerward shall gid.
for I am not secur of the sairsins þis tid,
they be so full of the fend, I drede þ*er* werk*is*;
they must be Froward*is* þ*at* delithe w*ith* euyll frek*is*,

or he shall haue euyll sped at the last end."
then gwynylon spek^{t}—the deuyll hym shend!—
"lord*is*, listyn to me A litill stound.
do, lord, as I red, if þou wilt pase sound.
I will go be-for, and þi folk^{s} led,
thou shalt folow me fair & þ^{i} men in ded:
And Rouland the rerward *with* men enow,
Olyu*er* and Rog*er*, and o*þer* for þ^{i} prow,
that be proud in pres, & well p*reuyd* knyght*is*,
with xxx M^{l} men of þ^{i} lond right*is*,
that be stif^{t} in stour, And stiffest in hert:
then ned ye to dred no*þer* harm ne smert:
the sairsins be set the poyntment to hold^{e},
And to god they be geuyn þe bodys bold^{e}."
"A! ffals man," q*uod* the kinge, "Fekill is thy thought,
Full of the foule gost thou fenyst þe nought.
Eu*er* is thy counsell, Roulond to quell;
but thou shalt not hurt hym, I the telle:
the man is litill to loue that hym sleys.
who so takithe from the tre the rind and the levis,
It wer bett*er* that hè in his bed lay long^{e}.
this I mene by the & þ^{i} werk*is* stronge,
For thou louys to slee þ*at* I loue best;
And hym thou hatist, and me next."
Roulond com to the kinge & knelid full euyn,
And said to the king^{t} w*ith* myld steuyn:
"now, good lord, let vs be in rest,
when eu*ery* man hathe said, do ye the best.
I will hold me by-hind, and þ^{i} men led;
rid w*ith* the rerward, and be ther gid.
but be that lord god þ*at* me hathe bought,
ther is no*þer* kinge ne knyght in my thought
that me defithe, I shall his dethe wirche,
And clef hym w*ith* my brond doun to his tethe.
ther-for It is best I busk^{e} me blif^{e},
when your luen is furthe, I will beleue."

Then Gwynylon said:
[leaf 383]

"I will take the vanguard,

and Roland the rearguard,

and then you need fear nought."

"Ah! traitor," said the king,

"ever thou art anxious to slay Roland, but thou shalt not hurt him."

Then Roland said:

"I will lead the rearguard,

and woe to him who opposes me."

[leaf 383, back]

Charles asks if any other of his knights will take the rear,

the kinge praid his princ*is* eu*er*ychon,
If eny man a litill behind gone
w*ith* a bold battell, the best þ*at* he had,
till the folk' wer gone þ*at* wer sad.

but they are all afraid and refuse; for they dread the treachery of Gwynylon.

and they said "nay, none o*þer* wold'."
then wer they a-dred lest þey dyè shold:
Gwynylon was fals long' or þ*at* tym,
for men dred tresson wher they it finden,
and thought on tresson þ*er* trist was neu*er*.
the kinge then was wrothe w*ith* þ*at* answer;
he lokid about on his bold barons:
"Sostir son," he said, "forsak thou þis sond*is*:
I must bid' on my horse, behouythe me non o*þer*.
mak' me a batelle for barons & o*þer*
that wille abid in the feld for wers or bett*er*.
let your harnes go be-for, & hie you aftur,
and we will cu*m* aftir when we list.

Charles is vexed, and says to Roland:

sistir son," said the king', "sore I mystrist;
let we now leue till we eft met;
ther is no game ne gle in my hert yet.

"Half of my men I give you."

halfondell of my men I the be-teche,
For to help the, þ*at* no harm the reche."

"Nay," said Roland, "I do not want so many, but let half of the peers remain with me."

"nay," said Roulond, "so will I nought;
why shuld so many be w*ith* me sought?
but of my peres, both princ*is* & duk*is*,
let them bid w*ith* me in eu*er*y shouris.
whilles me lastithe lyf, ne shall ye lese man,
knyȝt in my keping', ne knawe þ*at* we han;
horse ne harnes, the hethyn shall not wyn
[leaf 384] whillis I may endur, by eny man*er* gyn,
and dint*is* to dele w*ith* good' durmidalle."

Then the Douzeperes went to Roland,

And, whils this tale was told in the sale,
vnto Roulond then went the princ*is* xij;
Olyu*er*, and Rog*er*, And Aubry hym-selue,
Richard, and Rayn*er*, that redy was eu*er*,
tirry, And turpyn, all redy wer,

And the good giliuer, that good was at ned,
Nemes and oþer iiij, þat god be þer sped!
all they said atonys they will to-gedur holde,
with Sir Roulond to rid they wer bolde:
"For he in word and werke greuyd vs neuer,
nor sparid schewinge of sheldis for non þat lyuyd euer:
For dred of dethe, he hid neuer his hed,
with hym is worship euer-mor in ded,
ther men may wyn worship for euer."
Ingeler And Oger stod vp ther,
Archbold and arnold þat gret wer holdene,
Gauter and Gaisser & godfray the bolleyn,
barenger, and berard, & bedwar the strange,
the riche man Richard þat russelen fonge,
sampson of seymer said to charls,
[*? A line out.*]
For to weld all the welth þat men myght,
they wold no furþer go then full right,
and leue lordis behind þat they louyde euer:
[*? A line out.*]
they will hold with them "till our hertis blede,
ther hedis throughe helmes hewen in-dede,
Our well and worship to win sounde.
yet will tutlers in toun talke bounde,
that we wer the men þat Roulond wold quell.
[*? A line out.*]
good Sir, haue good day, to god we þe be-teche!
For we will rid in the rout, Roulonde to seche."
"I be-take you to crist," said the kinge then,
"þat died on the rood, he sped you euyn!"
now is roulond redy with his rout faire,
For to abid at a banke with barons thar.
the kinge ridithe on,—crist be his sped!—
and all his lordis ridinge by his sid,
and warnyd them hou they do sholde;
he had no bern be so bold vpon molde,

and said they would remain with him.

Other knights declared they would not leave them behind.

[leaf 384, back] "Christ keep you," said the king,

and then he rode to Roland.

The Emperor forbids any

blowing of trumpets, or any noise.

bugle to blow, ne beme to soun,
but he the sairsins se all redy boune,
"And he the hethyn se, and help wold haue,
lowd cast vp a cry, and hie vs hym to saue:"
and they grauntid so for to do.

[*? A line out.*]

The French army starts for France

the kinge lep on his sted, stint wold he nought,
And euery man on horsbak homward sought;

Gwynylon in the van.

Gwynylon rod be-for, and tho men bad
redely to rid, and all the rout sad
with soft songis and nothing glad.
our men þat behind wer, oder play had:
he must tak hed þat with euyll delithe,
they wer dampnyd to dethe, as the bok seithe.
A mor sorowfull day had they neuer:
Itt is wretyn in storis to remembre euer.

Now let us leave the Christians, and tell of the Saracens.

Here ridithe Roulond, god be his gid!
of our cristyn let vs ouer slid,
And spek of the hethyn, as the story sais,
that hathe spied the werkis of king charls,
hou he ridithe furthe, & his men leuys,
that he wold fanest haue þer he leseis.

The Sultan ordered his men to prepare themselves at once.

then spek the soudan & bad his men hye,
"busk you to horse right hastely;
tak ye no trewes, thoughe ye myght,
for gift ne garison as gwynylon hight.

[leaf 385]

blisssid be mahoun! myche he vs helpithe,
to-day we shall haue our will right as vs likithe."
then com þer a kinge with knyghtis many,—
he was of the soudan kyn with-outon nay;

Then came Amaris, Prince of Portugal,

Amaris he hight, þat many a toun ought;
prince was of portingall, proud eft in thought;—
Vnto the soudan he said his wille:

and asked to be allowed to leave the vanguard,

"lord," he said, "to you will I tell,
that I may go be-for with my noun men,
I will say one thinge þat ye shall kene.

may I met *with* Roulond in eny stond,
I shall bet hys men and hew hym to ground."
then said the soudon, "mahoun the blis,
And help the ther-to, *þat* thou not myse!"
he lep vpon his sted & furthe did he ryd,
with xl. thoussond sairsiñs by his sid;
ou*er* hillis and holt*is* he hastid full sone,
vnto the tym to the cristyn *þey* com.
still then he stod, and set his knyght*is*,
and thought he had had to few to hold fight*is*.
Roulond was war of *þer* euyll ded*is*;
he comandid barons by his sid*is*;
he armyd hym surly in Irne wed,
And thought hym sure for eny ned.
his bane*rs* beten *with* gold for the nonys,
set *with* diamond*is* & o*þer* stonys;
his kneys cou*er*yd *with* plat*is* many,
his thies thryngid *with* silk', as I say
his Acton And o*þer* ger *þat* he werid,
[*A line out.*]
the swerd was full good *þat* he *þer* had,
the hilt then he takithe surly And sad,
when that his helme on his hed wer,
And his glovis glet*er*ing *with* gold wir;
durimdall his swerd gird hym about,
with a schynyng' sheld on his shulder stout:
he tok' with hym his sper, and went to his horse,
but lep on lightly *with*-out any fors.
then eu*er*y cristyn knyght vnto o*þer* said:
"It is fair, Roulond to folow in a braid;
he may boldly abid, *þat* hathe siche a lord."
"now wise vs crist!" q*uod* Roulond, "one word;
we be fellos and frend*is*, god be our gid;
we be stad in a place a stound to abid,
Amonge medos, and moris, & euyll bank*is*,
And roches roughe, and wod*is* full of best*is*,

that he might encounter Roland.

The Sultan gives him leave,

and he mounts, and hastened off with 40,000 Saracens,

till they came up with the Christians.

Roland perceives them,

and prepares his knights to meet them.

[leaf 385, back]

He arms himself,

and leaps on his horse.

Well might men be bold, who followed such a leader!

Roland tells them that they are in great danger,

beter for birdis to bred, þen men in to won,
or wild wollves for to walkⁱ in sone.
and must be cautious, because of Gwynylon's treason. It is good to be wise in ded and in thought.
If Gwynylon tressour haue takⁱ, & treson wrought,
And to the soudan sold vs, as It semyd best,
he may the haue vs euyn as they lest,
And we vn-warnyd þer-of in this tid.
He then sends Sir Gauter, with 10,000 men, but go furthe, sir gauter, god be your gid,
and x Mˡ takⁱ of our men;
to look out ahead. go down by yonder clif and lukⁱ þen,
If eny hethyn be þer to wirche vs wo;
and we will cum to you asson as we may,
for to go þat way: and euery man kep oþer,
And we may son help yf we þinkⁱ myster."
Sir Gauter goes, now is gauter dight as Roulond hym bad;
And his sheld and his brond he had:
he shakis down by a schaw and his men right,
And lukidⁱ on euery sid and se no wight:
and discovers the Saracens in the valley below. he rod furthe in an holt, by an hore bankⁱ,
he se in the vale wher an ost stant,
[leaf 386] With bright sheldis and schaftis in hond.
then wer they wild in þer werkis to found,
to Fight or to fall they wist non oþer.
Amaris with his men charges the French. Amaris bad hys men sped hem thedir:
"go ye forthe proudly, & ber you bold."
A fearful struggle ensues. A wondur sore mettinge men myght be-holdⁱ,
what man It had sene mervell to tell;
hou wondirly on they set with dintis felle;
speris to-brast and in pecis flowen,
swerdis swedyrd out & laid hem doun;
the blod out at brestis, the brayn at the hedys,
lymmys went A-sundir and lost ther stedis.
The Christians are surrounded, but do not give way. the cristyn wer be-set and coueryd nought.
many sairsins that tid to the erthe sought
or our folkⁱ wer feld, and the feld endid.
that day sir gauter many on woundid,

till his hed was hurt, & hir brest brok[e]
that he se on no sid socour ne help:
but the hethyn eu*er* hew hym vpon.
then he smot his sted on the hill son,
many on folowed, yet it vailid nought;
he ridithe weping[e] away And his feles sought.
but crist*is* willis ne wer in þ*at* ilkey stond,
that eu*er* he shuld suffur so many a wou*n*d.
And It wer not to warn his felos all,
he had leu*er* to dy then so shuld be-fall;
he rod vp by a bank[e] bleding[e] full sore,
And se Roulond rid, a Rout hym be-for,
and old Rog*er* behynd þ*at* yet fled neu*er*:
then he kest vp a cry, and callithe hem eu*er*:
"crist the red, roulond, & þ[i] rout son,
for I haue lost þ*at* I had, but my-selue a-lone.
as I went w*ith*-out folk*is* valis to seche,
we wer be-set about: þe deuyll hem feche!
they haue slayn my fellos full bold[e];
that I wer on them vengid, god it wold[e]!
but now I know hou þ*at* It wend*is*,
I wold[e] foulis had ete me, so I wer at my end.
gwynylon hathe vs gilid, I may say now;
that eu*er* he was born, a tratur to prove!"
ther was weping[e] and wailling[e] of knyght*is*,
mornynge and menyng[e] of all o*þer* wight*is*.
thoughe Roulond rew þ*at* rese, he red rem all:
"lord*is*, leue this sorow; help it ne shall.
thoughe we dye for sorow, It valithe nought;
And in heuyn be þ*er* soulis w*ith*-outon thought!
let vs spek[e], and sped our tyme,
let our hert*is* be hie, and to-gedir rynn,
that no hethyn hound of our men wyn,
but he by it w*ith* blod, his brest w*ith*-in.
For men will tell charls this full sone,
when we haue slayn the fals, & the feld won."

344 Sir Gauter is wounded,

348 and flies back to Roland,

352

356

and warns him how he has been attacked,

360 [leaf 386, back]

364

and betrayed by Gwynylon.

368 The French weep and lament.

372 Roland tries to encourage them.

376

now of thes lord*is* rest we a whill,
And spek' we of king' charlis þens many A mylle.
Meanwhile Charles, alarmed at the long absence of his knights,
" hou may this chaunce be," said charls the strong',
" that my good knyght*is* abiden so long' ?
now may I dred þat I dremyd this nyght,
remembers his dream.
hou A bore bet me and my brond bright,
And my spere spild, and my sped failid.
I tok' it to Roulond & he hem sailid,
then is my lyf lorn for eu*er*,
& or it dawen the day, his shuld for eu*er*,
I wold þat I wer doluyn in clay."
and all the barons to hym gan say :
" lord, we will wit what shall be-tid.
[leaf 387]
His lords accuse Gwynylon of having betrayed him.
If gwynylon haue done tresson wild
he hathe vs all sold', who so tell durst ;
but ye ar betraid, we ned*is* say must,
ye trist no trew men þat tellis you right ;
whoo tellis you sothe, gothe out of sight.
he hathe found way to fell vs to grou*n*d,
and hathe brewid bale in this ilkay stou*n*d ;
and that may sore rew many of your knyght*is*."
Gwynylon is indignant,
then was gwynylon wrothe anon right*is*,
he kest vp his browes & blenchid' his eye ;
he com be-for the kyng' & his kyn many,
mark*is* and melon and' milo þe proud',
herdref the hardy in his wed' good,
And xv mo of that fals kind.

[*A line out.*]

and challenges any of the knights,
gwynylon kest his gloue be-for hem all :
" saueng' you, my lord, non spar I shall ;
he that saithe I am tretour, And tok' of þe hethyn
horse, or harnes, or eny other thing',
broche, or bessant, eny harm to done ;
I will fight w*ith* hym, & pr*e*ue hym fals sone.
shall neu*er* hors bere me of þis place,
till I be on hym vengid þat þus said has."

thus said he to the kingˢ stondingˢ hym be sidˢ:
" he that wold workˢ well, wrothe hym be-tidˢ.
vpon almyghty god I put this full right,
that I to the soudan nothingˢ be-hight,
but for to say the sothe in this ilkˢ stound,
your knyghtis be-hind haue som bores fond,
or Among the holtis I-herd ryll som hertis;
then will Roulond rid amongˢ the cleves;
he will fell of the Fattest, & you flesche bringˢ;
ye know þat he louythe well huntingˢ.
he will do his will thoughe it to harm turn.
For this thinge ye ned no thingˢ to morn,
For harme of hethen ne dred you neuer."
the kinge did stint his strifˢ þen for euer,
and gothe with his men throughe the touñ,
and made accordment betwen hem boun.
many a sore sighe went to his hert.
the kinge is to Cardoile with care & smert;
of hym no mor I tell, but turn to his knyȝtis,
hou they rod to-gedur in counsall righte.
som bad Roulond to blow aftur socour,
And som bad hym bid of his blast lengour,
and be redy to fight, for fle they nylle.
off the hethen houndis herkyn me till,
hou they wickidly wrought then be-dene;
many a wilfull word went hem betwene.
the soudan hathe semblid his men all,
And they be redy, what so euer be-fall,
men myght se ther ostis in the feldis þer:
xx batelles araid all in bright gere,
with sheld and sper schynyngˢ bright;
and xx crounyd kingis amongˢ hem right,
euerychе of them rechar then other,
the soudan folowed one after anoþer.
the sory mad mahoun that they most louyd,
to hym all lowtyd, and he on hight hovid,

416 declares he had received nothing from the Saracens.

420 "Roland," he says, "has gone after some wild boar, or deer;

424 he is so fond of hunting, [leaf 387, back]

and the king need not be alarmed."

428 Charles reconciles them,

432 and in anxiety goes to Cardoile.

Roland and his companions are

436 divided in counsel.

440

The Saracens are all assembled;

444 twenty battalions of them,

and twenty kings

448 followed the Sultan

and praid hym that he hem wische wold.
with unfurled banners. they splayd baners, for men se it shold. 452
the feld shone bright, that men myght behold,
It was wonder of the soudan so bold.
It was in euery manys ere, & not to seche.
thus rid they furthe: to the deuyll I hem teche! 456
myche harm was done by the dais end.
Amaris meets the Sultan, with that, Amarys met with the soudan hend,
with his gret rout riding out of toun;
then he stintid his sted & stod still sone, 460
and salutes him merrily: and gret hym merely with good will.
"lord mahoun saue the, and kep the from euyll,
that thou lese no man ne lond þer thou wendis!
[leaf 388] Mahoun the saue and the deffendis, 464
but I haue feller then I be-for had.
som I met of ther men, they be not mad,
tells him how he has slain all the French save one, x Mł by taile ther lyues did sell:
of them escapid but on, as I you tell, 468
and wondid he was, I tell you sothe.
þer-for he ys bold, and to batele gothe.
I tell the flour of fraunce feld to ground,
ye ned nothinge dred in this stound 472
that euer cristyn kinge thy croun shall were,
but I am thy sistir son, and next the ther.
and asks for eleven kings and their men help to attack the rest of the Christians. For all my labur, yef me no mor
but xj gret kings to go be-for, 476
with the best men they brought of toun:
that we may go be-for, sauf & soune,
or they with ther host cum vs about.
And yf eny man lese, let me lout 480
but I haue a C of them for one of myn."
The Sultan assents, the soudan tok hym his glove, & rod by hym,
biddithe chese of his men the best þat he wold.
and he picks out the best he can find. And he tok of the best that bene bold: 484
Causaryne, that was fals, formest of all,
Corsabran, the curssid, kenyst in halle,

the bold barbaryn is set on his sted,
lionys and lauris, gret king*is* inded,
keston of calern, and cokard his brod*er*,
Tauberd and tampryn, sonyst off o*þer*:
they say to the sovdan in the sam stevyn:
"now we be redy to rid furthe euyn,
to go in-to the forward to rest vs awhile:
For duk' Roulond he is fell,
but eu*er*y pece of his harnes be Asond*er* rent,
And he feld on the feld, and also schent;
as longe as thou leuyst, trist vs neu*er*
If we in this mat*er* do not our deuour."
It botes not to abid: full sone
the soudan tok' his leue anon.
An C thoussand of good men
wer dressid in ther harnes then,
w*ith* proud synes of silk' lifte on loft.
Amaris be-for hem myghtily sought,
cryethe vpon mauhoun w*ith* mody steuyn:—
curse hym, crist, that sitt*is* in heuyn!—
bemes and bugles blew full many,
that all the daile and doun) dynnyd truly.
And help Roulondes ost, he *þat* heuyn weld*is*!
a dredfull tym haue they vnd*er* ther sheld*is*.
Olyu*er* of that host out from his frend*is*
Is redyn to a roche A litill ther hend*is*:
he saw to Saragos the sairsins all,—
A curssed forward, and fight they shall:—
he turnyd his sted, and taried no leng*er*,
for to tell his felos to be the streng*er*;
to Roulond and Richard, & Rayn*er* his brod*er*,
Ingler and Aubry, and ek' all *þe* o*þer*:
"lording*is*, mak' you redy, And well on set;
the hole hethyn host hastithe you to met;
not fully iiij furlong' is you betwen;
þer-for luk' lightly what is best to done,

The twelve kings arm,

and vow vengeance on Roland.

[leaf 388, back]
Amaris leads 100,000 Saracens.

Now God help Roland and his men!

Oliver rides forward and sees the Saracens.

He returns and tells his companions.

to Abid boldly, or els for to turn;
the gile of gwynylon will mak' vs to morn
but crist vs send socour betym.

He suggests that Roland should blow his horn for help.

but wer It thy will, Roulond, then,
thy bugle to blow on this bent sid
that king' charls myght her it this tid;
that we be sore be-set, son will he know;
we may fight *with* yond*er* host, as I trow,
till he be couerd and com to this bank';
And our men wer here, god wold I thank'
thoughe ther wer siche ten, I tell you by-dene."

Roland encourages them.

"abid," q*uod* Roulond, "and siche word*is* blyn!
Olyu*er* art thou aferd of this sight?"

[*Apparently a line out.*]

"I se my scheld shyn hole, no pec*is* out:
[leaf 389] Thy helme and thy hauberk' w*ith*-outon dout.
but our aray be brok, tym it wer
aftur help to blow, now I the swer.
many A hundred shall fall þ*at* now hie bene,
or we flee from this feld, I wene.
but now rid we furthe, and no rest mak',
And let the king' of heuyn hed to vs tak'."

All the French barons beg Roland to blow his horn for help

then all princ*is* praid þ*at* ther houyd,
his bugle to blow, they hym wowid:
"for know ye right well it is vs on hond,
the hole hethyn ost is ny, I vndirstond.

before it is too late.

when we be laid low, to lat It wer
eny help to haue but of heuyn feyr.
but for dred of dethe, do thou it neu*er*,
but for our lord*is* loue, þ*at* is god eu*er*.
If we dye here, his baile is the mor:
I tell my lyf-tym then is for-lore.
he may walk' homward w*ith* hert rew,
loue his bed well ou*er* course,
shall he neu*er* frenchmen out of frau*n*s led."
then was this man wrothe in-ded,

And to them said he ther:
"ye knyght*is*, for shame shon ye neu*er*.
haue ye broken eny bone, or eny harm tid?
may ye schew in your sheld eny strok*is* wid?
Is not your compony hole as they come?
Flee fast þat is afferd, þat he wer at home;
I will fight *with* them that vs hathe sought.
And or I se my brest blod throughe my harnes ryn
blow neu*er* horn for no help then."
when they vndirstod hou he ne wold
for to blow his horn for no socour bold,
they tok hem comfort, And said full hye:
"now curssid be he that hens will flye,
or eny fot this day fley of the feld:
but der sell our dethe, as I dem sheld.
let it be sene hou the king vs louyd,
fast hew on them þat vs hathe harmyd;
the dais dawithe on hie; we bid to long.
In cristis name let vs furthe fonge."
while the knyght*is* Roun), risithe the soun;
the day was faire, the clowd*is* be roun,
dew diskid adoun and dy*m*myd the floures,
And foulis rose and song full Amorous.
ther did no wind blow, but wedir full still.
turpyn armyd hym-selue at his own wille,
dothe wisly mese be-for them on mold:
offred them eu*er*ychon a quantite of gold.
when messe was done, he blissid hem sound:
criste them kep in thys ilk a stound!
and ther was a sore metyng hem betwene.
"lording*is*," said Roulond, "rusche you be-dene,
till I haue ben at the soudan and cu*m* agayn.
I will the se my-selue and that anon."
he se the soudans men *with* myrthes enow,
Four myle on mold markid, I trowe,
And v. myle also they wer in lenght.

Roland rebukes them and refuses to call for help.

The knights swear to stand by him.

[leaf 389, back]

The day breaks, fair and still.

Turpin celebrates mass,

and blesses them.

The Saracens cover 20 square miles.

Roland recognises the Sultan.

the soudan se them in his own strenght;
he knew by his geton and his sheld also,
a riche dragon of gold do ther into.
that rewes the erle and grevis his hert,
sore wepithe for wo[1] and ek for smert:
not for his own sak he soghed often,
but for his fellichip þat he most louyden.
but yet wist he well eche wried oþer.
then sprong the day eche myght se other;
then the knyght on his kneys fallis,
he kest a carfull cry, and this sais:

[1] ? MS. we.

He offers up a prayer for their success.

"now, almyghty lord, wise vs the best,
that mad heuyn and erthe & man for to rest,
our soulis to-day to send to thy blise riche.
we will not escap, and som will we seche
or I of this ground go, & the gost yeld.
ther shall no hethyn hound þat I met with sheld
Aftur this at hom on hie on his benche
but he fight right fell, but som I will teche.
thoughe euery fre wer aferid, fle will we neuer."
[leaf 390] with that he tok his sted and tarried no lenger,
And rod toward the rout, and ruthe in his hert.
with that anon he furthe stert,
then se the host that he comon wer,
all the barons be bown to met hem þer:
"here the kinge left vs, þat brought vs fro home,

He cheers his companions.

for gilis of gwynylon þat giftis hathe fong,
and to the soudan vs sold—the deuyll hym hong!—
but euery knyght be kene, & comfort other,
ffor this day shall we dy, and go no further,
but we shall supe ther seintis be many,
And crist soulis fedithe, this is no nay.
Think he suffrid for vs paynes sore,
we shall wrek hem with wepins þer for,
or that I dye, he that durmidall wynnythe,
or he ber it from me his eyne[2] not seithe

[2] MS. syne.

he shall tell in the town, who the tale heris,
that it is correct, for tean of his eyres."
olyuer, and Roger, and other fulle many,
Ingler, and arnold, of the peres, I say,
pressen to the prince in þer palle wedis.
when they hem sene, said thes wordis:
"why rewes thou, roulond, is this rew tid?
wit it thy nown werk, þt dedis did gid!
thou myght help vs with an horn blast.
let on, prikt out, and not to rid fast,
so shall they be fellid, yf they fendis wer."
ther was no mo wordis with hem ther,
they tokt ther speres—sped them our lord!
when the hethyn se the cristyn at a word,
with an euyll skill shon they nought,
curssid catifis com them about.
"let vs now our men melle to-gedur,
so help me, heuyn kinge, þat I com hedur
to do you as myche anger as ye may suffre.
shall none of you makt your rose or ye go furþre,
that euyr ye a cristyn knyght knew in his lyft."
amaris be-for hem comythe blift,
smertly with a sper comythe out sone,
towardis the cristyn, cryinge Anon:
"wher art thou, Roulond, leder of charles?
thy lay is fals, and also thy lordes.
but I shall lern the a play shall likt þe full il[l]e."
Roulond tokt a sper, and wrought his will,
ran to that fals kinge with a Fell dynt,
throughe sheld and body the sper went,
at the bone of the bakt, the baner schewid.
the kinge fell doun that he neuer sterrid.
"thy soule," said Roulond, "to satanas I be-teche!
thou shalt neuer greve man þat to god will seche."
Roulond turnythe agayn to his peris,
and ledithe the kingt horse to his feris,

Oliver and others say Roland is to blame for not blowing for help.

Amaris rides out in front and challenges Roland, [leaf 390, back]

who runs him through with his spear.

be that is many one his dethe to quyt.

Fauceron, the Sultan's brother,

Fauceron be-for he rod full tit,
was the soudans brod*er*, but [stynt] he ne wold
but hent a good sper, & furthe he wold.
A brod sheld and a bright bround well set.
And olyu*er* right sone *with* hym met;

is slain by Oliver,

spronge toward hym and smot hym sore,
[*? A line missing.*]
throughe the body ran the lau*n*ce.
the kinge bod no leng*er*, but fell *with* distans;
all his ded wer done; did he no mor.
our knyght caught hys sper vp thor,
with-out hurt or harm hathe his sted won.

Sorsabran by Richard,

sorsabran then comythe on sone,
he purposithe ther to abid
Richard red hym full euyn that tid,
And v ribbis he rof on his right sid:
son went the knyght to the ground.
he braid to the bridill & tok þe horse round,
with-outon wem or wound went to his sted.

and Barbarins by Naymes.

with that com barbarins furthe-*with* in-ded,
galy dressid in gold and in stonys.
Nemys neghed hym ner for þe nonys,
he brek his sheld, and bar hym to the hert,
that the leu*er* out lep, he myght not astert,
bothe streght ded the horse and his selue
[*Apparently a line missing.*]

[leaf 391]

It likid hym not ther dyed so many,
that none of them had grace agayn hem to wyn.
herd bukiles his helme, and gothe out sone,
spedis hym fast on his horse anon.

Another Saracen charges Berard,

be that is berard redy in his bright wed,
spedithe hym smertly And sparithe no led:

but is himself slain.

throughe helme and hed smytithe hem bothe
that his brayn out brast ther in sothe.
the kinge was in swon þen full sone,

fell doun to the erthe at the last.
our knyght tok' his sper, and on his shulder cast,
the horse and the baner he brought blyf',
And stondithe ther he stod with-out wem alif',
Kastor of callern for to preue his strenght,
on his sted is still with a sper in lenght;
on a comly coat[1] coueryd full sought,
of blak' dragons blod was the ble wrought:
thre garlondis of gold' that gome beris,
bothe croun and crest on his hed ys,
As all the feld wer fyer, yt semyd by the son.
he wenythe that eche man wer ferd of hym,
bothe man and horse that he on bent found'.
but Roger, the old Erle, sone out throng',
And met hym myghtely amydis the place,
that alto-scheuered the scheld that he hase,
throughe the hawberk' and the hert bothe.
the horse bak' brak', & fell doun in sothe,
then neuer stirrid horse ne man.
but ther was gret cry among' hem than:
As they wold out of wit, they wept þat tid.
our knyght com agayn with Ioy & prid,
heuyn king' they thankid and hovon to-geder.
siche care had colkard for castor his broder,
he will out of his wit but he awrek' hym myght.
he went to the feld þen full right,
bad a knyght cum and kithe his strenght.
then glidis furthe geliuer with sper in lenght.
then euery of them brest vpon other,
that þer stedes stakered right euyn þer.
when they had so don, swerdis out they hent,
gaue many a wound and many a sore dent.
so greuyd is giliuer then in his hert,
his hand he heuyd on hight, and smot smert,
his shulder smot he quyt asundur,
rent out the rigbon, it was no wondur.

Kastor of Callern,

[1 MS. cato]

a proud Saracen,

is slain by Roger.

Colkard comes forward to avenge his brother,

but is himself killed by Geliver.

[leaf 391, back]

but or he went away, sothe to sayn,
ther com other folk*is* full myghty of mayn;
they wend to a-feld the frenche bedene.

Roland picks out the king of Crikland and slays him.

Roulond rod furthe, he wold not rest, I wene;
he sawe wher a sairsyn seche hym wold,
kinge was of criklond, crounyd w*ith* gold.
In he ridithe full fast hym againste;
he smot throughe sheld and man almost,
that man and horse on the hethe fell.
then he nemythe "mon Ioy!" full still,
he drawithe out his swerd, and swappithe hym about.
helmes And hedes he hewithe of stout,[1]
he hewithe doun hethyn men full many.[1]
ther ys no man Alyf may [say] sothly
that eu*er* eny man sley so many.
many one he fellid to his foot as he went.
the soudan son, margaris, he gaue A dent,

Oliver performs prodigies of valour.

And olyu*er* he smot then verament;
he brek the scheld and the bord Ryves;
of the hethyn hound no harm he reches,
Olyu*er* in that hete hyethe hym fast,
And bar hym throughe the bak at the last:
bothe man and horse he fellid to the ground.

He joins Roland and cheers on his men.

he ridis to Roulond, his brod*er*, that stound.
he strik*is* fulle sternly strok*is* full many,
And he criethe to the cristyn, "be manly!"
they went to sadly, And set *þer* dynt*is*
In the worship of hym that fedithe seint*is*.
then they to-gedur w*ith* a sad will,

[leaf 392]

Schaft*is* scheu*er*ed, and scheldis did spille,
[*A line out.*]
riche thing*is* to-rof, rest they ne wold,
hewen helmes, and cleve scheld*is*, *þat* stound.
stedes in that stound strechid to ground.
so herd hurtlinge in ost men herd neu*er*:

[1] In the MS. these lines are transposed.

so stronge was that stour they fought euer. Both sides are weary of fighting.
It lastid so lonḡe that lothed þem sertayn,
men wer wery, wepons to-breston:
bonys y-brokⁱ and bernys I-sweldⁱ;
the hethin in that host happid euylle.
be that it was prym, the prese wex ille; Only two Saracen kings out of twelve survive.
ther was of xij kingis, but ij alyf,
yet woundid they wer, vnnythe they lifⁱ:
they wer sory that euer cristyn shuld abid.
Roulond putⁱ vp his helm that tid,
he se wher a rout of knyghtis cum full boldⁱ,
x hundrethe hethen men hid hem woldⁱ.
then he tokⁱ his sted, and met them sone.
Aftur followid olyuer and other many one,
badⁱ hem smertly turne, and takⁱ siche dole,
what-euer by-tid, to lern play of scole.
they drewe out swerdis, and bete the hethyn,
riche helmes to-Rof, and basenetis brestyn.
the men that Roulond slowghe, who so right tellis, Never before were so many slain by one man,
It is wondir ther-of, sothe to mellis;
or els of sir olyuer, in eny manys tym
was neuer so many slayne by o manys syne.
when he had spend his spere, & sparythe nought,
but laid on whils the lyf last mought;
and aftur tokⁱ An hauchler, and hewid fast,
whom he raught in the rout, his lif last.
be that neghed ner none in the dais space, as were that day by Roland and Oliver.
ther was no man left in þat place;
sairsyn vnder the son, þat no man se myght By sunset there is not a single Saracen left.
eny wepyn weld to strikⁱ aright,
nor stir of the place þer þat they layn. [leaf 392, back]
Roulond criethe, "Montⁱ Ioy," sothe to sayn.
they sekⁱ hym on euery sid, & com hym agayn.
by all men wer sought, I tell you sertayn;
ther wantid no man nought that they wit myght.
"lordingis," said Roulond, "listynythe aright: Roland calls on

the French to give thanks to God.

we haue the formest feld to the ground,
And yet is our host bothe hole & sound,
and no man lost that we brought to place:
we ought to worshippe god myche of his grace."

Turpin offers up thanks for the army.

Then callithe Furthe turpyn, & tellithe son:
"this lord that we serue, louythe his own),
that so few of his fellid so many."
euery man tok of his helme & lukyd on hie,
lift vp ther hondis and thankid crist,
that he sauf and sound defend hem hase.
still they stond in that sted, and hove:
Roulond laid hym doun ther to prove.

Roland sees an immense host of Saracens coming.

he se an A bank sprad and banners many,
thoughe Almayn, fraunce, and englond to say,
burgayn, bretaigne, wer þer atonys,
ther had bene folk to few to fight hem agaynes,
but crist had it said that they sped shuld.
thus them newid on eche sid bold.
All the cursed men to mahoun criene,
ledes them on the lond, hold to-gedur seyne,
set them in scheltron, chid they nold.
oure cristyn men the hethyne behold,
to the lord in trone they tok þer soulis,
and sithe they begyn with manly dyntis.
As element and erthe to-gedur shuld flintis
bothe wind, water, fyere, and wod ek [. . . .]
so doilfulle dyn drof in the valis
myght no man þer her that grisly voce.
kene knyghtis cry and crossen helmes,
stif stedes in stour, out flow the stemes
[leaf 393] that all the medow and more myrkid about

They cover all the country about.

they preissid, and throng, And thrusten out,
that many A grymly died on the playn.
sithe god spek with mouthe on the montaigne,
And taught moyses his men to preche,

Not at the siege of

In so litill whille was neuer mo marrid, I you teche,

As wer drof to dethe as the dais end,
not in the battaille of troy, who so will trouthe find.
but while our folk' fought to-gedur,
ther fell in Fraunce A straung' wedur.
A gret derk' myst in the myd-day-tym,
thik', and clowdy, and euyll wed*ur* thene,
and thiknes of sterris and thond*er* light:
the erthe dynnyd doillfully to wet;
Foulis fled for fere, it was gret wond*er*:
bowes of trees þen brestyn asond*er*:
best ran to bank*is* And cried full sore,
they durst not abid in the mor:
ther was no man but he hid his hed,
And thought not but to dy in þ*at* sted.
the wekid wedur lastid full long',
from the mornyng' to the euynsong':
then Rose a clowd euyn in the west,
as red as blod, w*ith*-outon rest;
It shewid doun on the erthe & þ*er* did shyn,
so many doughty men as died þ*at* tym.
our men in bataile fought full sor,
they sparid no man yf þey wondid wor.
ther was many A bold man bet to dethe,
And many A noble sted ran in the hethe.
hethen men lay doun on hepes, I trow,
And cristyn men Amonge, mo þen enow.
All the feld was w*ith* blod ou*er* roun,
men lay þ*er*-in as þey had swom.
It was wondir to se, the sothe to tell,
hou many folk' wer ther fell.
many A bold man curssid the stound
þ*at* eu*er* the day dawid, so they wer wound.
the kinge magalyn, A man full stout,
se so many hethyn Feld hym about,
he went furthe anon in that tid,
rod vp to An hille a litill be-sid

Troy were more slain.

During the battle occurs a violent storm,

with thick darkness,

which lasted till evening.

Then came up a blood red cloud.

Men lay everywhere about, dead and dying.

[leaf 393, back

King Magaly

calls on the Sultan for help,

ther the soudan and his men did be-hold[e]:
And cried to hym, that he cu*m* shold[e]
w*ith* all his men, and help hem *þer*:
"And yf ye bid long[e], ye lese the mor,
as the Saracens are giving way.
for they be so fell, they sley our men;
the fals cristyn folk[e] haue the bet*er* then,
ther may no man stond hem agayn:
helme ne hawberk[e], sothe to sayn;
they smyt throughe our harnes & men,
they brese hem sore, and brest hem w*ith*-In:
I may shew you my sheld w*ith*-outon nay,
And I haue sore wound*is*, sothe for to say.
but thou help son, I the will tell,
shall thou neu*er* led sairsyn to saragos *þe* suele."
the soudan was sory, And said thes word*is*:
"we haue hold here to long[e] our lord*is*;
The Sultan divides his men into four parties.
And they of Fraunce thus our men quell,
then shall we dye, and our lond sell.
we must set our men in iiij part*is*,
set them on the frenche w*ith* casting[e] of dart*is*.
when one hathe schot in that stound,
then shall ano*þer* cu*m* euyn at his hond.
ther king*is* this day shall wary the tyme
At eu*er* his knyght*is* agaynst vs bene.
but or Roulond be tak[e], euyll shall vs tid,
He promises rewards to all who fight bravely.
And many A man slayn w*ith* woun*dis* wid,
but we manly set them vpon,
hew them manly, & brek[e] eu*er*y bone:
and he *þat* berithe hym best, hathe my loue won.
[leaf 394]
And I haue my lif[e], and cu*m* agayn to toun),
here is no knave but I will mak[e] hym knyght,
And he geue good strok*is* And pr*e*ue hym wight.
let eu*er*y man be manly at this tyme:
If we haue the mastry, myche shall ye wyn,
All the welthe of this world lithe on our hond."
[1] MS. they.
The Sultan orders the soudan on mahoun then[1] cried that stound,

bad blowe bemes, & go furthe right*is*. — his men to advance.
when bemes wer blowen, þen rod furthe knyght*is*,
they bere furthe baner*s* wondirly many,
And trumpet*is* and taberers, sothe to say.
he that had neuer siche thing seyne,
myght a had mervelle in sertayn.
then sadly and sore fought they all, — A fierce struggle ensues,
many was the man did to ground fall. — and the slaughter is great.
a thoussand for xxx sone ded wer,
And many a good swerd broken ther:
And many a bow that wold not brek
was shot that day, sothe as I spek;
till the thikkest thronge thyn wexen,
was ther neuer man so manly foughtow!
euery man fought enought that stound.
A proud sairssyn son was found,
that had geue gwynlon gift*is* full riche,
hes helme sett with gold & stonys fiche,
And when he thought our men to quell—
bradmond he hight, a man right fell—
As egre as A lion, with Ingler he met, — Ingler is slain by Bradmond,
with a scherp sper rann throughe his hert,
that the horse ne the man help myght nought.
Roulond be-held, and ruthe hym thought:
lowd then he cried, the knyght*is* myght here:
"luk! yonder dyethe a duk þat doughty was euer,
and the best in fraunce in euery ned;
I shall hym sone awrek, yf god me sped,
Or els yn my hert be I neuer light!" — [leaf 304, back]
then said olyuer, the most hend knyght: — who is himself killed by Oliver.
"broder, leue thy wille and bid awhile,
he shall be brought down, sothly I the tell."
hastely he lift his hand and gaue hym a dynt
throughe helme and hede the strok went,
his sted þat tym went to Anoþer.
bothe crown and cors he smot asonder.

then met he mo, and "mon Ioy!" he cries;
thoughe he had no help, about he leys.
Dalabern of Valern — dalabern of valern then cum wold,
he was crounyd with riche gold:
Ierusalem he had won with a gyn,
he put the patriark to dethe then.
slays Sampson, — he gaue vnto sampson a sor dent,
that doun dredfully ded he went.
and is himself cut down by Roland. — roulond rod to that king & smot hym sor,
with his good brond smot hym asonder,
And his horse hew then in pecis.
"criste kep vs cristyn that bene here,
to serue your soper with seintis dere!"
then com A sayrson to hym sone,
The king of Africa — that Auffrik aftur his fadir nom.
that man and horse was so riche
that all shone hym vpon truliche.
Amys of almayn then he met,
And strok hym to dethe with-out eny let.
is slain by Turpin. — turpyn turnyd hym, and met hym agayn,
sat sadly in his sadill, sothe for to sayn:
man and horse doun he laid,
from the croun to the brest: "ly þer!" he said.
hym he curssed, and rod furthe still,
And bad the fleyng fend feche hym to helle.
then went cadwen, & greuyd full sor,
the kingis son of capron, & met hym thor.
[leaf 395] — was neuer faucon fayn . . . . . .[1]
then this prince was fo . . . . . .
he threst doun cristyn with . . . . .
And many men[2] . . . . . .
berenger and g[2] . went . . . . .
And the erle amyse with . . . . . .[1]
and mo of our cristyn as [I tell] can.
Roland cuts down Cadwen, — but Roulond is manly & rod furthe þan,

[1] The MS. is torn off in this place. [2] MS. faded here.

was neu*er* lione mor light of hert.
his bright brond he hent, & furthe stert
till he com hym to, and then he strik*is*:
throughe the peyssant the prince prek*is*,
he rent hym vnredly euyn to the sadill:
on ether sid of his horse doun did he wadill.
then he prek*is* in the pres all *þat þer* wer,
he bet and slew that about hym did ster.
he smet to A sairssine then eft sonys,
throughe rigge and ribe, & rent þer bonys:
ther they wer thikist, asunder they threst.
then was the soudan woo in his hert
that so many of his men wer slayn hym about.
the cristyn men wer strong[1] & stout;
whos the feld was, none myght know;
was ther neu*er* bet*er* men slayn, I trow.
horse ran in blod a-boue the hovf[1] herd.
then the soudan cried schill for ferd,—
Four battelles bold about hym were—
bad hem sett on to aveng[1] hym ther.
"the frenche," quo*d* the soudan, "dare vs quelle.
I shall abid here, the sothe for to tell;
If eny ned be, I will cu*m* you to.
And ye haue the wers, on will I go.
luk[1] well to my ban*er* that ye it ken,
and then I shall my-selue [come] yf ned bene.
And or I fle a foot for ther dint*is*
[1]. . . . . *with* swerd egg*is*.
. . . . . [t]hey gone
. . . . . they tok[1] vpon
. . . . . ell[2] . . .
. . . . . let[2] . . gedur wyn
. . . . . [m]any bryght
. . . . . died *þer* right
[1]. . . . y swerd*is* smot hed*is* atwyn

988 and many others.
992
996
The Sultan is almost in despair,
1000
1004 and orders four battalions to attack Roland.
1008
1012
1016
1020

[1] MS. torn off. [2] MS. faded.

[many] lost ther hed*is* aboue *þer* chyn,
many ribbes rent, and many rigbone,
And many fadirles child ther was at hom.
but or this dredfull day was drif to nyght,
ther was slayn many a doughty knyght.
crist holp the cristyn then in all the hast!
[*? line wanting.*]

Roland drives the Saracens into a dale,

Roulond ridithe his men all about,
he bettes and sleeis sairsyns full stout,
drof hem into A daile—tarryed they not long',—

whence a fresh host comes.

ther he houyd a whill *with* his host strong',
[*Apparently there is a gap here.*]
vnfought and freche, hym ther about,
As freche to fight as foulis stout.
when Roulond se hem, he greuyd sor,
he had but few men, allas *þer*-for!
the lest part of men *þer* had he,

He bids his men rest,

And *þey* wer woundid, it is mor pete.
he praid hem rest, and houe *þer* stille:
"herkenyt now, rist here vnto they cu*m* vs till.
yond*er* is a gret host and a compony
As eu*er* cristyne man se *with* his eye;
and we ar but few, and hathe fought long',

and proposes to send to Charles for help.

our horse wery, And we not strong'.
I red we send a man to feche our lord;
say we be sore hurt, and socour we wold.
but if he cu*m* and help vs Anon,
our lyues be lost, and the lond gone."
then answerd olyu*er* *with* a ruffull steuyn,
Angry in hert thus gan he nevyn:
"broder, let be all siche sawes!

[*Remainder of the MS. wanting.*]

NOTES TO "THE SEGE OFF MELAYNE."

Page 1, line 7. Compare again lines 502, 522, &c.

p. 1, l. 18. "kynges;" probably we should read "kynge."

p. 2, l. 27. The omission of the subject pronoun constantly occurs in these two poems, and is not uncommon elsewhere. Compare *Guy of Warwick*, l. 67:

> "Sche had maysturs at hur honde,
> The wysest men of that londe,
> And [they] taght hur astronomye."

and *King Horn*, 1268. "Þu me to kniȝt houe, and [I] kniȝthod hauo proued."

p. 2, l. 28. On the use of the word "Mawmet" = Mahomet, for any false god or idol, and "Mawmetry," for idolatry, see my note to *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 2534, and in the *Catholicon Anglicum*, s. v. Maumet.

p. 3, l. 57. So in *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 5827: "wyþ wilde hors mot y beo drawe," on which see my note. Compare *Guy of Warwick*, ll. 2545, 8212, &c.

p. 3, l. 81. "Þou me." The rime shows that there is some corruption here. I would suggest that the original reading was "Þ^{i} hyne" or "Þ^{i} hine" = thy servant. If these words happened to be indistinctly written they might easily have been misread by the copier, especially since, as we know from other cases, he probably did not understand the word hine.

p. 4, l. 89. Compare *William of Palerne*, l. 2868: "Þe quen was *wery for-wept*." In the present instance the verb is a strong one.

p. 4, l. 90. "herde by hym," *i. e.* herde by hym. See note to l. 27, above.

p. 4, l. 96. He shall avenge all thy causes of anger.

p. 4, l. 116. So in Shakspere we have the plural used where we should use the singular. Thus in *Julius Cæsar*, V. v. 28. "Hold thou my Sword Hilts, whilest I runne on it." See also *ibid.* V. iii. 43; and *Richard III.* I. iv. 160.

p. 4, l. 117. "handefuH mete;" exactly fitted and suited to his hand.

p. 4, l. 119. "Mase;" a contraction for *makes*, which frequently occurs in Hampole's *Pricke of Conscience*. Compare *tase* = *takes*; *bus*, *buse* = *behove*; *tane* = *taken*, which also occur in the present poem, and frequently in the Thornton Romances.

p. 4, l. 120. "weite" = wite, know. In l. 749 we have *wiete.*

p. 5, l. 125. "dyke;" perhaps the true reading is "byke," properly a hive, but sometimes used in the sense of building, house. Compare *Gawin and Golagras*, ii. 8: "Mony burgh, mony bour, mony big *bike.*"

p. 5, l. 141. Generally the phrase is "þe sothe is noghte to *layne.*" Compare ll. 538, 582; *Roland and Otuel*, l. 1481, &c. The present form occurs again at l. 1356. Compare *Sir Degrevant*, l. 180; *Horn. Childe*, p. 295; *Octavian*, l. 1305, &c.

p. 6, l. 164. "hafe done!" enough, let be! Compare the similar expression "do way." "*Do way*, lëue sir, seyd Gij." *Guy of Warwick*, ed. Turnbull, l. 9844.

p. 6, l. 165. "vndir-nome;" here the transcriber, apparently not understanding the word as originally written, has altered it to "vndir-take." The rime, however, shows clearly that he has done so. For a similar instance see l. 315.

p. 6, l. 168. "wone;" worde appears to be simply an unintentional error of the scribe, and not altered for the same reason as "vndir-nome," since it occurs frequently in this and the next poem. "Be ffryth or be *wones.*" — *Richard the Redeles*, ii. 180. "Worthely" cannot be worthy, from the context: probably it = worldly.

p. 6, l. 171. So in the *Chanson de Roland*, st. xx, Roland calls Ganelon "mis parastre." In the Latin version printed by M. Michèl, p. 228, another reason is assigned, viz. that it was at Roland's instigation that Ganelon was sent on the dangerous duty of summoning Marsile to submit to Charles. See *Chanson de Roland*, st. xxii. and xxiv. Roland is generally stated to have been the son of Charlemagne's sister, Gisle or Berte, the legend of whose amours with Milo, the father of Roland, first appears in Italy in the xivth century. See M. Gaston Paris, *Histoire Poétique*, pp. 170, 409. At pp. 378, 433 of the same volume will be found mention of another legend, according to which Roland was the son of Charlemagne himself, who had committed incest with his sister.

p. 6, l. 173. "The falseste traytoure was he one;" a not uncommon expression. Compare *Guy of Warwick*, 7447: "A grete batayle *was there oon;*" l. 9039: "A trewar felowe, þen *he was oon.*" *Stations of Rome*, ed. Furnivall, 480: "An holy doctor *he was on.*" Compare l. 1078, below.

p. 8, l. 224. That for our men turned to grief, and to lamentation to many another. Cf. *Roland and Otuel*, l. 941. "Gryꜧ" is here a substantive. The adjective means cruel, horrible, stern, or severe, and therefore the word in the present instance must mean suffering, grief, or pain. Halliwell gives but a single instance of the word used as substantive—*Guy of Warwick*, l. 11488: "Thorow qweyntys nor þorow *grylle*," where the editor renders it cruelty, fierceness.

p. 8, l. 229. "forthermaste;" first, foremost. Cf. *Roland and Otuel*, l. 721.

p. 8, l. 234. I see now that the *ne* which I have inserted in brackets is unnecessary. Instances of the omission of the negative are not uncommon. Thus, for instance, in *Gawayne and the Grene Knight*, l. 726: "For werre wrathed hym not so much, þat wynter was wors;" and Chaucer, *Troilus*, i. 456-7:

> "Ek of the day ther passed nought an houre,
> That to himself a thowsand tyme he seyde."

See also *Guy of Warwick*, ed. Zupitza, 1301, and the editor's note.

p. 8, l. 249. "ay to;" until. So we have in the *Towneley Mysteries*, p. 64: "*to* we be gon," until we are gone.

p. 9, l. 253. "by þat was done;" so in *Sir Eglamour*, 201: "*Be that* it neghede to nyghte."

p. 9, l. 255. "braythely;" violently. The word occurs in the *Cursor Mundi*, l. 63: "Ar he sua *brathly* don he broght;" and in the Poem on the Holy Rood, in *An Old Eng. Miscell.*, ed. Morris, p. 109: "*Braþeli* on his faas he brast."

p. 9, l. 258. "þe moste were of renownn);" won the greatest praise. So in the *Ormulum*, 8471: "tær was þeyre king a3 *mast*."

p. 9, l. 264. "þat many to bery was bownn);" so that many were killed, ready for burial.

p. 10, l. 282. "Mayne & myghte:" the riming words in ll. 285 and 288 show that here we should read *myghtes* (compare l. 323), but then the form *knyghte* in l. 279 will spoil the rime.

p. 10, l. 283. On the rimes *slayne: tane*, see Prof. Zupitza's note to *Guy of Warwick*, l. 1126.

p. 11, l. 315. The scribe, apparently not understanding the word "elde," has altered it to "age." See note to l. 165.

p. 11, l. 323. Cf. l. 282 above.

p. 11, l. 324. "belde;" honour. Compare *Metrical Homilies*, p. 162:

> "This tronchoun for relic scho held
> Al hir lif, with worschip and *beld*."

p. 11, l. 327. The scribe has southernised all the riming words in this stanza; originally they were, no doubt, *sa*, *wa*, *sla*, *ma*. Compare l. 447.

p. 11, l. 329. "hede;" the rime shows the correct reading to be "heuede." It is noteworthy that the same spelling of *hedde* for *hevede* or *heuydde* where the rime calls for the latter form occurs in other poems, some of which were also copied by R. Thornton. Thus in *Sir Eglamour*:

> "With the storupe, that hym was levyd,
> He stroke the knyght in the *hedd*,"

where the Lincoln MS. by a different scribe reads *hevede*. See also *ibid.* l. 985, and other instances in Prof. Zupitza's edition of *Guy of Warwick*, note to l. 1021. Another instance occurs in *Roland and Otuel*, l. 1201. See remarks in Introduction, § 8.

p. 11, l. 333. "gane;" this verb was used simply with an auxiliary force, as our *do*, *did*.

p. 11, ll. 340-1. See note to l. 282.

p. 12, l. 350. "nevynlande;" I can make nothing out of this name.

p. 12, l. 355. "þofe." Compare *Sir Isumbras*, l. 71: "Whate wondir was *þofe* hym ware wo?"

p. 12, l. 356. "hope;" believe, expect: the original meaning of the word. Compare *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 326: "y *hope* þe scholde spede wel; nere þy greuous wounde;" and see l. 1388, below.

p. 12, l. 364. "þay;" probably a slip for þare.

p. 12, l. 371. "sewede;" the meaning evidently is, that resulted to the Saracens afterwards full bitterly, on account of the knights who lost their lives. Perhaps we should read *sowede*.

p. 12, l. 372. "leuede þe swete:" see note to *Roland and Otuel*, l. 941.

p. 13, l. 378. "nere;" the rime shows *nee;* cf. l. 449.

p. 13, l. 380. "His Fadir;" Sir Belland. See l. 349, above.

p. 13, l. 387. "To rekken of theire Arraye;" to decide on their treatment.

p. 13, l. 392. "cely;" written over *sory*, erased.

p. 13, l. 396. Compare *Handlyng Synne*, 952: "And pray we God þat alle þyng may." Probably for *myghtyeste* we should read *myghtes*. Compare *Lay-Folks Mass-Book*, p. 132, l. 136: "þerwh him þat *mihtes may;*" and p. 143, l. 553: "To him *þat al mihtes may*." Cf. *Roland and Otuel*, l. 885.

p. 14, l. 406: "goddis forbode;" may there be the prohibition of God. Compare *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 4753: "*Godes for-bode*, Gweynes sede, þat ich assentede to such a dede;" and *Rauf Coilȝear*, l. 746:

> "*God forbot*, he said, my thank war sic thing.
> To him that succourit my lyfe in sa euill ane nicht."

p. 14, l. 411. "thire;" a true northern form. Icelandic, *þær*. Compare Hampole, *Pricke of Conscience*, 4151:

> "I hald *þir* gret mysdoers
> Als anticrist lyms and his forgangers."

p. 14, l. 418. "at;" in, *apud*. Compare Wyclif, John i. 1: "þe word was *at* [*apud* Vulg.] God ... þis was in the begynnynge *at* God;" and *Sir Degrevant*, 1809:

> "Was never sych a purvyaunce
> In Englond ne in Fraunce,
> As was *at* sir Degrivaunce."

Compare l. 653, below.

p. 14, l. 422. "byrne;" the rime shows *bryn:* see Introd. § 9.

p. 14, l. 427. This line appears to mean that the image was so natural as almost to appear really to bleed.

p. 15, ll. 436—440. "hym;" notice the gender, which is masculine, as referring to the figure personified. In l. 445 the neuter is used.

p. 15, ll. 445, 462. "many a folde;" manifold, many.

p. 16, l. 470. "dosche;" dart, dash. I know of no other instance of the noun, though the verb, under the form *dusche*, is not uncommon.

p. 16, l. 471. The line seems to mean, although it was a lifeless mass.

p. 16, l. 476. "vn-till;" a northern form, which the scribe could not alter on account of the rime.

p. 16, l. 488. "bale fire." Compare *Pierce the Ploughman's Crede*, l. 667: "to brenne þe bodye in a *bale of fijr*." *Bale*, properly a noun, A.S. *bǽl*, a funeral pile, appears to be here used adjectively. It may, however, mean destructive from A.S. *bealu*.

p. 16, l. 489. Notice the rime. *Dye* was evidently pronounced *dee*.

p. 17, l. 506. "to;" until. See note to l. 249.

p. 17, l. 519. "thethyn;" thence. A northern form of Scandinavian origin, the A.S. form being *þonan*.

> "Swa pured and fyned never gold was,
> Als þai sal be, ar þai þeþen pas."
> Hampole, *Pricke of Cons.*, 2721.

p. 18, l. 543. "more;" originally, no doubt, "mare," and in l. 546, "lare."

p. 18, l. 546. "slyke;" a northern form.

p. 18, l. 555. Compare l. 698, below.

p. 18, l. 559. See note to *Roland and Otuel*, l. 925.

p. 19, l. 563. "flote with Marye ever amange;" chided or blamed Mary all the while, continually. Compare *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 209: "ofte sekede *amonge;*" and *Guy of Warwick*, ed. Zupitza, l. 8738: "and slewe hys men *euyr amonge*." So too in Shakspere, 2 *Henry IV.*, V. iii. 23:

> "Lusty lads roam here and there,
> So merrily,
> And *ever amonge* so merrily."

Mapes treats *flite* as a strong verb in his Poems, p. 344.

p. 19, l. 577. "syne;" apparently there is some corruption here, but the true reading is not clear.

p. 20, l. 595. It is one of the most curious points in these romances that Ganelon is allowed not only to live, but even retained as an adviser of the Emperor.

p. 20, l. 601. "quod þ^e^ Bischoppe;" these words, as is frequently the case with such short explanatory phrases, are not included in the metre of the line. See another instance in *Roland and Otuel*, 490.

p. 20, l. 611. "one þam;" written in the margin.

p. 21, l. 641. "bett;" so in the *Anturs of Arther*, st. 29:

> "Her belte was of blenket with briddus ful bold,
> *Beten* with besandus;"

and *Morte Arthure*, 3647: "Buskes baners one brode, *betyne* of gowles." See also *ibid.* l. 3946, and *Gawaine*, l. 78.

p. 21, l. 643. "knees;" written in the margin.

p. 21, l. 653. Compare note to l. 418, above.

p. 23, l. 698. "þ^e^ wyte bese casten one the;" the blame is laid on thee. Compare *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 5127, and l. 555, above. A similar expression occurs in the *Song of Roland*, l. 638.

p. 23, l. 705. I count thy soul as lost.

p. 23, l. 708. "of skorñe;" in scorn, mockery.

p. 23, l. 711. "drawen):" undoubtedly a slip of the copier, the rimes showing that originally the word was *drayne*. See Introd. § 9.

p. 24, l. 723. It is curious that the scribe has not altered the four riming words in this stanza to their southern forms, as he has done in the following stanza.

p. 24, l. 743. "rebuytede;' the meaning seems to be, rebuked, rejected by the church. Fr. *rebuter, rebouter*. Compare Wallace, x. 595:

> "Wallace, said Bruce, *rabut* me now no mar,
> Myn awin dedis has bet me wondyr sar."

p. 24, l. 749. Compare l. 120, above.

p. 25, l. 777. The metre requires another foot in the line; perhaps we should read "goddes absolucioun)."

p. 25, l. 782. "on evynhaunt;" I can only suppose this to be a corruption of *avenaunt*. We find it again in slightly different forms at ll. 810 and 920.

Avenant, which occurs in *Roland and Otuel*, l. 790, is a word frequently applied to knights; thus in *Langtoft*, p. 51, Harold is described as "curteys and strong, of body *avenant;*" and in the *Anturs of Arthur*, st. 24, Arthur is similarly spoken of as "*auenant*, onest and abulle." In two of the other instances in which it occurs in the present poem, l. 920, the word is clear enough, and in l. 810 there is perhaps little doubt as to the true form; but in the present instance the corruption, if it be one, is almost past explanation.

p. 26, l. 798. "ay whills;" until. Compare l. 1233.

p. 26, l. 808. "duchepers." See on this word, and the various forms under which it appears, my note to *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 197. In *Layamon*, i. 69, we have "dus3epers" and "dosseperes."

p. 26, l. 810. See note to l. 782.

p. 27, l. 819. "hone;" written over *houe*, erased. Compare *Alliterative Poems*, i. 920: "by þyse holte3 hit con not *hone;*" and the *Cursor Mundi*, 5873: "ne lat yee noght þam *hon*." The noun occurs rather more frequently, as in *Cursor Mundi*, 14316: "wit-vten *hon*, he bad þe graue suld be vndon." See also *Roland and Otuel*, l. 341.

p. 27, l. 828. "heghten;" eighth. Compare Hampole, *Pricke of Conscience*, 3986:

> "þe aghtynd, of þe acunt and þe rekennyng,
> þat þai sal yheld of alle þair lyfyng."

The word is from the O.Frisian, *achtenda, achtanda*.

p. 27, l. 831. "see[ne]": better "se[n]e."

p. 27, l. 846. "folde;" this word with the meaning of earth is not very common. It occurs a few times in *Layamon*, as in l. 23946: "þe *volde* dunede a3en;" and in the account of the flood in the *Allit. Poems*, ii. 403, it is said, "By forty daye3 weren faren, on *folde* no flesch styryed."

p. 28, l. 850. "sittande;" the northern form of the present participle, as "rynnande" in l. 854.

p. 28, l. 859. I do not exactly understand this line.

p. 28, l. 871. In Scotland and the north of England in the feudal times the lord claimed the right of the first night's lodging with his vassal's bride. This usage was abolished by Malcolm III. about 1080, and, instead, a mark was ordered to be paid by the bridegroom to his lord. This was termed *marcheta mulieris : marcheta* having previously been the term for the fine in money paid by a vassal to his lord on the marriage of one of the former's daughters. According to Spelman the custom was instituted by a mythical King Evenus, about the time of Augustus. He quotes several instances of the custom, from which it appears to have obtained even in a great part of England and Guernsey. The fine was known as *Bed-geld* or *Maid-rent.*

p. 30, l. 911. "In his byggynge saH he helde;" literally, "in his building shall he build that he shall be evermore in bliss," *i. e.* "by his deeds he shall gain for himself to be evermore in bliss."

p. 31, l. 945. I do not understand this line.

p. 31, l. 956. "ruysse;" boast. The general form of the word is *rose*, as in *Ormulum*, 4906 : "To *rosenn* off þin duhhtiȝleȝȝe;" and *Cursor Mundi*, 2417 : "swa þai *rosed* hir to þe king." The noun *rosing*, boast, occurs in *Ormulum*, 4902 : "all *rosinng* & all idell ȝellp;" and *ros* in l. 4910 : "All idell ȝallp & idell *ros.*" Compare the *Song of Roland*, l. 650 : "shall none of you mak your *rose* or ye go furþre."

p. 32, l. 977. "frette;" inlaid, ornamented. In *Allit. Poems*, ii. 1476, we read of "fyoles *fretted* with flores & fleeȝ of golde."

p. 32, l. 1005. So in *Ywaine and Gawin*, 645 : "Aither of tham gude *buffetes bede.*" Compare also *Destruction of Troy*, 9674 : "no buerne vpon bent his *buffettes* might *thowle.*"

p. 33, l. 1027. "Deliuerly." Hence most probably our word *cleverly.* See *Leaves from a Word-Hunter's Note-book*, by Rev. A. S. Palmer, p. 243.

p. 33, l. 1033. "driste;" probably we should read "þriste."

p. 34, l. 1051. I do not at all understand this line.

p. 34, l. 1067. "lawses;" probably looses, or perhaps "lacches." We should have expected to find "lauȝte."

p. 35, l. 1069. "voydede;" emptied his hand of, *i. e.* threw away.

p. 35, l. 1078. See note to l. 173.

p. 35, l. 1080. "blende;" evidently a mistake of the scribe, though the true word is not clear.

p. 36, l. 1104. "fayne." Compare Copland's *Guy of Warwick*, sign. R. iii. "And for *fayne* played before guyon," and *ibid.* Cc. i. "He went and met guy for *fayne.*"

p. 36, l. 1129. "þan kynges men of Massaydoyne;" then the men of the king of Macedon. On the construction see note to *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 753. Compare *Song of Roland*, l. 977, and *Roland and Otuel*, 1445.

p. 37, l. 1148. "þay tuke to flyinge;" a very early instance of this now very common use of *take.* Compare *Allit. Poems*, B. 377 : "*Feng to þe flyȝt* alle þat fle myȝt."

p. 37, l. 1156. "stedde," for bestedde. The form occurs chiefly in northern writers. Compare *Guy of Warwick*, l. 8028. See also *Roland and Otuel*, l. 1528.

p. 38, l. 1171. "es;" the northern form, which the scribe could not alter on account of the rime.

p. 38, l. 1174. "serche;" examine, probe. The more usual term is to "taste" or "grope" a wound. See, for instance, *Sir Ferumbras*, 1094, and note, and *Roland and Otuel*, l. 1174.

"brenys;" cuirasses. See note to *Sir Ferumbras*, 2614.

p. 38, l. 1180. A closer examination of the line shows that we should read, "For drede of þe Sarazenes there."

p. 39, l. 1208. "slade;" a common word in northern writers; rarer in the south. It occurs again in *Roland and Otuel*, l. 1418.

p. 39, l. 1221. "fulle prowde men in prese;" cf. *Sir Ferumbras*, 5520: "þat arst wer *prout on pres*." See l. 1302, below.

p. 40, l. 1246. "tryne;" literally, proceed; hence, strike up, begin. Compare *Morte Arthure*, ed. Hall. p. 147:

> "With trompes thay *trine*, and trappede stedes,
> with cornettes and clarions, and clergialle notes;"

and again, *ibid.* p. 267:

> "When they had tretide thiere trewe, with trompynge therafter,
> They *tryne* unto a tente where tables whare raysede."

The past tense occurs in *Allit. Poems*, B. 132; "*tron* fro table to table."

p. 40, l. 1249. "rake," rush, furious onset. Compare *Morte Arthure*, 2985; "Rydes one a rawndoune and his *rayke* holdes."

p. 40, l. 1252. "one the grete;" on the grit, dust, earth. Compare *Towneley Mysteries*, p. 262: "Iesus is dede and grafen under the *grete*;" and see also *Genesis and Exodus*, 3774.

p. 41, l. 1284. "mate;" exhausted. So in *Sir Ferumbras*, 2506: "þey buþ so *mate* þay mowe noȝt go, so honger haþ hem teynte;" and see quotations from Cotgrave, &c., in the Glossary.

p. 41, l. 1285. "spryngaldes." See *Sir Ferumbras*, 3310, and note.

p. 41, l. 1288. "with gownnes," &c. This line must, I think, belong to the preceding sentence, and in that case a comma should be substituted for the full-stop at the end of l. 1287. Lines 1289-90 will then read, "quickly those men charged guns with balls us to harass." For illustrations of the sentence see Way's note and quotations in the *Promptorium*, p. 218.

p. 41, l. 1292. "bowes of devyce;" cross-bows worked with a rack or winch. See a drawing of them in Fairholt, *Hist. of Costume*, p. 175, and Boutell, *Arms and Armour*, p. 139. Compare *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 3263, and note. "Of devyce" is of course a translation of the French *de vys*, where *vys* is rendered by Cotgrave "the vice or spindle of a Presse." For the redundant *of* compare "for paramour" in *Sir Thopas*, l. 2034. Compare *R. Coer de Lion*, 3970: "Richard bent an arweblast *off vys*."

p. 42, l. 1302. Compare l. 1221, above.

p. 42, l. 1307. "schaftemonde;" this was a measure taken from the top of the extended thumb to the part of the palm, and was generally considered as six inches. "Chaftmond" occurs in the Addit. MS. of the *Catholicon Anglicum*, but without any Latin equivalent. Florio defines it as "a certaine rate of clothe that is given above measure, which drapers call a handfull or *shaftman*." See *Morte Arthure*, l. 2456, where we read: "Bothe schere thorowe schoulders a *schaftmonde* longe!" and *ibid.* ll. 3843 and 4232. Other instances will be found in my note to "Chaftmond" in the *Catholicon*, p. 57, to which I may add Barnaby Googe, in his transl. of C. Heresbach's *Husbandrie*, 1572, p. 54: "the trenches where you meane to set them (sperge) must stand a foote a sunder, and a *shaftman* in depth."

p. 43, l. 1325. "lyke a tyke;" like a cur or a coward.

"Vnder tribut & taillage, as *tykes* & cherles."
P. Plowman, B. xix. 37.

p. 43, l. 1341. "for goddes are." See *Sir Ferumbras*, 3345, and note.

p. 43, l. 1347. "Aglace;" aglance, glancing. Compare *Allit. Poems*, A. 171: "Suche gladande glory con to me *glace;*" and *Guy of Warwick*, 5067. O.Fr. *glacier*, to be like ice, to slide, glide; Lat. *glaciem*. "Glacynge or wronge glydynge of boltys or arowys. *Devolatus*." *Prompt. Parv.*

p. 43, l. 1353. "Whate bale als euer I byde;" the construction is curious and noticeable.

p. 44, l. 1359. "Blenkede aH his blee;" caused his countenance to grow pale.

p. 44, l. 1371. "þat euer I tuke thi fee!" that is, that ever I became a vassal of thine. See note to *Sir Ferumbras*, 1527.

p. 45, l. 1388. "hope." See note to l. 356, above.

p. 45, l. 1395. Compare *Alisaunder*, 4692:

"Myghte y wite who hit ware,
That Darie thorugh *with spere bare*."

and 2411: "Ther was... mony *bore* thorugh the schold." See l. 1463, below.

p. 46, l. 1413. Apparently we should read, "Elles ȝe ne be my frende."

p. 48, l. 1478. "ferlyde:" wondered. Not at all a common verb. All the instances I know of, with one exception, are Scotch: thus in Gawin Douglas, Virgil, *Æneados*, Bk. x. p. 309 (ed. 1710), we have: "Freynd, *ferly* not, na cause is to compleyne," and Lyndsay, *The Tragedy*, l. 313: "Bot *farly* nocht thocht syllie freris fleche." It appears to survive still in Scotland.

p. 48, l. 1495. "cante;" slope, properly an angle. I do not know of any other instance of the word in the present sense, except in l. 1530, below.

p. 49, l. 1507. This line should, I think, have been printed as connected with the line before, and forming part of the herald's speech. The meaning appears to be clear, "A, Sir, why they are sixty thousand men."

p. 49, l. 1508. There is a remarkable parallel to this and the four following lines in Shakspere, *Henry V.*, IV. iii. 20—23:

> "If we are markt to dye, we are enow
> To doe our Countrey losse: and if to liue,
> The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
> God's will, I pray thee wish not one man more."

p. 49, l. 1525. "For;" to prevent, for fear of. A common use of the word. Thus Tusser, in his *Five Hundred Points*, &c., ch. ix. p. 17, gives, as one of the steps in the 'Ladder to Thrift,' "To hate reuengement hastilie *for* loosing loue and amitie." Compare also *Sir Thopas*, l. 2052: "*for* percinge of his herte;" and *P. Plowman*, B. vi. 62, where Piers puts on cuffs "*for* colde of his nailles."

p. 49, l. 1532. The meaning of the line I take to be, "they made no count of any man that they should bow to him."

p. 49, l. 1539. "It was noghte mekills mare." Compare *Old Eng. Homilies*, ed. Morris, i. 45: "Nu bi-cumeð hit þerfore to uwilche cristene monne *mucheles þe mare* to haliȝen and to wurðien þenne dei þe is i-cleped sunne-dei;" and *Ancren Riwle*, p. 368: "he wule hien toward hire *mucheles* þe swuðere."

p. 52, l. 1600. "hurdas;" a palisade, fortification. The word occurs twice in *R. Coer de Lion*, as in l. 6127:

> "Fro the tour to the outermeste wal,
> Her houses brende and her hurdys."

See also *ibid.* l. 3969, and *Alisaunder* (Weber), 2785.

NOTES TO "ROWLAND AND OTTUELL."

p. 55, l. 22. In the original French version the number is given as ".xxx.^{m} et .vii. cent."

p. 56, l. 26. Fr.—

"Cil jugléour n'en dient tant ne quant;
Car il ne sevent le grant encombrement
Qu'avint à Kalle."

p. 57, l. 59. "full hastilye;" "chevache à esperon."

p. 57, l. 67. There is a confusion here which the French original enables us to clear up. According to it Otuel, on his arrival at the palace, is met by Ogier and Gautier, who demand his name; he replies:

"Otes m'apele l'on
D'Espaigne sui, la noble region," &c.

Naymes is not mentioned on the occasion. On the name Otes, which occurs again only once, l. 1127, see remarks in the Introduction.

p. 57, l. 79. "Naymes;" Fr. "Ogier."

p. 57, l. 82. Fr.—

"Véez le là, à ce flori grenon,
A la grant barbe, à l'ermin peliçon."

p. 57, l. 84. "I-melle;" used as a preposition = amongst. Compare *Towneley Mysteries*, p. 55:

"Ye have a manner of men,
That make great mastres us *emelle*."

See also Halliwell, s. v. v. *Emelle and Ymelle.*

p. 57, l. 87. "In rede Siclaton;" Fr. "au vermeis ciglaton." On the derivation and meaning of Siclaton see Prof. Skeat's edition of *Sir Thopas* (Clarendon Press Series), note to l. 1924.

p. 58, l. 90. Here in the original Otuel and Ogier indulge in some mutual abuse.

p. 58, l. 107. Fr.—

"Si uncore un jor le truis en tornei . .
De m'espée le quid faire un espei
Parmi le cors."

p. 58, l. 120. "aughte dayes;" the period during which the person of an ambassador was sacred; cf. ll. 126 and 160.

p. 59, l. 125. "nonekyns ille;" compare note to l. 1080, below.

p. 59, l. 130. "Corsu." See note to *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 988. Fr. "Curcuse."

p. 59, l. 137. "Appon a daye;" Fr.—

"Ore at wit meis, el nefme sui entrez,
Destruite iert Romme, ta vaillante citez."

See the remarks on the date of the action of the poem in the Introduction, § 6.

p. 59, l. 141. Fr. "dunt le punz fu dorrez."

p. 59, l. 146. "naghte;" night. The northern form. Cf. "boþe day & *nazte*."—*Allit. Poems*, *A*. 1203. "ȝat ilke *nagt*."—*Genesis and Exodus*, 1678.

p. 59, l. 149. Fr.—

"E jo i feri tant de m'espée de lez
Ke uit jurs pleners oï les poinz enflez."

p. 59, l. 152. Fr.—

"Estult de Lengres s'en est en piez levez;
Tint un bastun qui devant fu quarrez."

p. 60, l. 160. "He es Ensurede," &c.; he is under the protection of, secured by our promise. Cf. ll. 120 and 160. See l. 297, below.

p. 60, l. 163. In the original French it is not Estut who seizes Otuel and is slain by him, but

"Un chevaler .... qui fu mal senez
Provencal iert, de Seint Gile fu nez."

p. 60, l. 180. "þe beste party shaH dy;" Fr. "ja murerunt set cenz, si vos croulez."

p. 61, l. 194. "twelue;" Fr. "set."

p. 61, l. 199. "þou art to outrage;" thou art too boastful. Fr. "trop vos avancez."

p. 61, l. 210. "Boty," and, ll. 213 and 216, "fermorye" and "fermonye." It is impossible to identify these places.

p. 61, ll. 213, 216. The words may be "Sermorye" and "Sermonye."

p. 62, l. 222. "ane aye;" Fr. "Crestienté ne valt pas une alie." See note to *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 5442.

p. 62, l. 240. "Scamonye;" Fr. "Escalvonie." Compare *Kyng Alisaunder* (Weber, i. 250), l. 6044: "Of Babiloyne and Esclanomye." In the Auchinleck MS. version it is "Esclanenye."

p. 62, l. 259. "Smothirly;" evidently the meaning is haughtily, contemptuously. The only other instance of the word, of which I am aware, is in Chaucer, *Reeve's Tale*, A. 3963, where, in speaking of the miller of Trumpington's wife, he says:

"And eke for she was somdelle *smoterlich*,
She was as digne as water in a dich,
As ful of hoker and of bismare."

The origin of the word does not appear to be known, but probably there is a connection between this word and "smere," which occurs in *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 386: "þe Sarȝyn gan to lawe *smere;*" and in *Layamon*, 14981: "He *smere* loh."

p. 62, l. 269. Fr. ".x. foiz .xxx. mile."

p. 62, l. 274. Fr. "Entre .ii. eves est fremée et batie,
L'une a nom Soigne et l'autre a nom Hastie."

p. 64, l. 283. Fr. "Ainz garderez ceste herbergirie
K'escufle i entre ne corneile ne pie."

p. 64, l. 288. "A nolde nappere;" Fr. "veillart." The transference of the *n* of the indefinite article to the following word is very common; thus we find "a nother" = "an other," "a newt" = "an ewt," "a nickname" = "an ekename." Compare also "my noun" = "myn oun" = "mine own," p. 114, l. 271 below. The converse process has taken place in a few cases, as in "an apron," properly "a napron."

p. 64, l. 297. "Ensurede;" bound by a promise. Compare l. 160, above. "nyfe;" compare *Sir Gawayne*, 1769: "Gret peril bi-twene hem stod, *Nif* mare of hir knyȝt mynne."

p. 64, l. 308. When a knight was degraded his spurs were cut off, in the same way as the epaulets used to be and the stripes are now, cut off from officers and non-commissioned officers respectively. Compare the converse expression "to win one's shoes," "to win one's spurs" = to win distinction by some gallant action. See *Sir Perceval*, l. 1595; *Ipomydon*, l. 978; *Triamoure*, l. 1239, and Prof. Zupitza's note to *Guy of Warwick*, l. 436.

p. 65, l. 313. "Sir Vernague of Barabas." The account of the duel between this Saracen and Roland, in which the former was slain, is told in the romance of *Roland and Vernagu*, printed from the Auchinleck MS. in 1836 for the Abbotsford Club, and now in preparation for reprinting as the fourth of the present series of Charlemagne Romances. See *Sir Ferumbras*, Introd. p. xiii, note 1.

In the original French version Otuel here, at the request of Charles, gives a full account of himself and his family. He says he is the son of King Galien, and lord of La Marche, Benoas, and Barbary, and cousin to the Sultan, Garsil. Charles asks him to become a Christian, but Otuel declines, and adds, "vostre Dieu ne valt .ii. parisses." The king then delivers him in charge to Renier, Naymes, and Ogier, with orders that he is to be entertained well "à la meison ganier" and a hundred *sols* are to be paid daily for his board.

p. 65, l. 329. "Saynte Thomers;" St. Omer.

p. 65, l. 342. Fr. "De foi mentie l'apel et recréant."

p. 66, l. 343. "I appelle hym;" call him to judgment, charge with. Compare "Quod ȝouþe to age, 'Y þee *apeele*,
And þat bifore oure god.'"—*Hymns to the Virgin*, p. 71.

p. 66, l. 361. "spende;" lit. spanned, hence, fastened round. This use of the word is rare; I know of only two instances, both of which occur in *Sir Gawayne*. At l. 158 we read: "þat *spenet* on his sparlyr, & clene spures vndyr;" and at l. 587: "Wyth ryche cote armure, His gold spore3 *spend* with pryde." For the use of *armours* in the plural, see *Isumbras*, 736.

p. 66, l. 364. In the original French version the shield is described as

"paint à azur et à or gentement:
Envirun l'urle current li quatre vent,
Li duze signe e li meis ensement,
Et de l'abisme i est le fundement,
Et ciel et terre feit par compassement:
Dessus la bouele le soleil qui replent."

p. 66, l. 368. "a stede;" in the French called "Blanchart le corant."

p. 67, l. 376. "nonkynsthynge." See note to l. 1080, below.

p. 67, l. 380. The names are not given in the French original.

p. 67, l. 397. Fr. "Celle en apelle Flandrine de Monbel,
Et ovec li Rosete de Ruissel."

p. 67, l. 401. "syle:" go, proceed. Compare *King Alexander*, p. 5: "With that the segge all himselfe *silis* to his chambre." *Allit. Poems*, B. 131: "Solased hem with semblaunt and *syled* fyrre," and *Avowynge of Arthur*, st. xvi.

p. 68, l. 412. "ane helme;" Fr. "l'elme Galatiuel."

p. 68, l. 421. Fr. "Au col li pendent .i. fort escu novel,
Blanc comme noif, à .i. vert lioncel,
Entre ses piez portoit .i. dragonnel."

p. 68, l. 423. "his stede;" in the French called "Migrados l'inel," but in l. 434, below, "Mekredose."

p. 68, l. 455. "ryde;" probably a slip for *ryfe* or *ryue*. For the rime compare ll. 904-5.

p. 68, l. 458. "lethirs;" the shield-belts; Fr. "les guiges," which Burguy explains as "lien, courroie, anse de l'écu, courroie par laquelle on suspendait l'écu autour du cou." "Assembled" in the next line is evidently a corruption, but what the true word is I cannot guess. The original has simply "rompent."

p. 68, l. 465. "NaseH;" O.Fr. *nasel;* L.Lat. "*nasale, nasile,* pars cassidis demissa, quæ nasum tegit." Ducange. The word occurs several times in *Guy of Warwick*, ed. Turnbull; as, for instance, l. 2062: "His hauberk was al to-tore,
And his *nasel* aualed bifore;"
and l. 9385: "þe *nasel* he carf atoo." See also ll. 4911, 4990, &c. Neither Stratmann nor Halliwell have the word.

p. 70, l. 476. "strade;" evidently the meaning is, ground. Can the word be for strate = A.S. *stræt?*

p. 70, l. 485. In the original French it is Charles who makes the exclamation: "Diex! dit li rois, com cist cop est pesant!"

p. 70, l. 490. "he said." See note to *Sege off Melayne*, l. 601.

p. 70, l. 499. "to helde;" to give way. See note to l. 822, and compare l. 549, below.

p. 71, l. 530. Fr. "Male honte ait qui de vos fist clerçon;
Ffaillé avez à ce premier sermon,
Ne savez pas bien lire la leçon.
Mès je sui metre, si le vos apenron.
S'ore te puis encontrer à bandon,
Tel te donrai sus ce hiaume réon,
Ke ne poras dire ne ou ne non."

p. 72, l. 549. "plye;" to bend, give way. Fr. "le cop fu grant, le paien fist ploier."

p. 72, l. 556. See note to l. 923, below.

p. 72, l. 563. "my swerde kan schere;" Fr. "bien est trenchant m'espée."

p. 73, l. 570. "leuede." The riming words show clearly that there is some corruption here. In l. 568 the rime can, of course, be easily corrected by reading *nefes*, but the true reading of the present line is not so clear. However, here is a suggestion. In *Laȝamon*, III. 143, we have, "þa nas þer na mare i þan fehte *to laue*," and p. 171: "þat noht no biȝ *to leue*," and in the A.S. version of St. John vi. 12: "gaderiaþ þa brytsma þe þar *to lafe* wæron." I would suggest then that the original word was *to-leues*, an adverbial form which, though I know no instance of it, may be conjectured on the analogy of *liues*."

p. 73, l. 587. Fr. "Les bras tendus se vont entrecolant."

p. 74, l. 612. Here in the French version follows the following passage:

"Son parrin fu Karles de Saint Denise,
Son nom li lessent ne li changierent mie.
Bautisé fu, si a sa loi grepie,
Si crut en Dieu le fix Sainte Marie."

Compare the account of the baptism of *Ferumbras*, where we are told that

"ys name ther y-chaunged was: & was ihote Florens,
ac þoȝ me tornde þar ys name: as þe manere was,
Euere ȝut after a baar þe same: & men cliped him."

p. 74, l. 618. "was;" probably we should read *nas;* cf. l. 522; *Ferumbras*, l. 1087.

p. 74, l. 628. Fr. "Por li aurez mult riche manantie." I do not understand the word "Powunce."

p. 75, l. 666. "Mi Cites brekes & bristes;" Fr. "mes chastels art e brise mes citez."

p. 76, l. 671. In the English version this passage is almost unintelligible, but the French assists us to clear up the difficulty. Charles, at the end of his address to his knights, asks their advice as to whether they should march against Garcy at once, or wait till the spring:

"Irrum nos i ainz que vienge estez,
U atendum treske yver seit passez?"

To this they reply:

"De merveille parlez.
Celui n'i a ne seit tut aprestez,
Mar i auera altre terme nomez."

Charles then agrees to postpone their departure till the following April. We thus see that "to fende of" probably means to postpone the expedition, although, if so, the next line appears inconsistent. I can, however, make nothing else of the passage. The Auchinleck MS. version reads:

"Whether wole we wenden oppon him anon,
Othir abide til winter be gon.
The duzzeperes acentenden þer to,
To bide til winter were i-do."

p. 76, l. 686. From the French version of the present passage, it is clear that the events which are being described are supposed to take place in December. (See remarks in Introduction, § 6.) The French settle down for the winter, and

> "or va decembre, si est passé jeneuers,
> Feverier e marz, e vient li tens leger."

But curiously enough the poem opens by saying that it was

> "à Pasques, si comme oï avon,
> Tint sa cour Kalles à Paris, sa meson."

The Auchinleck MS. version, following the Middlehill MS., corrects the slip, and says, l. 55, "Hit was Childermasse day" when Otuel arrived at Paris on his message.

p. 76, l. 688. In the French the names of the douzeperes are given as follows: Roland, Oliver, Anseis, Girard, Engelier, Estult, Turpin, Girard, Bertoloi, Otuel, Naymes, and Ogier. The English list, it will be noticed, only accounts for ten, nor do the names in the two lists correspond. See note to *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 259.

p. 77, l. 701. "By thowsande tale;" so that they might be counted by thousands. Compare Copland's *Guy of Warwick*, K ii:

> "Y see comming in a dale,
> Many a thousande Lumbarde *bi tale*."

p. 77, l. 702. "Mount Marteres;" Fr. "Munmartre."

p. 77, l. 709. "Semled." The same spelling occurs in *Sir Otuel*, p. 72: "Tho lette Garsie *asemlen* anon, alle hise saraȝins echon," and in *Torrent of Portugal*, 1066.

p. 77, l. 721. "forthirmaste;" the first; Fr. "Prim jor d'avril." Compare *Sege off Melayne*, l. 229.

p. 78, l. 736. Perhaps this line is really complete as it stands, and no word is lost by the tearing of the MS. We might then complete the next line by reading "ther wer[e still,]" or we might read "gentill [fre,]" and in l. 737, "were [three]," omitting the [A] in l. 738.

p. 78, l. 738. "A thousande;" Fr. "set cent."

p. 78, l. 740. "Mandely;" Fr. "Mungiu."

p. 78, l. 742. "Vertely;" Fr. "Vergels."

p. 78, l. 745. Fr. "Sur l'eve del Ton les a fait osteilier." The river is called "Roltane" in l. 756, below.

p. 78, l. 755. "A max de fer a fet les puelx piler,
A fortes bandes l'a fet mult bien fremer.
Ffors est li pons, bien s'i puet on fier."

p. 79, l. 784. In one MS. of the French version the names are given as, Barsamin, king of Nineveh, Corsabre, Escorfaut, and Clarel; in the other, that in the library of Sir T. Phillipps, the name Ascanars is substituted for that of Escorfaut. See l. 811, below.

p. 79, l. 790. See note to *Sege off Melayne*, l. 350.

p. 80, l. 798. The French version explains the cause of Clariel's desire to meet Roland, viz., that he might avenge the death of his brother

Samson of Monbrant, who had been slain by the French champion in a tournament at Pampeluna.

"Car si ocist Samsoinie de Monbrant,
Souz Pampelune, à .i. tornoiement;
Il est mon fraire, s'en ai le cuer dolent.
De duel morai si n'en preng vengement."

p. 80, l. 803. "faire" makes no sense, and I have no doubt we should read "of are," that is, "whom we spoke of just now."

p. 80, l. 806. "slees;" an instance of the northern form of the imperative mood.

p. 80, l. 811. Here in both French MSS. the Saracen king's name is given as Ascanars, the former name Escorfaut not occurring again.

p. 80, l. 812. See note to *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 473: "ryd þou to me wyþ a *cors of werre*."

p. 80, l. 815. Compare *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 5722: "Of þyne ne schalt þow lese noȝt, þe *worthy of a pere*;" and see note, *ibid.* l. 5442.

p. 80, l. 822. "Of horse he garte hym helde." Compare ll. 499 and 549, above, and *Horn Child*, &c. (Ritson's *Metrical Romances*, vol. iii.), l. 674: "Of his hors he made him *held*;" and *Morte Arthure*, ed. Furnivall, l. 261: "Galehodis party by-gan to *helde*." "To Helde: *vbi* to bowe."—*Cathol. Anglicum.* "Heldyn or bowyn. *Inclino, flecto, deflecto.*"—*Prompt. Parv.* For other instances see my note in the *Catholicon*, and *Sir Perceval*, l. 1671.

p. 81, l. 846. "lofesome vnder lyne;" literally, handsome, lovely in dress. The same expression occurs in *Sir Tristram*, iii. 47: "*lufsum under line.*" Compare ll. 861 and 1279, below.

p. 81, l. 847. "Melle;" his sword. Fr. "Treit at s'espée, Mellée la trenchant."

p. 81, l. 851. "A noble cheke here wonn hafe yee;" that is, you have won a noble victory. The French version reads: "Pernez mei vif, echec avez fait grant." "*Eschec.* A Checke at Chesse-play. *Donner eschec et mat à.* To subdue, conquer, overcome, surmount, surpasse, win, or get the better of."—Cotgrave.

p. 81, l. 861. "worthily vndir wede;" a very common phrase, and equivalent to well-looking in their armour. Compare *Sir Thopas*, 2107; *Amis and Amiloun*, pp. 370, 375, &c.; and see l. 846, above.

p. 82, l. 876. I take this line to mean that against the 1000 Saracens there were no more than the three French knights.

p. 82, l. 885. See note to *Sege off Melayne*, l. 396.

p. 82, l. 886. A very early instance of a phrase now very common.

p. 83, l. 895. "Sir Carpe;" Fr.—

"Carmel de Tabarie,
Un Sarazin qui tus les altres guie:
Bien est armé, si set sur Pennepie."

p. 83, l. 899. Fr.—

"Que dirrum nos à l'emperur Garsie?
Ke par .iii. hummes est si grant gent hunie?"

p. 83, l. 914. See note to *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 988. The French version gives the name of Oliver's sword as "Halteclere."

p. 83, l. 919. The French version is rather different. It runs:

> "Par le champ broche l'alfage de Nubie,
> Un Sarazin, que Dampnedeu maldie,
> Cusins fu il à la bele Alfamie."

The translator has apparently taken Alfamie, which is really the name of Clariel's mistress for the name of a knight. See note to l. 956, below.

p. 83, l. 923. "toppe ouer tayle." Compare ll. 556 and 1301. "Toppe ouer tayle; *precipitanter*. To cast Tope ouer Tayle; *precipitari*."—*Cath. Anglicum*. Gawin Douglas, in his translation of Virgil, Book VII. p. 221, has "quyte peruert or turnit *top ouer tale* Latinus houshald."

p. 84, l. 925. Compare *Guy of Warwick*, l. 10367: "The Kyng Anlafe *was* well *woo*:" *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 209, and *Genesis and Exodus*, 1033, "Jacob *was wo*." See *Sege of Melayne*, l. 559.

p. 84, l. 929. In the French Oliver seizes the horse of Sir Carpe:

> "si salt sur Pennepie
> Le bon destrier Carmel de Tabarie."

"too" has evidently been altered by the southern scribe from "ta."

p. 84, l. 941. "lefte the swete;" lost their lives. Compare Gawin Douglas, Virgil, *Æneados*, Bk. I. p. 29 (ed. 1710):

> "Quhar that the valiant Hectour *losit the swete*
> On Achilles speir."

The same expression occurs in the *Sege of Melayne*, l. 372. See also *Morte Arthure*, 2145 & 3360; *Allit. Poems*, C. 364; and *K. Alexander*, p. 105.

p. 84, l. 951. Fr.— "Vos nel poez tenser,
Ja li verrez tuz les membres colper."

p. 84, l. 952. "As anenthe the;" as against thee, so far as thou art concerned (*quod ad te attinet*). Compare *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 5877, and Wyclif, Mark x. 27: "*Anentis* men it is impossible, but not *anemptis* God; for all thingis ben possible *anemptis* God."

p. 84, l. 955. Fr. "Uit Sarazins a il fet demander."

p. 84, l. 956. "my leman);" Fr. "m'amie," named in the French "Alfamie," and in the present version, see l. 1324, below, "Alphayne." See also the quotation in note to l. 919, above.

p. 85, l. 967. "white as fame;" a very common simile. Compare, for instance, *Sir Degrevant*, l. 1385: "Towellus of Eylyssham, *whyȝth* as the seeys *fame*;" *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 3956:

> "þar cam an herte forþ reke, *As wyt as* melkys *fame*."

Isumbras, 262; and the quotation in Halliwell, p. 346.

p. 85, l. 976. "bute ne belde;" help nor refuge.

p. 85, l. 979. "glotouns;" a common term of reproach or abuse. See *Sir Ferumbras*, ll. 164, 1633, and 3841.

p. 86, l. 990. Fr. "ore vos conuis assez."

p. 86, l. 993. Fr.—

"D'une herbe duce li donent à mangier,
Ke Deu méisme planta en sun vergier;
Seine at à nun, tel pot hum préiser.
Cil dormi tost, qui en at grant mester,
Quant il s'esveille, si se sent tut legier,
E plus fu sein que prune de pruner."

Compare the similar incident in *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 1386.

p. 86, l. 1001. "þay fuH harde handilde ware." Compare Barbour's *Bruce*, ed. Skeat, x. 693: "The Erll wes *handlyt* thair so hat;" and Coverdale, *Proverbs*, xxiv. 28: "I wil *handle* him, euen as he hath dealte with me."

p. 87, l. 1032. "thethey." (?) the meaning is evidently rash, hasty, but I cannot account for the form.

p. 87, l. 1008. "boun;" prepared, ready. Icel. *buinn*, p.p. of *bua*, to prepare.

"þai bad þat bald men suld be *boune*,
To haue hir tite out of þe toune."

Legends of the Holy Rood, p. 81.

"He wold be *boun* bleþeli þe bold batayle to hold."

William of Palerne, 1144.

p. 87, 1035. "At hir awenn) Fyndynge;" Fr. "Que Belesent a tuz à sun manjer."

p. 87, l. 1037. "Florence;" Fr. "Flori."

p. 87, l. 1052. "gramaungere." I can only explain this word by supposing it to mean gluttony, greediness. In the French version the line runs: "Quidez vos sul les paienz tuz mangier."

p. 87, l. 1053. "vnder-tone;" evidently the riming words originally were *ane*, *ane*, *vnder-tane*, *slayne*.

p. 88, l. 1060. "ynglere;" Fr. "Engillers."

p. 88, l. 1065. "hounde;" a very common term of abuse, applied by the Christians to the Saracens, and *vice versâ*.

p. 88, l. 1066. "carefull." Compare *Sir Ferumbras*, ll. 1115 and 5221, and notes, and *Song of Roland*, l. 605.

p. 88, l. 1067. Fr. "Monjoie! escrie, ferez i, chevalier!"

p. 88, l. 1080. "nonekyns dere;" injury of no kind. Compare *P. Plowman*, B. xi. 185: "none kynnes riche;" and see Prof. Skeat's note to C. xi. 128. In l. 376 we have "nonkynsthynge" = no kind of thing. See also l. 125 above.

p. 89, l. 1084. Fr.—

"A la rescousse vint poignant Ysorez,
Gautier de Termes et Girart l'alosez."

p. 89, l. 1112. "Qede;" the devil. Compare *Guy of Warwick*, l. 8214.

p. 90, l. 1117. "a turke;" in the French "Arapater .i. Turc de Floriant," who, we afterwards learn, was a kinsman of Otuel's.

p. 90, l. 1124. Fr. "François reculent plus de demi arpent."

p. 90, l. 1125. "Ane Almayne;" Fr. "Droon l'Alemant."

p. 90, l. 1126. "G[r]auntere;" Fr. "Girart d'Orleens." In the next

line Otes and Rayner are additions of the translator. On the former name see note to l. 67, above.

p. 90, l. 1129. Here the translator has passed over some 50 lines of the French original, in which are narrated the death of Arapater at the hands of Otuel, and the discomfiture and flight of the Saracens, who are met by a reinforcement of 20,000 men. Clariel then retires within Attalie, and, mounting on the battlements, demands Otuel's name. Otuel tells him, and they then agree to fight their duel the next morning, the day being too far advanced to do so at once.

p. 90, l. 1140. In the French Otuel adds that he is "fix Galien: ma mere ot nom Ludie."

p. 91, l. 1151. "wichede;" Fr. "enchanté."

p. 91, l. 1157. "pye;" a pea. Fr.—

"tot tes Dez ne valent une alie.
mal dehez alit tote lor compaignie,
car il ne valent une pome porrie." See l. 222, above.

p. 91, l. 1163. Fr.—

"Le Sarrasins li a levé le doi,
Et Otinel li otria sa foi
Que la bataille ne remaindra en soi."

p. 91, l. 1171. Compare *Sir Triamour*, l. 468: "hur sone was feir of *hide and hewe*." The phrase occurs again in l. 1230, below.

p. 91, l. 1174. See note to *Sege off Melayne*, l. 1171. The French reads: "La fille Karle li cerche les costez,
Que il ne soit ne plaiez ne naffrez."

p. 91, l. 1178. "lett;" lighted, Fr. "sont les feux alumez."

p. 92, l. 1180. Fr. "les morz conroient."

p. 92, l. 1187. "wooke." This form occurs in Chaucer, *Knightes Tale*, l. 535.

p. 92, l. 1199. Here in the original we have the following description of Clariel:

"N'ot si bel home de ci en Oriant,
.XV. piez a, quant il est en estant."

The account of his armour and of his procession through the town is an addition of the English translator.

p. 92, ll. 1201-2. "hede: by-wevede." See note to *Sege off Melayne*, l. 329. "by-wevede;" entwined, worked round with. Compare *Alisaunder*, l. 1085:

"The croune of gold *bywened*, He set on his fadir heved;"

and the *Old Eng. Misc.*, ed. Morris, p. 140:

"Mid on red mantel þu were *bywened*,
Crune of þornes þu heuedest on heued."

p. 92, l. 1208. The subject pronoun, *they*, is omitted, as is so frequently the case in this poem. See note to *Sege of Melayne*, l. 27.

p. 93, l. 1228. "Naymes;" the French adds, "li barbez." See *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 2204.

p. 93, l. 1230. See note to l. 1171, above.

p. 93, l. 1238. "thore;" this form occurs in *Havelok*, l. 922; *Genesis and Exodus*, l. 211, &c.

p. 94, l. 1250. "folde;" I do not understand this word. The French reads:

"Tu diz que forsenez,
Ne faiz acroire, trop as tes jurs usez."

p. 94, l. 1252. "crounkilde;" wrinkled, withered.

p. 94, l. 1254. A nearly literal translation of the French, "si est le poil mellez;" that is, mixed with white.

p. 94, l. 1265. Fr.—

"Clarel me dit, comme fol assotez,
Que rien ne vaut sainte crestientez."

p. 94, l. 1266. The phrase has already occurred, l. 345, above.

p. 95, l. 1279. See note to l. 846, above.

p. 95, l. 1278. In the French is a much longer account of the process of arming Otuel:

"Ou dos li vest .i. bon hauberc doublier,
On chief li lace l'elme au roi Galier,
Qu'en Babiloine conquist au guerroier,
Et Corrosouse li çaint li fiex Renier;
Onques nul fevre ne pot meillor forgier.
Au col li pent .i. escu de quartier;
Estout de Langres li va l'espié baillier,
Le fer fu bon, le fust fu d'un lorier.
Uns esperons li chauça Olivier,
Et Belissent si li tint son destrier,
Et Otinel l'ala .iii. foiz baisier."

p. 95, l. 1287. "Monthe;" perhaps a mistake for *mirthe*, or should we read *mouthe* = songs, mirth?

p. 95, l. 1290. Compare the Poem on the times of Ed. II., pr. in Wright's *Polit. Songs*, p. 340:

"al þat whilom was murþe
is turned to *treie and tene*;"

and the *Old Eng. Homilies*, ed. Morris, i. 193:

"Mid ham is muruhðe moniuold wið-ute *teone and treie*."

We have the phrase repeated in l. 1518, below.

p. 95, l. 1298. See note to l. 812, above.

p. 95, l. 1301. See note to l. 923, above.

p. 96, l. 1319. Fr.— "La lievre enporte et trestot le joier,
Si que les denz véissiez blanchoier."

p. 96, l. 1341. In Lincolnshire and some other of the northern counties "gain" is still used in the sense of near, ready; as "the gain way," the nearest, shortest way.

p. 97, l. 1346. In the French Alphayne is represented as torturing Ogier in revenge for the death of Clariel.

p. 97, l. 1354. I do not understand this line, and the French original does not throw any light upon it.

p. 97, l. 1356. The French original has here a passage omitted by the

translator. Charles is represented as entrusting to Naymes the chief command in the coming battle, and making him a present of his charger Volant, and, in addition, of five manors in France.

p. 97, l. 1357. "Sir Barlott of perse;" Fr. "Florient de Sulie."

p. 97, l. 1366. "he askede leue;" Fr. "a demandé le gant." Compare the *Song of Roland*, l. 482.

p. 97, l. 1368. "theire bothere dede;" the death of both of them. Compare "to *ȝunnken baþre* gode," *Ormulum*, 6183; "to deme *hir botheres* riȝte," *P. Plowman*, B. xviii. 37; and note to *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 677.

p. 98, l. 1392. "his lyfe was hym fuƕ gnede;" was wanting to him. The expression occurs again, l. 1422, below. Compare *Sir Perceval*, 607: "He made thame gammene *fulle gnede*."

p. 98, l. 1393. This episode does not occur in the French original. In fact, the remaining portion of the poem differs so considerably from the French that it is difficult at times to trace the connection between them. The translator appears as if he had become tired of his task and anxious to get to the end of it. Thus, although the remaining part of the French original extends to nearly 500 lines, the English version only covers about 200.

p. 99, l. 1408. "fuƕ gud wone;" good plenty. Compare *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 3571, "delte strokes *ful god won*." See also another instance of the phrase in *Guy of Warwick*, l. 11098: "sende hym strokys *gode won*;" and the editor's note on the derivation of *wone* on p. 444.

p. 99, l. 1410. "wandrethe;" sorrow, misery. O.Icel. *vandræði*. The word is not very common, but it occurs in *Layamon*, 12,511: "mid *wandreðe* and mid fare;" in *Ormulum*, 4846: "Onnȝæn all þatt *wanndraþ* & wa;" and a few other passages. In Small's *Metrical Homilies*, p. 21, l. 8, we have: "Folc sal thol *wandreth* and ten."

p. 99, l. 1418. "slakkes & in slade." Compare *Anturs of Arther*, st. xxiii.: "in a *slac* thou schalle be slayn;" and *Sir Degrevant*, l. 333: "He laf slawe in a *slak* fforty score on a pak."

p. 99, l. 1420. "fade;" heavily, strongly. Compare *Sir Perceval*, 616: "þofe þat he were *fadde*;" but ? read *sade*.

p. 99, l. 1422. See note to l. 1392, above.

p. 99, l. 1424. "horse;" this word is a true plural. See *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 5827.

p. 100, l. 1445. "the kynges Sone of Alphane;" that is, the son of the king of Alphane. See note to the *Sege off Melayne*, l. 1129.

p. 100, l. 1450. "Cursabolee;" Fr. "Corsabrez." In the present version, l. 1483, he is called "Cresable."

p. 100, l. 1457. "wele ane alblastire schott & mare;" Fr.—

> "Ariere sont noz François reculez
> .Xiii. arpenz et demi mesurez:
> Paiens les ont durement malmenez."

p. 100, l. 1459. "vn-ryde." This word means severe, enormous, huge, or numerous. In *Guy of Warwick* we find it applied to strokes, spears, an army, a body, land, &c. See Prof. Zupitza's note to l. 1647.

p. 100, l. 1466. "Sir Erym sone;" the son of Sir Erym. In the French he is called "Hardouin," and it is added that he "novelement ot esté adobez." In our version (see l. 1469) he is called "Naymere."

p. 100, l. 1477. "relyed." Compare *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 963:

"Wiþ þat þe Sarsyns *reliede* hem þer."

p. 100, l. 1483. "Cresable;" Fr. "Corsable." Compare l. 1450, above.

p. 100, l. 1486. "Aymere." In the French original, "Hardouin." See l. 1466, above.

p. 100, l. 1499. "thilke folde;" so in the MS., but there is no doubt that we should read "*thikke* folde." Compare *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 583, and l. 1108, above. It is, at times, almost impossible to distinguish between *lk* and *kk* in MSS. In l. 1538 we have "thik folde." Compare *Guy of Warwick*, l. 3329, "paynyms *thyckfolde*," and the editor's note.

p. 102, l. 1505. "Dubbide þam selfe to knyghte;" that is, earned knighthood for themselves by their courage and feats.

p. 102, l. 1510. See ll. 1392 and 1422, above.

p. 102, l. 1518. See note to l. 1290, above.

p. 102, ll. 1531-6. This episode is an addition of the English translator.

p. 103, l. 1538. "thik folde;" cf. l. 1108, above.

p. 103, l. 1545. "heghte;" Fr. "de .v. paiens est tozjors bien guetiez."

p. 103, l. 1546. In the Auchinleck version Ogier is assisted secretly by "a noble skuier . . . swithe prieueliche and stille." He provides him with arms and a horse, and they both escape from the city "abouten mid niȝt." In the French original Ogier begs of his guards to loosen his chains, as they hurt him. They refuse, threatening him with worse still, when Charles is defeated. The Danish hero, by a great exertion, bursts his chains, kills his five guards, and escapes.

p. 103, l. 1547. "a nastell shide;" an astell shide, a beam or baulk of timber. "Astelle, a schyyd (astyl schyde). *Teda, astula, cadia.*" Prompt. Parv. Cooper renders *assula* by "A chip or lathe, a slise of anything."

p. 103, l. 1552. "þuoghe;" *sic* in MS. Probably we should read "ynoghe," or it may be a mistake for "toughe."

p. 103, l. 1555. "Kayres;" hurried, hastened. Compare *William of Palerne*, l. 373: "þe kouherde *kaired* to his house;" and *P. Plowman*, Prol. 29: "in contre to *cairen* aboute." "Troiell þar torfer titly beheld, *Kayres* euyn to the kyng." *Destruction of Troy*, l. 9894.

p. 104, l. 1573. In the original Garcy surrenders to Roland, who comes up at the moment when the Saracen is about to yield. He is thrown into prison, where he dies. In Mr. Fillingham's MS. he is converted to Christianity. See Ellis, *Metr. Rom.* II. 344.

p. 104, l. 1584. In the original the wedding of Belesent and Otuel takes place immediately after the capture of Attale, and before the return of the French army to Paris.

NOTES TO SONG OF ROLAND.

p. 107, l. 7. The passage appears to be hopelessly beyond explanation. There is nothing whatever in the original French to help us.

p. 107, l. 22. "statis." Compare *Gesta Romanorum*, p. 3: "When þe Meyre and þe *statys* sawe þis doyng," &c.

p. 108, l. 33. "If." The word is indistinct in the MS., but probably we should read "He."

p. 108, l. 43. "againste his comyng;" before, in preparation for. So in the *Seven Sages*, l. 1488, the Empress debates: "How scho myght *agayens* nyght, Fonden a tale al newe."

Properly *tymbring* would be playing on a timbrel, but here it is probably used in a general way for playing of music. "I tymber, I playe on an instrument or a tymber. *Je timbre.* The maydens of London were wonte to tymber more than they do nowe."—Palsgrave. "*Trymlinge of tabers*" answers best perhaps to our "beating of tattoos."

p. 109, l. 69. "to toun." See note to l. 908.

p. 109, l. 70. See Introduction, § 14.

p. 109, l. 81. In the original the dream is thus told:

"Sunjat qu'il eret al greignurs porz de Fizer
Entre ses poinz teneit sa hanste fraisnine;
Guenes li quens l'ad sur lui saisie,
Par tel aïr l'at estrussée et brandie
Qu'envers le cel en volent les escicles."

p. 109, l. 92. "ferre in fraunce;" Fr. "à sa capele ad Ais."

p. 110, l. 97. "lier;" the flesh. "*Pulpa*, lira," Wright's Vol. of Vocab. p. 71.

p. 110, l. 99. Fr.— "Devers Ardene vit venir uns leuparz,
Sun cors démenie, mult fièrement asalt."

p. 110, l. 104. "tell" would here seem to mean think over, reflect on. In the original Charles does not relate his dreams to any one at this time.

p. 110, l. 114. The meaning of this and the three following lines is tolerably easy to guess at, but it is almost impossible to explain them clearly. "Aspendid" seems = a spedid = have fared.

p. 110, l. 121. In the original French Charles' speech occupies but two lines: "Veez les porze les destreiz passages,
Kar me jugez ki ert en l'arère-guarde."

p. 110, l. 124. "on bost;" perhaps "he on loft" = high aloft.

p. 111, l. 141. "proud in pres." Compare *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 5520:

"In þe feld leye þay with wondes wyde,
Þat arst wer *prout on pres*."

p. 111, l. 147. Fr. "Vos estes vifs diables."

p. 111, l. 168. "luen." I can make nothing of this word, which is very indistinct in the MS., perhaps *men* was meant.

p. 111, l. 196. "knawe;" knave, lad. A.S. *cnafa*. So in *Alisaunder*, l. 7968: "knight, swain, and *knave*." Compare also l. 909 below: "here is no *knave* but I will mak hym knyght."

p. 111, l. 202. Here are given ten names of knights, and in l. 206 are mentioned "oþer iiij" whose names are not stated, making a total of 14 knights. But beside this, in ll. 214—18 are named 11 others, some of whom will be recognised as sometimes included amongst the douzeperes. And last, but certainly not least, although the part which he takes in the present poem is very slight indeed, at l. 811 we have the name of Turpin, the chivalrous and undaunted archbishop of Rheims.[1] It is therefore clear that it is utterly impossible to make up a list of the douzeperes, properly so called, so far as the present poem is concerned.

p. 113, l. 218. "Richard;" Fr. "Girarz de Roussillon."

p. 111, l. 226. "tutlers." Compare *P. Plowman*, B. xx. 297: "Alle taletellers and tyterers in ydel," where one MS. reads *tutelers;* and *Ancren Riwle*, p. 212: "te deouel leieð his lutel adun to his earen, & *tuteleð* him al þet he euer wule." "Totelon talys (totelyn, totylyn tale in onys ere). *Susurro*."—*Prompt. Parv.*

p. 114, l. 254. "let vs ouer-slid;" let us pass over, pass on. I know of no other instance of the word in this sense, except perhaps *William of Palerne*, l. 3519: "þe þroli þouȝt þat him meued, þer-of þat ilk time sone he let *ouer-slide*." *over-skip* and *over-hop* are used in the same sense.

p. 114, l. 271. "my nouȝ;" myn own = my own. See note to *Otuel*, p. 64, l. 288. Compare *Guy of Warwick*, l. 1142. "my nowne," l. 1807, "þy nowne," l. 7805; "my neme" = "min eam."

p. 115, l. 290. "thryngid." The meaning is evidently completely covered, loaded, but I know no other instance of the use of the word.

p. 115, l. 303. "wise;" guide, lead. A.S. *wisian*. "I shal *wisse* ȝow witterly þe weye."—*P. Plowman*, B. v. 562. "Wyssyñ or ledyñ. *Dirigo*."—*Prompt. Parv.*

p. 116, l. 312. "as It semyd best." I understand this to mean "as seems most probable."

p. 116, l. 313. "the;" *sic* in MS. read, "the[n]."

p. 116, l. 324. "he shakis down by a schaw;" hurries, hastens. Compare *Morte Arthure*, 1213:

"He somond than the schippemene scharpely thereaftyre.
To *schake* forthe with the schyre mene to schifte the gudez."

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[1] M. Gaston Paris is wrong in stating at p. 155 of his *Histoire Poétique* that Turpin's name does not occur in the poem.

p. 117, l. 344. "hir;" evidently a mistake for "his."

p. 117, l. 360. "with out;" so in MS., but evidently we should read "with our."

p. 117, l. 376. "hethen hound;" a common expression of contempt used by the Christians to the Saracens. See note to *Destruction of Troy*, 2921; "to *schake* over lande," and *Guy of Warwick*, 5512.

p. 118, l. 389. "his shuld for euer." I can make nothing of this line.

p. 118, l. 390. "doluyn;" buried. Compare *Genesis and Exodus*, 2718: "He *dalf* him in ðe sond;" and 1893:

"Ysaac quan he was hold
.ix. score yer and fiue told
Was *doluen* on ðat stede."

p. 118, l. 399. "and hathe brewid bale in this ilkay stound." Compare *Minot*, p. 24: "A Braban *brewed that bale;*" and Wright's *Political Songs*, p. 69: "Let him habbe, ase he *brew*, *bale* to dryng."

p. 118, l. 405. "hardref." In *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 4076, "Hardree."

p. 119, l. 421. "ryll." I do not understand this word.

p. 119, l. 422. "cleves." Compare *Layamon*, ii. 451: "In þan wilde *cleues* holes he sechеþ;" and *Morte Arthure*, l. 2396: "Here es a knyghte in theis *klevys*, enclesside with hilles."

p. 119, l. 434. "righte;" read "rightes."

p. 120, l. 452. "splayd;" displayed, unfolded. O.Fr. *esployer*. The omission of the preposition in words from the Romance is very common. Compare *saut* and *assault*, *pele* and *appeal*, *scape* and *escape*, *stroy* and *destroy*, *say* and *asay*, &c.

p. 120, l. 455. "It was in euery mannes ere," &c. I take this to be equivalent to our expression, it was in every man's mouth, every one spoke of it. "And not to seche" = it was not hard to find, it had not to be sought for. Compare Tusser, *Husbandry*, ch. x. st. 24.

p. 120, l. 464. There is evidently some corruption in this line. We should expect to read *deffende*.

p. 120, l. 467. "x Ml. by taile." Compare note to p. 77, l. 701.

p. 120, l. 470. "he ys;" read "be ye."

p. 120, l. 482. Compare *Roland and Otuel*, l. 1366.

p. 121, l. 487. Comparing this line with l. 686, below, it would seem as if the translator had mistaken the French adj. *Barbarins* for a proper name. The original has:

"Uns reis i est, si ad num Corsablix,
Barbarins est d'un estrange païs."

p. 121, l. 490. "sonyst off oþer;" before all the others.

p. 121, l. 512. "ther-hendis;" thereabouts, close there. Fr. "Oliver est desur un pin muntel." See M. Gaston Paris, *Hist. Poet.* p. 273, note 2.

p. 122, l. 531. "couerd;" lit. recoverd, so brought back.

p. 122, l. 534. "Abid, quod Roland," &c. Fr.—

"Tais, Oliver, li quens Rollans respunt;
Mis parrastre est, ne voeill que mot en suns."

p. 122, l. 537. This and the three next lines appear almost hopelessly

corrupt. The first line probably belongs to Oliver's answer to Roland's question ; l. 539 I take to mean "when our array is broken, then it will be time," &c.

p. 122, l. 547. "it is vs on hond ;" it is close at hand for us.

p. 122, l. 556. "ouer course ;" beyond or out of measure, excessively.

p. 123, l. 561. "Have you had any bone broken, or has any harm befallen you ?"

p. 123, l. 571. Fr.— "Dient Franceis : Dehet ait ki s'en fuit !
Jà pur murir ne vus en faldrat uns."

p. 123, l. 573. "as I dem sheld." I take this to mean, as I should advise or recommend.

p. 123, l. 577. "let vs further fonge," let vs move, venture further. I know of no other instance of *fonge* in this sense, but *fonde*, AS., *fundian*, is not uncommon. Compare *Pierce the Ploughman's Crede*, l. 408 : "I mot hepen *fonden*," *Owl and Nightingale*, 719 : "þider *fundeþ* evrich man," &c.

p. 123, l. 579. "roun." ?

p. 123, l. 580. "diskid." ?

p. 123, l. 585. Evidently the meaning is, that each of the French offered a quantity of gold : perhaps we should read *then* for *them*.

p. 123, l. 589. "rusche." I don't understand this word. We should have expected *reste*.

p. 124, l. 596. "geton ;" a banner, properly two yards in length.

p. 124, l. 597. "do ;" done, fastened.

p. 124, l. 605. "carfull ;" piteous. See note to *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 1115.

p. 124, l. 606. "wise ;" guide. See note to l. 303, above.

p. 124, l. 612. There seems to be a word wanting at the end of the line.

p. 124, l. 619. "bown ;" ready. See note to *Roland and Otuel*, l. 1008.

p. 124, l. 637. "is ;" probably we should read "in."

p. 125, l. 638. "Wit it thy nown werk ;" know, be assured that it is thy own doing. See note to *Sege off Melayne*, l. 698, and compare *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 5127.

p. 125, l. 650. "rose ;" boast. See note to *Sege off Melayne*, p. 31, l. 956.

p. 125, l. 657. Compare *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 2231, and l. 786, below.

p. 126, l. 667. "be that ;" by that time. See *Sege off Melayne*, p. 9, l. 253.

p. 126, l. 671. "bround ;" a brand, sword.

p. 126, l. 686. "barbarins ;" see note to l. 487.

p. 126, l. 688. "Nemys ;" in the original French, Turpin.

p. 127, l. 707. "sought." I do not understand this word. The three lines appear to mean that Kastor's coat of arms was gules, three garlands or.

p. 128, l. 756. "hete ;" time. Compare *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 2762 :

"Capouns y-bake al-so tok he, foure in þilke *hete*," and *Destruction of Troy*, 10,288: "Miche harme in þat *hete* happit to falle." See also *ibid.* l. 9523; and *Sir Degrevant*, l. 1272.

p. 128, l. 770. Compare *Sir Generides* (Roxb. Club), l. 5904:

"the king
. . . made there many an *hurtling*
Forto lete him his swerd to take;"

and *Ancren Riwle*, p. 166: "mid a lutel *hurtlinge* ȝe muhten al nor leosen." See also Sir T. Maleor's *Prince Arthur*, ed. 1816, i. 18. "Hurtelin to-gedur. *Collidere.*"—*Prompt. Parv.*

p. 129, l. 774. "I-sweld;" see note to *Sege off Melayne*, ll. 70, 79.

p. 129, l. 775. The heathen in that army met with ill hap.

p. 129, l. 786. Compare l. 657, above.

p. 129, l. 792. "o manys syne." The passage is evidently corrupt. Probably we should read "by o man syne;" the misreading *manys* doubtless arose from the scribe's eye being caught by that word in the preceding line.

p. 129, l. 795. "An hauchler;" most probably a corruption of *hautecler*, the name of Oliver's sword. See note to *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 988.

p. 130, l. 837. Compare *Coventry Mysteries*, p. 207: "With sum myst his wittys to *merke*."

p. 131, l. 848. Here is the French description of the storm:

"En France en ad mult merveillus turment,
Orez i ad de tuneire e de vent,
Pluies e gresilz desmesuréement.
Chiedent i fuldres e menut e suvent,
E tenemoete ço i ad veirement.
De Seint Michel de Paris josqu'as Seinz,
De Besentun tresqu'as porz de Guitsand,
N'en ad recet dunt del mur ne cravent.
Cuntre midi ténébres i ad granz;
N'i ad clartet se li cels ne n'i fent;
Hume ne l'veit ki mult ne s'esspaent.
Dient plusor: 'Ço est li definement,
La fin del sècle ki nus est en present.'
Il ne l'sevent ne dient veir nient:
Ço est li granz dulors por la mort de Rollant."

p. 132, l. 892. "suele." I do not understand this word: ? = proud.

p. 132, l. 902. "At;" that. Compare *Metrical Homilies*, p. 73: "Sainte Makary hard say, *At* thai wald come;" and *Legends of the Holy Rood*, p. 109: "þai come tille him þat ilk niȝt *atte* þai sulde on þe morne fiȝt." See also *Sir Degrevant*, l. 1200.

p. 132, l. 908. "Cum agayn to toun;" the expression simply means return home, come back. Compare *Sir Thopas*, l. 2028:

"How Sir Thopas with sydes smale,
Priking ouer hil and dale
Is *come agayn to toune*."

and Wright's *Lyric Poetry*: "Lenten ys *come* wiþ loue *to toune*." "Cyman to *vel* in tune, *venire ad vicem vel in vice sua*." Lye, A.S. Dict. Compare l. 69, above.

p. 132, l. 909. See note to l. 196, above.

p. 133, l. 920. "A had;" have had.

p. 133, l. 928. "Was there never man who fought so bravely."

p. 133, l. 931. Fr.—

"Un Sarrazin i out de Sarraguce
De la citel l'une meitet est sue :
Ço est Climborins, ki pas ne fut produme ;
Fiance prist de Guenelun le cunte,
Par amistiet l'en baisat en la buche,
Si l'en dunat s'espée e s'escarbuncle."

p. 133, l. 940. "euer." The rime shows "ere."

p. 134, l. 953. "dalabern of valern;" Fr. "un paien Valdabrun."

p. 134, l. 955. "with a gyn;" Fr. "par traïsun."

p. 134, l. 964. Fr.—

"D'Affrike i ad un African venut :
Ço est Malquiant le filz al rei Malcud ;
Si guarnement sunt tut à or batud.
Cuntre le ciel sur tuz les altres luist,
Siet el ceval qu'il cleimet Salt-Perdut."

p. 134, l. 968. "Amys of almayn;" Fr. "Ansés."

p. 134, l. 976. "Then went cadwen," &c. Fr.—

"Del altre part est un paien Grandonies
Filz Capuel le rei de Capadoce neez . . . ."

p. 134, l. 978. Fr. "Plus est isnels que n'est oisel ki volet."

p. 134, l. 982. "berenger and g[uyon];" Fr. "E Berenger e Guiun de Seint-Antoine."

p. 135, l. 989. "peyssant;" a gorget of mail or plate attached to the helmet. See Halliwell, *s. v.* Pesane.

"He bitt hym evene on the nekk-bane,
Thurgh ventale and *pesane*."—*Sir Perceval*, 1722.

In Tytler's *Hist. of Scotland*, ii. 369, is quoted an order from *Acts of Scottish Parl.*, ii. 362, under date 1540, that "All persons whose fortune was below a hundred pounds of yearly rent, were to have a jack, or a halkrick, or brigantine, and gloves of plate, with *pesane* and gorget." See also the *Anturs of Arthur*, ed. Robson, xlv. 11: "He girdus to Syr Gauane, Throȝhe ventaylle and *pusane*."

"vnredly;" violently, furiously. See Glossary to *Sir Ferumbras*, *s. v. v.* Ounride and Vnride, and note to *Roland and Otuel*, l. 1459.

p. 135, l. 1000. "whos the feld was, none myght know." We still use the phrases "to win or lose the field," that is, the battle. Compare *Torrent of Portugal*, 114 :

"Now God, that dyed appon a rode,
Strengithe hym both bone and blod,
The *fyld* for to haue;"

and *Arthur*, l. 480 :

> " To God be euere alle honourez !
> The *falde* was hys & Arthourez."

So in the *Chronicle of Grey Friars of London* (Camd. Soc.), p. 21 : " xxxviij A°. Thys yere was another *felde* at sent Albons, and the *felde* at Northamtone, and at Wakefelde, and at Mortymers crosse, anno M'ccccxvj."

p. 135, l. 1003. " schill ;" shrilly, loudly. A.S. *scyll.* Compare *William of Palerne*, 3831 : " þe king of spayne gan crie keneli & *schille.*" Compare also *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 3020.

p. 136, l. 1043. It is singular that Roland should here propose to send a messenger after Charles, instead of blowing his horn, which would be at once a speedier and a safer mode of recalling him.

For the completion of the romance see Introduction, Appendix, p. xxxvi.

GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

The references are in every case to page and line, thus 45/1384 means p. 45, l. 1384.

pr. (or *pt.*) *s.* = present (or past) tense, 3rd person singular.
pr. (or *pt.*) *pl.* = present (or past) tense, 3rd person plural.

M = Sege of Melayne. O = Roland and Otuel.
R = The Song of Roland.

ABOFFE, *adv.* M. 45/1384, above.

ACCORDEMENT, *sb.* R. 119/430, agreement, reconciliation.

ACTON, *sb.* M. 30/917, a leathern jacket worn under a coat of mail.

AGAINSTE, *prep.* R. 108/43, in preparation for, before.

A-GLACE = A-GLANCE, *adv.* M. 43/1347, gliding, passing. See *Guy of Warwick*, l. 5067.

ALBLASTIRE, *sb.* O. 100/1457, a cross-bow; Lat. *arcubalistam.*

ALTHERE, *adj.* M. 28/870, of all; þaire althere = of them all.

AMONGE, *adv.* R. 130/868; M. 19/563, here and there, in places, at times.

"Amonge, or sum tyme. *Interdum, quandoque.*"—Prompt. Parv.

We find the expression so late even as Shakspere:

"And lusty lads roam here and there
So merrily,
And *ever among* so merrily."

ANENTHE, *prep.* O. 84/952, lit. opposite to, hence, as regards. *See note.*

APPELLE, 1 *pr. s.* O. 66/343, charge.

ARE, *sb.* M. 43/1341, mercy, sake. A.S. *ár.*

ARE, *adv.* M. 31/969, before, at first. A.S. *ær.*

ARESTE, *pt. s.* M. 9/250, seized.

ASCRYE, *vb.* M. 48/1502, utter the war-cry at, challenge.

ASPENDID, *pp.* R. 110/116. *See note.*

AT, *conj.* R. 132/902, that, when.

AT, *prep.* O. 97/1366, of, from.

AUGHTE, *pt. s.* O. 67/406, owned.

A-VAUNTEDE, *pt. s.* M. 51/1575, advanced, promoted.

AUENAUNTE, *adj.* M. 30/920, pleasant, beautiful.

AVENAUNTE, *sb.* O. 66/359, pleasure, pleasing.

AUENTALE, *sb.* O. 66/357, the moveable part in the front of the helmet.

A-VOYDE, *vb.* O. 68/440, clear.

AYE, *sb.* O. 62/222, egg. A.S. *æg.*

AYWHILLS, *conj.* M. 26/798, until.

BAILE, *sb.* R. 122/553, ruin, harm.

BALE, *sb.* M. 16/488, a funeral pile. A.S. *bæl*, but see note.

BALE, *sb.* O. 80/858, woe, ruin.

BAPTISTE, *pp.* O. 90/1143, baptised.

BARETT, *sb.* O. 99/1427, fighting, struggle.

BARRES, *sb.* M. 37/1159, 41/1278, barriers, rampart; *oute barres* = the outer rampart.

Basched, *pt. s.* R. 110/117, frightened, alarmed.

Batelle, *sb.* M. 12/365, army.

Batells, *pl.* O. 90/1124, battalions.

Bayli, *sb.* M. 5/131. Bayllee, O. 74/632, government.

Bayne, *adj.* M. 7/186, ready.

Bede, *vb.* M. 47/1464, offer.

Bee, *vb.* M. 37/1161, be, remain.

Be-hight, 1 *pt. s.* R. 119/418, promised.

Bekyre, *vb.* M. 7/186, fight. Bekirs, *pr. pl.* M. 41/1293.

Belde, *sb.* O. 85/976, help, protection.

Beldis, *pr. pl.* M. 48/1496, take courage, become bold. A.S. *bealdian.*

Be-lyfe, *adv.* O. 84/929, quickly, at once.

Bemes, *sp. pl.* R. 121/507, trumpets. A.S. *beme.*

Bent, *sb.* M. 9/271, field, grass.

Bere, *sb.* O. 60/183, noise, disturbance.

Bern, *sb.* R. 113/237, man, knight.

Beryns, *sb. pl.* M. 9/275, men.

Bese, *pr. s.* M. 23/698, is.

Bessant, *sb.* R. 118/411, coin, money. Properly a coin of Byzantium.

Be-swyke, *vb.* M. 22/663, deceive, betray.

Be-teche, 1 *pr. s.* R. 125/663, commend, commit; R. 130/842, assure, promise.

Beten, *pp.* R. 115/287, inlaid. Bett, *pp.* O. 68/417; M. 21/641, inlaid, ornamented.

Bettant, O. 66/356, ? beaten gold.

Bigged, *pp.* O. 63/275, built.

Blane, *pt. s.* O. 102/1510, stopt, ceased. *See* Blyn.

Ble, *sb.* R. 127/708. Blee, M. 44/359, colour, look. A.S. *bleo.*

Blenchid, *pt. s.* R. 118/402, blinked.

Blenkede, *pt. s.* M. 44/1359, changed.

Blif, *adv.* R. 125/652. Blyf, 127/703, quickly, readily.

Blonkes, *sb. pl.* M. 9/254, steeds; properly of a white colour.

Blyn, *imp. s.* R. 122/534. Blyne, 1 *pr. s.* M. 15/452, cease, leave off. A.S. *blinnan.*

Bodys, *sb. pl.* R. 111/146, promises, engagements.

Boistous, *adj.* R. 109/94, fierce, rough.

Bolnede, *pp.* O. 59/149, swollen.

Bord, *sb.* R. 128/755. ?

Borows, *sb. pl.* M. 5/131, boroughs, cities.

Bote, *sb.* M. 19/582, good, advantage.

Boun, *adj.* O. 86/1008. Bown, R. 124/619, ready, prepared.

Bound, ? *adv.* R. 113/226, ? readily.

Braid, *sb.* R. 115/301, charge, struggle.

Braid, *pt. s.* R. 126/684, started, leaped. A.S. *brêdan.*

Braste, *pt. pl.* M. 35/1075, burst, broke.

Braun, *sb.* R. 110/97, muscle. O.Fr. *braon.* The word was originally a dissyllable.

Brawne, *sb.* M. 52/1599, properly flesh of the boar, but also used for flesh of any kind.

Braydede, *pt. pl.* M. 37/1132, drew, snatched.

Braydes, *pr. s.* M. 30/939, spreads.

Brayste, *vb.* O. 85/986, lit. burst, hence, hurt, damage.

Breme, *adj.* M. 31/969, fierce, furious.

Brenys, *sb. pl.* M. 38/1182, cuirasses.

Brese, *pr. pl.* R. 132/888, bruise. A.S. *brysan.*

Brettenyde, *pp.* M. 50/1547. *See* Brittyne.

Brigge, *sb.* O. 78/755, bridge.

Bristes, *pr. s.* O. 75/666, bursts, breaks utterly.

Brittyne, *vb.* O. 103/1563, break,

cut in pieces. BRITTENEDE, *pt. pl.* O. 82/891. A.S. *brytnian.*

BROCHEDE, *pt. pl.* O. 80/800, purred.

BROCHES, *pr. s.* M. 35/1084, spits, transfixes.

BROUND, *sb.* R. 126/671, sword. A.S. *brand, brond.*

BUKILES, *pr. s.* R. 126/694, buckles, fastens.

BURDE, *impers. pr.* O. 94/1253, behoves, is fitting.

BURDOURS, *sb. pl.* O. 56/34, jesters.

BURDYNGE, *sb.* M. 46/1419, joking, merriment.

BUSE, *impers. pr.* M. 2/44, a contracted form of behoves.

BUSKE, *vb.* M. 18/545, prepare, make ready. BUSKEDE, *pt. pl.* O. 56/43.

BUT, *conj.* R. 121/495, unless, except.

BUTE, *sb.* O. 85/976, remedy, help.

BYGGYNGE, *sb.* M. 16/467, building.

BYLEUES, *pr. s.* M. 7/207, remains.

BY-TAUGHTE, *pt. s.* M. 4/115, handed, gave.

BY-WEVEDE, *pp.* O. 92/1202, entwined, inlaid. A.S. [*bi*]*wevan.*

CANTE, *sb.* M. 48/1495, slope, side.

CANTELLS, *sb. pl.* M. 33/1032, pieces, fragments.

CARDYNERE, *sb.* M. 51/1588, Cardinal.

CAREFULL, *adj.* O. 88/1066. CARFULL, R. 124/605, full of care, troubled. Compare *Sir Ferumbras*, p. 42, l. 1115 :—

"God kepe þe prisouns out of sorwe! for *carful* þay were þat day."

and p. 162, l. 5221 :—

"þe Sarazyns schulleþ . . haue A *carful* iornee."

CELY, *adj.* M. 13/393, lucky. A.S. *selig.*

CHALANGE, 1 *pr. s.* O. 65/316, claim; bring as a charge.

CHEKE, *sb.* O. 80/851, check. *See note.*

CLAGHTE, *pt. s.* O. 72/565, caught.

CLERGY, *sb.* O. 71/530, learning.

CLEVES, *sb. pl.* R. 119/422, rocks, cliffs.

CON, *vb.* O. 80/798, know, recognise.

CONANDE, *sb.* O. 61/193, covenant, agreement, condition.

CONYSAUNCE, *sb.* M. 47/1466, cognisance.

COO, *sb.* O. 64/286, jackdaw.

"Coo, byrde or schowhe. *Monedula.*" *Prompt. Parv.*

CRAYON, *sb.* M. 22/680, craven, coward.

CROUNKILDE, *adj.* O. 94/1252, wrinkled.

COUERD, *pp.* R. 122/531, ? returned, turned back.

COWPED, *pt. pl.* O. 69/453, struck.

CURROUR, *sb.* M. 45/1378, courier, messenger.

DALT, *pt. pl.* M. 33/1030, dealt [blows].

DANNGE, *pt. s.* O. 83/916, struck, dashed.

DARFELY, DERFELY, *adv.* M. 33/1030, 1033, bravely, valiantly.

DAWEN, *pt. s.* R. 118/389. DAWID, dawned.

"Als soyn als it *dawit* day."
Barbour's *Bruce*, ed. Skeat, xvii. 102.

"To Daw: *diere, diescere, diet, diebat.*" *Cathol. Anglicum.*

DEDE, *sb.* M. 18/548, death.

DELE, *vb.* M. 38/1195, divide, share.

DELIUERLY, *adv.* M. 33/1027, sharply, quickly.

DERE, *vb.* O. 70/495, hurt.

DERID, *pt. s.* R. 109/81, troubled.

DERRAYE, *sb.* O. 66/375, disturbance.

DISCRYE, *vb.* O. 63/273, cry at. Cf. ASCRYE.

DISKED, *pt. s.* R. 123/580, ?

DISTANS, *sb.* R. 126/675, ?

DO, *pp.* R. 124/597, fastened, worked.

DOANDE, *pres. part.* M. 35/1092, doing, in action.

DOFE, *sb.* O. 73/578, dove.

DOILFULLE, *adj.* R. 130/833, dreadful, sad, doleful. DOILLFULLY, *adv.* R. 131/850.

DOLE, *sb.* M. 34/1055, sorrow, pain.

DOLUYN, *pp.* R. 118/390, buried.

DOSCHE, *sb.* M. 16/470, dart, dash.

DRECHINGE, *sb.* R. 109/80, sorrowing.

DREE, 1 *pr. pl.* M. 34/1055, suffer, endure. *See* DRY.

DREGHE, *adj.* O. 76/696, vigorous, sharp, fierce. O.Icel. *driugr.*

"In *dreȝ* droupyng of dreme draueled þat noble."—*Sir Gawayne*, 1750.

DREUEDE, *pp.* O. 92/1205, laid, placed.

DRISTE, *pt. pl.* M. 33/1033. ?DRIFTE = drove, struck.

DRY, *vb.* M. 25/755. DRYEE, 48/1485, endure. A.S. *dreogan.*

DRYFE, *vb.* O. 83/902, strike, "let fly" a blow.

DRYGHTYNE, *sb.* O. 95/1283, lord.

DUCHEPERS, *sb. pl.* M. 26/808, douzeperes.

DYNGE, *vb.* M. 49/1512, dash, strike.

EGHE, *sb.* M. 43/1352, eye. EGHNE, *pl.* O. 68/424.

ELDE, *sb.* O. 76/682, age.

EMAGERY, *sb.* M. 2/25, images.

EME, *sb.* O. 60/160, uncle.

ENSUREDE, *pp.* O. 60/160, assured, pledged.

EVYNHAUNT, *adj.* M. 25/782. *See note.*

FADE, *adv.* O. 99/1420. *See note.*

FAYNE, *sb.* M. 36/1104, joy. A.S. *fægen*, used as a substantive.

FEE, *sb.* M. 46/1420, chattels, property.

FELE, *adj.* O. 102/1503, many. A.S. *feol.*

FELES, *sb. pl.* FELOS, FELLOS, R. 117/349, 352, 362, fellows, companions.

FELL, *sb.* O. 55/8, skin.

FELLICHIP, *sb.* R. 124/601, companions.

"a Fellischippe; *consorcium, societas et cetera; vbi* a company."—*Cath. Ang.*

FENDE, *pt. s.* O. 86/1016, found.

FERD, *sb.* R. 135/1003, fear.

FERE, *adv.* M. 21/645, in fere = together.

FERE, *adj.* M. 46/1436, proud, fierce, bold.

"*hal and fere.*"—*Sir Isumbras*, 601.

"Komes euen to kourt as kniȝt *hol & fere.*" *William of Palerne*, 1583.

FERE, *sb.* O. 57/68, companion. A.S. [*ge*]*fera.*

FERKES, *pr. s.* M. 16/484, launches, reaches. A.S. *fercian.*

FERLYDE, *pt. pl.* M. 48/1474, marvelled, wondered.

FERLYS, *impers. pr.* M. 18/552, it surprises, makes to wonder.

FERRERE, *adj.* O. 93/1227, further.

FETT, *pt. pl.* O. 92/1180, fetched, brought together.

FEWTER, *sb.* M. 47/1462, the rest for a lance.

"A faire floreschte spere in *fewtyre* he castes."—*Morte Arthure*, 1366.

FEWTERDE, *pt. s.* M. 48/1474, placed in the rest.

FEY, *adj.* O. 55/18, dead. A.S. *feege.*

FICHE, *pp.* R. 133/932, fixed, set.

FLOTE, *pt. s.* M. 19/563, complained, chided. A.S. *flitan.*

FLYNGES, *pr. s.* O. 81/830, strikes, hurls blows.

FOILIS, *sb. pl.* R. 109/64, ? foals, horses.

FONG, *pp.* R. 124/621, taken, accepted.

FONGE, *vb.* R. 123/577, proceed, try, venture.

FORBODE, *sb.* M. 14/406, forbidding. *See note.*

FOR-IUSTE, *vb.* O. 79/778, beat in jousting.

FOR-THI, *conj.* O. 62/217, therefore.

FORTHIRMASTE, *adj.* M. 8/229; O. 77/721, first, foremost.

FOR-TRAUELLEDE, *adj.* O. 78/751, worn out with travelling.

FORWARDES, *pt. pl.* M. 26/804, agreements, covenants.

FOR-WEPE, *pp.* M. 4/89, worn out with weeping.

FRE, *sb.* R. 124/614, noble man, knight.

FREKIS, *sb. pl.* R. 110/132, men, people. A.S. *freca.*

FREKKERE, *adj.* M. 39/1223, bolder, braver. A.S. *frec;* Icel. *frekr.*

FROWARDIS, *sb. pl.* R. 110/132.

FRUSCHE, *vb.* M. 16/469, dart, leap. FRUSCHEDE, *pt. pl.* M. 12/361, dashed, charged. O.Fr. *fruisser.*

FRUSCHE, *sb.* M. 9/268, shock.

FUDE, *sb.* O. 75/642, creature, maid. "Mi child, mi oune *fode.*" *Kyng Horn.* 1350. A.S. *foda.*

FYNDYNGE, *sb.* O. 87/1035, cost, expense. Compare the expressions, "to find" a person in anything: "all found."

GAN, GANE, *pt. s.* M. 11/325, 333, properly past tense of gin = begin, but commonly used as a simple auxiliary verb = did.

GARISON, *sb.* R. 114/262, reward.

GARRE, *vb.* M. 15/435, cause, make. GARTE, *pt. s.* M. 4/106.

GAYNE, *adv.* O. 96/1341, readily, quickly.

GERRE, *vb.* M. 47/1458, cause, make. *See* GARRE.

GESSERANTE, *sb.* M. 30/919, a sort of jacket without sleeves, composed of small oblong plates of iron or steel, overlapping each other, and sometimes covered with velvet.—*Halliwell.*

GETON, *sb.* R. 124/596, a banner.

GILID, *pp.* R. 117/366, betrayed, deceived.

GIRDANDE, *pres. part.* M. 32/997, spurring.

GIRDILSTEDE, *sb.* O. 72/548, waist, belt.

GLAFES, *sb. pl.* M. 15/1099, glaives.

GLEDES, *sb. pl.* O. 64/285, kites.
"A glede. *Miluus.*"—*Cathol. Anglicum.*

GLESSENEDE, GLYSSENEDE, *pt. pl.* O. 97/1365, 1371, glistened, shone.

GLOTOUNS, *sb. pl.* O. 85/979, villains. *See note.*

GNEDE, *adj.* O. 98/1392, lit. needing, hence wanting, lost.

GOM, *sb.* R. 107/16. GOME, R. 709, man.

GONES = GOMES, *sb. pl.* M. 41/1289, men.

GOWERE, *sb.* M. 32/979, ?

GOWNNES, *sb. pl.* M. 41/1288, guns.

GRAMAUNGERE, *sb.*(?) O. 87/1052. *See note.*

GRAYTHE, *adv.* M. 41/1289. GRAYTHELY, M. 4/105, quickly, readily.

GRAYTHEDE, *pp.* M. 52/1600, prepared, made ready.

GRENNE, *pr. pl.* O. 99/1423, lit. grin, hence, make faces through pain, writhe.

GRESES, *sb. pl.* O. 86/993, herbs.

GRETE, *sb.* M. 40/1252, ground, earth: lit. grit. A.S. *greot.*
"To quilis his fless lay vnder *grete,*
his gaste till hell es gane."
Cursor Mundi, l. 16935.

GROPED, *pt. s.* O. 91/1174, felt, examined. Compare *Sir Ferumbras,* l. 1388:—
"Muche him wondred of þat cas: & þan *gropede* he euery wounde."

GRYLL, *sb.* M. 8/224, grief, sorrow.

GYN, *sb.* M. 15/443, 444, contrivance, plan.

HABERNEONE, *sb.* O. 99/1412, haberion, breastplate.

HAILSEDE, *pt. s.* O. 87/1042. HAYLSEDE, O. 58/70, saluted, greeted.

HALE, *vb.* O. 70/494, lift.

HALFEN-DELE, *sb.* O. 70/498. HALFONDELE, R. 112/189, a half. A.S. *healfne dǽl* or *þone healfan dǽl.*

HARAWDE, *sb.* M. 47/1468, herald.

HATTEN, *pp.* O. 101/1469, named, called. A.S. *hatan*. For the history of the word see Prof. Zupitza's note to *Guy of Warwick*, l. 169.

HAWTAYNE, *adj.* O. 69/450, haughty, proud.

HAYLSYNGE, *sb.* M. 22/677, greeting.

HEGHE, *adj.* O. 81/835, high, loud.

HEGHTEN, *adj.* M. 27/828, eighteenth.

HELDE, *v.* O. 80/822, bend, fall.

HEND, *adv.* R. 108/48, quickly.

HENT, *pt. s.* O. 92/1194, took, placed.

HENTT, *v.* M. 34/1041, catch, receive.

HERBERDE, *pt. pl.* O. 78/745, lodged, encamped.

HERBERE, *sb.* O. 80/994, garden. *See note.*

HERNES, *sb.* R. 108/49, arms, accoutrements.

HETE, *sb.* R. 128/757, time. *See note.*

HETE, 1 *pr. s.* M. 49/1523, promise, pledge.

HETE, *vb.* O. 58/110, ? hit.

HETHYNNESSE, *sb.* M. 39/1224, heathendom.

HEUENHANDE, *adj.* M. 26/810. *See* note to l. 782.

HEWE, *sb.* O. 91/1171, colour, looks.

HIDE, *sb.* O. 21/1171. HYDE, 93/1230, lit. skin, hence complexion, looks.

HIGHTE, *pt. s.* O. 78/746, was named.

HILTIS, *sb. pl.* M. 4/116, hilt, handle.

HOLT, *sb.* R. 116/326, grove, forest. A.S. *holt*. HOLTIS, *pl.* R. 115/279.

HONE, *sb.* M. 27/819; O. 65/341, delay.

HOOF, *sb.* R. 136/1002, hoof.

HOPE, *imp. pl.* M. 12/356, expect, believe.

HOUANDE, *pres. p.* M. 48/1490, hovering, waiting.

HOWSYNGES, *sb. pl.* O. 78/749, hangings, coverings.

HURDAS, *sb.* M. 52/1600, a temporary rampart for assault.

"And in to entre þeȝ many wayes seke,
Sette their bastyles and their *hurdeys* cke."
Lydgate, Chron. of Troy, Bk. II. ch. 18.

See also Bokenham's *Lyvys of Seyntys* (Roxb. Cl.), p. 169.

HURTLINGE, *sb.* R. 128/770, contest, conflict. *See note.*

HYE, *sb.* O. 91/1153, haste.

HYNE, *adv.* M. 40/1230, hence.

HYNGEDE, *pt. s.* O. 96/1319, hung.

IANGILL, *vb.* O. 58/118, chatter.

ILKON, *adj.* M. 27/833, each one, every one.

I-MELLE, *prep.* O. 57/84, amongst. *See note.*

IRNE, *adj.* R. 115/285, iron.

I-SWELD, *pt. pl.* R. 129/774, perishèd, died. *See* SWELTE.

KAN, 2 *pr. s.* O. 71/530, knowest.

KAYRES, *pr. s.* O. 103/1555, go, proceed. A.S. *cerran*.

KENDE, *pp.* M. 46/1437, known, renowned.

KIRNELLS, *sb. pl.* O. 69/443, battlements. "*Crenelé*. Imbattled: made into, or fashioned like battlements. *Creneler*. To imbattle." Cotgrave.

KITHE, *vb.* R. 127/727. KYTHE, O. 83/904, show, display. A.S. *cȳðan, cûðian*.

KORNE, *pp.* O. 92/1193, chosen, selected.

KYDE, *pp.* M. 45/1381, known.

KYNREDYN, *sb.* O. 76/693, kindred, family.

LAGHEANDE, *adj.* O. 61/186, laughing.

LARE, *sb.* O. 71/531, teaching, lesson.

LATE, *pt. pl.* M. 49/1532, reckoned, thought. A.S. *lætan*. "He *let* it soþ."—*P. Plowman*, B. xv. 168.

"Laatyñ, wenyñ, or demyñ. *Puto, reor, opinor.* Latyñ, or demyn in word, or hert. *Arbitror, reor.*"—*Prompt. Parv.*

LAUGHTE, *pt. pl.* O. 59/145, taken, received.

LAWND, *sb.* R. 110/99, field, grass. "A lawnde: *saltus.*"—*Cathol. Anglicum.* "Launde a playne, *launde.*"—*Palsgrave.*

LAWSES, *pr. s.* M. 34/1067, snatches, draws.

LAYE, *sb.* O. 97/1356, faith.

LAYNE, *vb.* M. 18/538, 19/582, hide, conceal. O.Icel. *leyna.*

LECHES, *sb. pl.* O. 92/1183, physicians.

LED, *sb.* M. 49/1532; R. 126/697, person, man, people. A.S. *leod.*

LENGOUR, *adv.* R. 119/436, longer, still.

LENGS, *pr. s.* M. 47/1441, leans.

LERE, *sb.* O. 74/621, ? colour, appearance. A.S. *hleor.*

LERE, *vb.* O. 71/537. LERYN, 531, teach.

LESE, *pt. s.* M. 14/408, lost, gave up.

LESE, *sb.* M. 42/1308, lie.

LESEIS, *pr. s.* R. 114/258, loses.

LETT, *pp.* O. 91/1178, lighted.

LETT, *sb.* M. 50/1543, prevention, stopping.

LEUE, *vb.* R. 112/187, ? part.

LEUEN, *sb.* M. 4/112, lightning.

LEUENYNGE, *sb.* M. 26/815, gleaming, flashes as of lightning.

LIER, *sb.* R. 110/97, the soft part of the leg, the calf. A.S. *lira.*

LIGHTLY, *adv.* R. 121/522, quickly.

LOFESOME, *adj.* O. 81/846, lovely, handsome. See *Allit. Poems*, A. 398.

LORN, *pp.* R. 118/388, lost.

LOSE, *sb.* O. 89/1094, praise, renown.

LOTHED, *impers. pt.* R. 129/772, it loathed them: they got tired of it. "Us *loþeþ* þe lif."—*P. Plowman*, B. Prol. 155.

LOUED, *pt. s.* O. 74/602, praised.

LOUGHE, *pt. s.* O. 58/115, laughed.

LOWTE, *pr. pl.* O. 82/884. LOWTEDE, *pt. s.* M. 32/982, bow, kneel, bend.

LUEN, *sb.* R. 111/168, ?

LUFSOME, *adj.* O. 95/1279. • *See* LOFESOME.

LYNE, *sb.* O. 81/846, clothes, dress.

MACHE, *sb.* O. 80/809, match, opponent.

MANGERY, *sb.* O. 104/1585, feast. Fr. *mangerie.*

MARRID, *pp.* R. 130/842, killed, destroyed. A.S. *merran.*

MASE, *pr. s.* M. 4/119, makes, appoints.

MATE, *adj.* M. 41/1284, worn out, tired. "*Mater.* To mate, or give, a mate unto: to dead, amate, quell, subdue, overcome. *Amati.* Mated, amated, quailed, abated, allaied; decayed, mortified," &c. Cotgrave. See *Allit. Poems*, A. 612.

MAWMATTES, *sb. pl.* M. 2/28, idols, false gods.

MAYE, *sb.* O. 71/522, maiden.

MELLE, *vb.* R. 125/647, mingle, join in conflict.

MELLYDE, *adj.* O. 94/1254, mixed (with white). *See note.*

MENE, 1 *pr. s.* O. 89/1107, tell, say.

MENGEDE, *pp.* M. 15/458, mingled, mixed.

MENSKE, *sb.* O. 74/623, honour, worship.

MENYNG, *sb.* R. 117/369, ? moaning, groaning.

MENȝE, MENȝEE, *sb.* M. 19/564, men, army.

MESE, *sb.* R. 123/584, mass.

METE, *vb.* M. 4/111, to dream. A.S. *mǽtan.*

MODY, *adj.* R. 121/505, stern.

MOLDE, *sb.* M. 27/843, earth.

MON, *pr. s.* M. 3/75, must, shall.

MONE, *vb.* M. 10/305, think.

MOR, *sb.* R. 130/854. MORIS, *pl.* R. 115/306, moor, plain, open ground.

MYRKID, *pt. s.* R. 130/837, became murky, dark. A.S. *mirce, myrce*, dark.

MYSTER, *sb.* R. 116/321. MYSTERE, M. 47/1446, need.

NAGHTE, *sb.* O. 59/146, night.

NAP, *vb.* R. 109/70, sleep, be drowsy.

NAPPERE, *sb.* O. 64/288, sleeper, dreamer.

NASELL, *sb.* O. 69/465, nose-piece.

NASTELL, *sb.* O. 103/1547, a piece of wood. *See note.*

NEDDIRE, *sb.* O. 92/1201, an adder.

NEE, *adv.* M. 16/486, nigh, nearly.

NEFE, *sb.* O. 72/567. NEFFIS, *pl.* O. 59/149, fist. O.Icel. *hnefi.*

NEMYTHE, *pr. s.* R. 128/746, cries out.

NEVYN, *vb.* R. 136/1048, speak, say. A.S. *nemnan.*

NEVYNLANDE, *prop. name*, M. 12/350. *See note.*

NOLDE, *adj.* O. 64/288, a nolde = an olde. *See note.*

NOM, *pt. s.* R. 134/965. NOME, 1 *pr. s.* M. 6/164, take; vndir nome = pledge.

NONEKYN, *adj.* O. 59/125, of no kind.

NONKYNSTHYNGE, *sb.* O. 67/376, a thing of no kind, or, as we now say, no kind of thing.

NOUN, *adj.* R. 114/271, my noun = myn oun = my own.

NYFE, *conj.* O. 64/297, if . . . . not.

OF, *prep.* M. 38/1191, off, from.

OF-GLADE, *pt. s.* O. 70/475, glided from, fell off.

OR, *prep.* M. 3/56, ere, before.

OSTE, *sb.* M. 29/893, a host.

OUER-SLID, *vb.* R. 114/254, pass over, skip.

OWTTRAYDE, *pp.* M. 1/12, treated with outrage.

PELETES, *sb. pl.* M. 41/1290, pellets, balls.

PELYDE, *pt. pl.* O. 70/502, plied, fell.

PENSALLE, *sb.* O. 88/1073, a little banner, streamer.

PERSED, *pt. pl.* O. 98/1386, pierced.

PEYSSANT, *sb.* R. 135/989, gorget. *See note.*

PIGHT, *vb.* R. 109/62. PIGHTE, *pp.* O. 78/750, pitch.

PILLYNGE, *sb.* O. 94/1265, the peeling, rind.

PLENERLY, *adv.* M. 31/962, fully, completely.

PLYGHTE, 1 *pr. s.* M. 29/908, promise, pledge.

POUSTY, *sb.* M. 1/17, power.

PROUEDE, *adj.* M. 42/1302, renowned, tried: cf. Lat. *probati.*

PROVE, *vb.* R. 130/818, examine, look out.

PROW, *sb.* R. 108/32, advantage, good. O.Fr. *prou.*

PYE, *sb.* O. 64/286, magpie.

PYE, *sb.* O. 91/1157, pea. *See note.*

PYGHTE, *pt. s.* M. 26/800, pitched. *See* PIGHT.

PYKKE, *sb.* M. 15/458, pitch.

PYNE, *sb.* O. 97/1350, pain, suffering.

QUELL, *vb.* R. 113/227, kill, slay.

QWYKE, *adj.* M. 51/1568, alive.

RACHES, *sb. pl.* M. 28/854, hounds.

RAKE, *sb.* M. 40/1249, rush.
"Dowelleȝ whyle new ȝeres daye, & rys, & *rayke*ȝ þenne."—*Sir Gawayne*, l. 1076.

RAUGHT, *pt. s.* R. 129/796, reached to.

RAWE, *sb.* M. 47/1470, row; *one rawe* = in turn: "on Rawe. *Gradatim, ordinatim, seriatim.*" *Cathol. Anglicum.*

REBUYTEDE, *pp.* M. 24/743, rebuked.

RECHE, *pr. s. subj.* R. 112/198, may reach, come to.

RECREYANDE, *adj.* O. 65/342, recreant, craven.

RED, *pt. s.* R. 117/370, advised.

RED, *imp. s.* R. 117/358, advise, help.

RELEUEDE, *pt. s.* O. 88/1081, came against, pressed on.

RELYED, *pt. s.* O. 101/1477, rallied.

RENT, *sb.* M. 1/16, property, wealth.

RESCHEWSEDE, *pt. pl.* O. 103/1036, rescued.

"Bot he be redily *reschowede* with riotous knyghtez."—*Morte Arthure*, 362.

RESE, *vb.* M. 42/1305, rush, fall. A.S. *ræsan.*

RESE, *sb.* R. 117/370, rush, charge, attack. A.S. *ræs.* Compare *Allit. Poems*, B. 1782:

"þenne ran þay in on a *res*."
"He was wroth and maked a *res*."
Seven Sages, 2391.

REUESCHE, *vb.* M. 29/389, dress, put on his vestments.

REW, *adj.* R. 122/555, 125/637, sad, grieving. A.S. *hreow.*

REW, *pt. s.* R. 117/370, repented, mourned.

RIGBON, *sb.* R. 127/736, back-bone. A.S. *hrycg*, the back.

RIGGE, *sb.* R. 135/995, back.

RIND, *sb.* R. 111/152, bark.

"þ^e Rynde of a nege or of a nott. *Nauci.*" *Cathol. Anglicum.*

RISTE, *imp. pl.* M. 26/797, rest.

ROF, *pt. s.* R. 126/682, cut through. A.S. *reofan.*

ROSE, *sb.* R. 125/650, boast. "to Ruse: *ostentare.*" *Cath. Anglicum.*

ROUN, *adj.* R. 123/579, ?

ROUT, *sb.* R. 117/358, company, army.

RUSCHE, *imp. pl.* R. 123/589. RUYSSCHEDE, *pt. pl.* M. 40/1249, rushed, charged.

RUYSSE, *vb.* M. 31/906, boast. *See* ROSE.

RYDE, *vb.* O. 69/455, fly, fall.

RYKE, *sb.* M. 22/666, kingdom.

RYLL, *vb.* R. 119/421, ?

RYOTT, *imp. pl.* M. 26/797, enjoy, amuse.

"In ranez and in rosers to *ryotte* þame selvene."—*Morte Arthure*, l. 923. See also ibid. 1969:
"Riste vs and reuelle and *ryotte* oure selfene."

SADLY, *adv.* O. 96/1313, heavily, sternly, strongly.

SALE, *sb.* O. 57/63, hall, palace. A.S. *sæl.*

SAMEN, *adv.* M. 28/854, *in samen* = together.

SAUGHTILLYNGE, *sb.* O. 73/588, reconciliation.

SAUGHTYLL, *vb.* O. 91/1154, be reconciled. A.S. *sahtlian.*

SAWE, *sb.* M. 48/1476, saying, word.

SAWTE, *sb.* M. 42/1299, the assault, attack. *See note to* 120/452.

SCHAFTEMONDE, *sb.* M. 42/1308. *See note.* "*Palme.* A handbreadth, foure fingers, or three ynches in measure: also a shaftment." Cotgrave.

SCHARE, *pt. pl.* M. 41/1265, cut, cleave.

SCHAW, *sb.* R. 116/324, thicket.

"A schawe of wod. *Virgultum.*" *Cathol. Anglicum.*

SCHIDE, *sb.* O. 103/1547, billet, log. A.S. *scide.* *See* NASTELL. "Shide, *vide* Billet." Baret's *Alvearie.* "A schyde, billet, *cala.*" *Manip. Vocab.*

SCHILL, *adv.* R. 135/1003, shrilly, loudly. *See note.* "Schylle. *Sonorus.*" *Cathol. Anglicum.* "Shil or shirle, *argutus, canorus, acutus.*" *Manip. Vocab.*

SCOMFET, *pp.* O. 84/943, discomfited, overcome.

SCHOUNTE, *pp.* O. 96/1334, moved off, warded off.

SCHREDE, *vb.* O. 96/1330, cut in pieces.

SCHU[L]DIRS, *sb. pl.* O. 69/466, shoulders.

SECHE, *vb.* R. 107/5, 19, seek.

SECUR, *adj.* R. 110/130, certain, safe.

SEMBLE, *sb.* O. 58/107, assembly, meeting.

SEMLED, *pt. s.* O. 77/709. SEMLYDE, O. 77/708, assembled.

SERCHE, *vb.* M. 38/1173, examine, probe.

SESSED, *pt. s.* O. 60/181, quieted, calmed.

SESSEDE, *pt. s.* M. 51/1577, seized, put in possession.

SEWEDE, *pt. pl.* M. 12/371. *See note.*

SHAKIS, *pr. s.* R. 116/324, hurries, hastens. A.S. *sceacan, scacan.*

SHOURIS, *sb. pl.* R. 112/194, struggle, fight. A.S. *scur*, a shower. Cf. *flana scuras* in Judith, l. 221.

SICLATON, *sb.* O. 57/87, a kind of rich stuff.

SILLE, *sb.* O. 55/9, ?

SLADE, *sb.* O. 99/1418, valley, ravine. A.S. *slæd.*

SLAKKES, *sb. pl.* O. 99/1418, ravines.
"In a *slac* þou schall be slayn."
Anturs of Arthur, st. xxiii.

SLOGHE, *pt. s.* O. 90/1125, slew.

SLONE, *vb.* O. 76/684, slay. A.S. *sleon.*

SLYKE, *adj.* M. 22/659, such.

SMOTHIRLY, *adv.* O. 63/259, quietly, gently.

SNELLE, *adj.* O. 67/403, quick, ready.

SOGHED, *pt. s.* R. 124/600, groaned.
"There gan he to sigh and *sowghid* for wo."
Romance of Partenay, 1944.
"He sighed, *soghed*, wepte with teres many."
Ibid. 2890.
A.S. *swoeg*, a noise; *swogan*, to sound, howl.

SOLANCE, *sb.* M. 12/357, comfort.

SONDIS, *sb. pl.* R. 112/180, a sending, business, purpose.

SOUGHT, ? *adv.* R. 127/707, ?

SPEND, *pp.* R. 129/793, ? spanned, grasped.

SPENDE, *pt. pl.* O. 66/361, put round, girded with.

SPLAYD, *pt. pl.* R. 120/452, displayed, spread out.

SPRYNGOLDES, *sb. pl.* M. 41/1285, an engine for casting stones, arrows, &c., a catapult.

STAKERED, *pt. pl.* R. 127/730, staggered, fell. O.Icel. *stakra.*

STALWORTHE, *adj.* O. 98/1373, doughty, stalworth.

STATIS, *sb. pl.* R. 107/22, authorities. Compare *Gesta Roman.*, p. 3: "when þe Meyre and þe *statys* sawe þis doyng."

STEKEDE, *pp.* M. 35/1097, pierced, transfixed.

STEUEN, *sb.* M. 4/113, voice.

STOUND, *sb.* R. 115/305, time.

STOUR, *sb.* R. 129/771. STOURRE, O. 102/1527, conflict, struggle. O.Fr. *estour.*

STOURE, *sb.* M. 8/237, crowd of fighting men.

STRADE, *sb.* O. 70/476. *See note.*

STRANDE, *sb.* O. 93/1215, country, land.

STREGHTE, *pp.* M. 38/1185, stretched, displayed.

STRUYE, *vb.* O. 56/48. STRUYED, *pp.* O. 97/1349, destroy.

STYNTT, *vb.* M. 33/1035, cease, leave off.

STYTHE, *adj.* O. 70/485, mighty, noble. A.S. *stiþ.*

SUELE, *adj.* R. 132/892, ? proud.

SUYNG, *adj.* R. 108/44, following, in succession.

SWAPPITHE, *pr. s.* R. 128/746, sweeps, slashes.

SWEDYRD, *pt. pl.* R. 116/337, ? jerked.

SWELTE, *pt. 2 s.* M. 3/70, 79, didst die. A.S. *sweltan.*

SWETE, *sb.* O. 84/941, joy, pleasure, and hence, life.

SWEUEN, *sb.* M. 4/111, dream.

SYGNANCE, *sb.* O. 88/1074, sign, token.

SYLE, *vb.* O. 67/401, to move, go. O.Icel. *sila.*

SYMPLE, *adj.* M. 46/1409, of low degree.

TA, *vb.* M. 32/982, take.

TAILE, *sb.* R. 120/467. TALE, O. 77/701, tally, number; *by thowsande tale* = by thousands.

TAKYNNYNGE, *sb.* M. 39/1215, token, sign.

TAUGHTE, *pt. s.* O. 94/1268, commended.

TAYNTE, *sb.* M. 45/1387, stain, disgrace.

TEAN, *sb.* R. 125/632, ? = tene, sorrow.

TELL, 1 *pr. s.* M. 23/705, count, reckon.

TENDE, *pp.* M. 24/753, grieved, vexed.

TENE, *sb.* O. 95/1290, annoyance, grief. A.S. *teona.*

TENTEDE, *pt. pl.* O. 56/31, attended.

TEPET, *sb.* M. 31/960, ? crest.

TERRE, *sb.* M. 15/458, tar.

THE, *vb.* O. 79/793, thrive: *als mot I the* = so may I thrive; but see Prof. Zupitza's note to *Guy of Warwick*, l. 615.

THEDE, *sb.* M. 1/12, 33/1008, people.

THEE, *sb.* M. 36/1108, thigh. THIES, *sb. pl.* R. 115/290.

THETHEY, *adj.* O. 87/1032, ? rash, hasty.

THIRE, *pron.* M. 14/411, those.

THONWANGE, *sb.* O. 57/82, temple. A.S. *þunwange.* "*Hoc tempus*, a tunwonge." Wright's Vol. of Vocab., p. 206.

THORE, *adv.* O. 93/1238, there.

THRETYNGE, *sb.* O. 80/826, threatening.

THROO, *adj.* M. 15/453, fierce, furious.

THRYNGE, *pr. pl.* M. 8/237, press.

THRYNGID, *pp.* R. 115/290, completely covered. A.S. *þringan*, to crowd, press on.

TID, *pp.* R. 123/561, happened. *See note.*

TO, *conj.* M. 43/1354, till, until.

TO-DREUES, *pr. pl.* O. 73/573, fly in pieces.

TOK, *pt. s.* R. 120/482, gave.

TONE, *pp.* O. 59/129, taken.

TOO, *vb.* M. 15/447; O. 84/929, take, seize, hold.

TOUGHE, *adj.* O. 65/323, ? bold, daring.

TRAYE, *sb.* O. 95/1290, sorrow, grief.

TREE, *sb.* M. 15/448, wood.

TREWES, *sb.* R. 114/261, truce.

TRIST, *sb.* R. 112/177, trust, confidence, faith.

TRUSE, *imp. pl.* R. 108/48, pack up.

"To trusse vp. *Subligare.*
To trusse. *Manticare.*"
Cathol. Anglicum.

"He was halowid and y-huntid, and y-hote *trusse.*"—*Richard the Redeles*, III. 228.

TRYMLINGE, *sb.* R. 108/54. *See note.*

TRYNES, *pr. pl.* M. 40/1246, strike up, play.

TUTLERS, *sb. pl.* R. 113/226, whisperers, tale-bearers.

"Totelon' talys (totelyn, totylyn tale in onys ere). *Susurro.*"—*Prompt. Parv.*

TWIGHT, *adv.* R. 108/40, quickly, readily.

TWYNEDE, *pp.* O. 72/557, lost.

TYKE, *sb.* M. 43/1325, a cur, coward. O. Icel. *tik*, a dog.

TYMBRING, *sb.* R. 108/54, playing. *See note.*

TYNE, *vb.* M. 3/84, lose, forfeit. TYNTE, *pt. pl.* O. 98/1383.

TYTE, *adv.* O. 61/204, quickly, soon.

ÞE, *vb.* M. 37/1164, thrive, prosper. *See* THE.

ÞOFE, *conj.* M. 12/355, though, although.

ÞUS-GATES, *adv.* M. 9/252, thus, in this way.

VMBRERE, *sb.* M. 10/293, the shade for the eyes.

VNDER-TONE, *vb.* O. 87/1053. VNDER-TOO, O. 64/311, undertake.

VNNYTHE, *adv.* R. 129/778, scarcely.

VNREDLY, *adv.* R. 135/990, furiously, violently.

VN-RYDE, *adj.* O. 100/1459, fierce, violent.

VNTAK, *pp.* R. 109/89, untaken.

VALE, *vb.* O. 70/497, fall.

VAYLEDE *pt. pl.* O. 80/815, availed.

VELANYE, *sb.* O. 60/171, a disgrace-

ful act, conduct unbecoming a knight.

VELAYNSLYE, *adv.* O. 87/1045, shamefully.

VETELLS, *sb. pl.* M. 38/1195, food, victuals.

VOYDEDE, *pt. s.* M. 35/1069, threw away.

WADILL, *vb.* R. 135/991, tumble, fall heavily.

WAFULL, *adj.* M. 9/260, woeful, piteous.

WALT, *pt. s.* M. 37/1145, ? gaped.

WANDRETHE, *sb.* O. 99/1410, trouble, sorrow. *See note.*

WANE, *pt. s.* M. 1/22, won his way, reached.

WARY, *vb.* R. 132/901, curse. A.S. *wergian.*

WATHE, *sb.* M. 24/725, harm, hurt.

WAYTE, *vb.* O. 69/444, watch.

WED, *sb.* M. 47/1465; R. 109/82, dress, arms, accoutrements.

WEDE, *vb.* O. 84/936, go mad. A.S. *wedan.*

WEDIRWYNE, *sb.* M. 23/695, enemy, foe. A.S. *wiðerwinna.*

WEFEDE, *pt. s.* O. 72/564. WEUEDE, 564, cut. *See note.*

WEITE = WITE, *vb.* M. 4/120, know.

WEKID, *adj.* R. 131/857, dreadful. Compare WIKKIDLY.

WELDE, *sb.* O. 80/828, power: *alle to welde* = all under his power.

WEM, *sb.* R. 126/685, 127/704, stain. A.S. *wamm.*

WENE, *sb.* O. 89/1110, doubt, hesitation.

WERRE, *adj.* M. 23/694, worse.

WERY, *pr. subj. s.* M. 6/172, may curse. *See* WARY.

WET, *vb.* R. 131/850, to hear; lit. to know.

WETHEDE, *pp.* M. 15/455, wetted.

WEXE, *pt. s.* M. 15/463, became.

WHILLS, *conj.* M. 26/798, 40/1233, until.

"Dowelle3 *whyle* new 3eres daye."
Sir Gawayne, l. 1076.

"Bot *ai* þe *quils* he ne fan
To behald þe leve maidan."
MS. Cott. Vesp. A iii lf. 20 a.

WICHEDE, *pp.* O. 91/1151, bewitched.

WIETE = WITE, *vb.* M. 24/749, know.

WIKKIDLY, *adv.* M. 37/1146, badly, cruelly.

WISCHE, *vb.* R. 120/451, wish, desire.

WISE, *pr. s. subj.* R. 115/303, guide, counsel.

WOGHE, *sb.* O. 58/119, woe, harm.

WON, *pr. pl.* R. 107/15, dwell.

WONE, *sb.* M. 6/168, lit. dwelling, hence, life, existence.

WONE, *sb.* O. 99/1408, plenty, number.

WONNYNGE, *sb.* O. 62/230, place of abode, residence.

WOOKE, *pt. pl.* O. 92/1187, watched, kept awake.

WORTHE, *pres. subj.* M. 42/1323, may be.

WOWID, *pt. pl.* R. 122/546, besought, begged: lit. wooed. A.S. *wogian.*

WOWYNGES, *sb. pl.* O. 56/36, woo-ings.

WRETHIS, *sb. pl.* M. 4/96, misfortunes.

WRIED, *pt. s.* R. 124/602, ?

WYN, *vb.* M. 15/441, win his way.

WYTE, *sb.* M. 18/555, blame.

WYTE, *vb.* O. 90/1326, blame, find fault with. WYTIS, *pr. s.* R. 109/90.

ȝARE, *adj.* M. 7/195, ready.

ȝEDE, *pt. pl.* O. 98/1402. ȝODE, *pt. s.* O. 98/1389, went. A.S. *eode.*

ȝISTREUEN, *adv.* O. 66/343, yester-even, last evening.

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